WILLIAM CAREY

1761-1834

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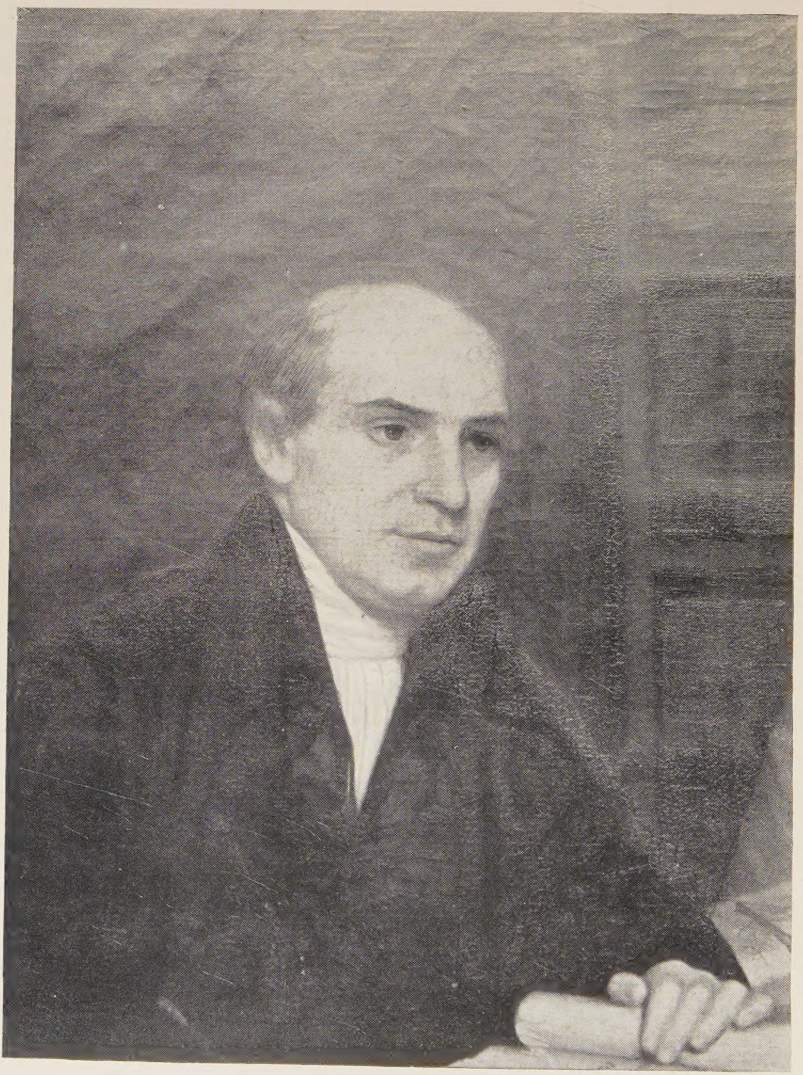

WILLIAM CAREY
(From the Painting by R. Home)

WILLIAM CAREY

D.D., FELLOW OF LINNAEAN SOCIETY

BY

S. PEARCE CAREY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF
'SAMUEL PEARCE, THE BAPTIST BRAINERD'

S. Pearce Carey.

'I would give thee new life altogether, as good,
ages hence,
As this moment,—had love but the warrant,
love's heart to dispense.'

R. B.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN WARR

OF YARDLEY GOBION, POTTERS PURY

THE FELLOW APPRENTICE

TO WHOSE IMPORTUNITY CAREY OWED

HIS EARLY QUEST FOR GOD

'Then he said, Who shall begin the battle?
And the Lord answered, Thou.'

'It is no exaggeration to call Carey one of the greatest of God's Englishmen. He broke the way for us all into Asia, and gave his life, without an interval, for its people.' Sir Geo. Adam Smith.

'Not without profoundest emotion can I mention Dr. Carey,—unquestionably the very foremost name of our times in the whole Christian world.' John Foster, in a letter to Fawcett.

'Carey's name will ever stand as a synonym for the forward movement in the Kingdom of God.'

'As the age of Carey recedes, his work will be seen in a truer perspective, and the heroic proportions of the man will fill the new generations with wonder.' Dr. James Ritson, Bible Society.

'The Christian Church owes more to William Carey and his mission than to any other man or movement since the days of Paul. He gave her a new horizon, kindled within her a new life and soul. Upon the trellis of the Mission Enterprise the Church's vine has run over the wall. It has given her a southern exposure, through which she has felt at her heart the thrill of a new vitality, whilst bearing on her outmost branches a burden of precious fruit for the vintage of the skies.'
Dr. J. D. Freeman, of Leicester.

'Carey has been called the founder of modern missions. That is not a scientific statement; for missions never ceased. Some of the most heroic have been adventured by some of the most heretical Churches. But, when the duty and privilege of missions was brought home to the orthodox nonconformists of one hundred and thirty years ago, and through them to other equally important, and even more influential, parties of the nation, there was no figure of more consequence than his.'
Sir Ryland Adkins, M.P.

'Perhaps the best estimate of Carey's life is his own. He claimed no other power than that of being a plodder. Some men's lives seem easy. We say that they are born poets, painters or musicians, and they cannot help us much; because we were not born so. Nothing came easy to Carey. He only accomplished anything by toiling at it. His is a record of what can be done by hard work, by a life consecrated to God.'
Percy H. Jones, of Chandraghona, *The Children's Life of Carey*.

'I have long made the language of Psalm li. my own. "Have mercy upon me, O God: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." Should you outlive me, and have any influence to prevent it, I earnestly request that no epithets of praise may ever accompany my name, such as "the faithful servant of God," etc. All such expressions would convey a falsehood. To me belong shame and confusion of face. I can only say "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."'
Carey to Ryland, Jan. 30, 1823.

PREFACE

This does not attempt to be an exhaustive record of the origin of the Baptist Missionary Society and of its first forty Indian years. Certainly in regard to the latter, I agree with Sir J. W. Kaye that 'the son of Marshman has done this work with such authority and with such ability that this great chapter of evangelical history can never need further illustration.' My aim is personal—the disclosure of a man.

In the days when Eustace Carey wrote his uncle's *Life*, Christian biographers stressed their heroes' pieties and slurred their humanities. The modern way is almost the reverse. We take the pieties more for granted: our *interest* is in the humanities. My aim has been to recover and display *the man*—to make him intimate.

Spurgeon thanked Dr. George Smith for having rescued Carey from the lumber which had so long overlain him—for making him more knowable than Eustace had left him. But even he frequently lost the man in the movement. His pages disclosed the movement's magnitude and might, and the force of Carey's contribution; yet he himself was often out of focus. This was in great part due to Dr. Smith's abandonment of chronological order in more than half his story, so that we found ourselves thrust to and fro, back and forth, hither and thither, through most of the Indian chapters, to our inevitable confusion. The development of the man—of his faith, endeavour, achievement was not distinctly enough manifest.

My brother William should have written the Indian part of Carey's story, whilst I his English years—as I long since urged upon him. For through a missionary-lifetime he has

accumulated data on the spot, and could have presented the facts as no other. Only, other tasks have perpetually claimed him, keeping him hopelessly busy.

Although compelled to attempt it alone, I set myself to write Carey's *whole worth-while story*—to gather and garner, to truthfully and livingly tell, *all* that deserved enduring remembrance. This all-embraciveness of purpose is what has cost me my ten years.

Of course, the Baptist Mission House, Furnival Street, has been my best field for gleaning—where are scores and scores, not just of excerpts from Carey's and Ward's letters, but of their whole originals ; besides folios of Fuller's letters to India, and of Marshman's from Serampore ; the complete diary of Ward for many years, and the Society's first minute-books and accounts. Also, invaluable contemporary reference-books, Fuller's day-book, and the letters of Felix Carey to his father, etc. etc.

The 'Bristol' and 'Regent's Park' College libraries ; the Northampton and Leicester reference libraries ; the Church Missionary Society and Moravian Church libraries, London ; the parish registers of Paulers Pury, Piddington and Moulton ; the British Museum newspaper library at Hendon ; the vestries of 'Fuller,' Kettering, of 'Belvoir Street,' Leicester, and of 'College Street,' Northampton—have been richly remunerative—especially the last, where I found documents undreamed-of, lying forgotten in a cupboard, which gave me the whole Association background of Carey's deathless sermon, and also set Harvey Lane's relationship to him in a new and winsome light.

Then interested folk, from many parts of the kingdom and beyond, sent me data or loaned me letters, either of Carey's, or about him, which have been often of great value : one, typing and giving me most of Mrs. Marshman's diary, which admitted me into many privacies of Serampore's domestic life. A few made themselves my tireless helpers and even co-investigators—Mr. F. Bates of Northampton

very specially, who gleaned for me much county-lore, and discovered the incident of ' the runaway apprentice.'

Then, four years ago, a large bundle of copied Carey-letters, sent to Dr. Shakespeare during the war, was a rare windfall—one third being new to me, and one simply priceless, disclosing, in a letter of Carey's, the hitherto never-published name of the fellow-apprentice who had led him to the Saviour, and putting me on the track of this whole vital beginning.

My crowning mercy, of course, has been that for two recent years I have had the chance of inbreathing India, and of feeling the pulse of her quick life. I have sojourned in every place Carey dwelt in, and talked with some, whose fathers knew him in the flesh. My brother gave me the free use of his abundant memoranda. I could readjust my focus and correct my perspective.

Calcutta's libraries, too, were my fortune. In the *Board of Examiners*, for example, I found eighteen thick folios of the copied minutes and correspondence of Fort William College through all the three decades of Carey's professorial service: folios which, the librarian told me, they had a little before been almost tempted to destroy. They contained scores of Carey's letters and memoranda, which set me in the living midst of his tutorial conditions, till all his students and pundits and class-methods became disclosed and familiar. In the ' Imperial ' I found his *Book of Indian Wisdom and Humour*: in the Upper Circular Road Indian Library all the first years' files of Serampore's pioneer newspapers: and in the Horticultural Society's and in the Botanic's I unearthed exciting new evidence of the length, breadth and depth of his botanic science and service. The Government's Records' Offices, too, yielded me documents beyond my hopes. And *Serampore*, besides constant aidings and inspirings, supplied me with a considerable packet of never-published letters, which threw a flood of light upon his latest years.

Indian friends, too, laid themselves out to aid my quest. I would fain mention many, but I must name three—Dr. Dinesh Chandra Sen and his brilliant son Kiran, and, beyond all others, the Rev. B. A. Nag.

On my return from Calcutta, two fresh *piles* of letters and documents, discovered in 'Furnival Street' cellars last autumn, awaited examination, and behold, the larger pile was letters from Carey's sons and invalid sister and other relatives to him, revealing the fine fidelities of his home-circle life! And, more recently still, Principal Robinson found in a box behind a 'Regent's Park' bookshelf the many letters of Carey to his Amboyna and Ajmere missionary son.

Moreover, two fresh letter-loans reached me just in time for inclusion—one, Carey's first to Vanderkemp, from the London Missionary Society's Office, and the other, a Yorkshire Baptist's account of Carey's last Leicester Sunday, written red-hot from the events, a letter such as would have warmed the heart of a Carlyle.

I have also had the advantage of valuable Carey-books published since Smith's *Biography*—notably Mornay Williams's *The Serampore Letters*, and Professor Susil Kumar De's *History of the Bengali Language and Literature from* 1800-1825. The former reveals the early co-operation of America's Baptists and others with Carey; the latter, devoting to him and to his influence three chapters, gives him the primal place in India's modern literary development.

In a preliminary historical chapter I have striven to show him as the product of his times' converging forces, yet as giving them their new direction or momentum. Specially have I been keen to trace what *British Missionary* forces were current, and to claim for him only that measure of primacy and pioneership consonant with these. He was distinctly *not* the first British missionary of modern times, though he did exert the most stimulating influence.

I have most rejoiced to rescue the name of the mother of all his children from the cruel wrongs which have been done her. Biographers without exception have echoed her dispraise. Now that the facts will be known, feeling will rebound in her favour. She will be unanimously defended in her first-felt inability to accompany Carey to Bengal, and will be acclaimed for *her eventual going at a single day's notice*, and will then be deeply compassionated for the price she tragically paid. Carey would wish me to lay this wreath upon her grave.

I am more than ever conscious that he was greater than I have had power to tell : but, at least, I have spared neither time, toil nor money to ascertain the facts and to present their story.

To the bounty of my merchant-brother, Andrew Fuller Carey of Christchurch, New Zealand, my readers will owe the many illuminating pictures, every one of which has been expressly taken for the book.

'We need men of the world-mind,' says Rabindranath Tagore. May this biography of one such grow many another ! S. P. C.

Sandown, *July* 30, 1923.

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PART I

CAREY'S THIRTY-TWO ENGLISH YEARS

THE STORY OF HOW GOD LAID ON HIM, AND THROUGH HIM ON MODERN CHRISTENDOM, THE CONSTRAINT OF WORLD-MISSIONS

'To throw a fire into the land am I now come.
How I would that it were already burning!'

THE MASTER.

'Through him Christ's great command was born anew.'

T. H. HOLYOAK, *Sonnet on Carey.*

'The story of Carey's effort to rouse the Church of his native land to its opportunity and obligation is in some respects even more romantic and heroic than his missionary career.' S. K. DATTA.

I. THE TIMES

'When France rose for the rights of man, Carey was meditating on the rights of God. The surest way of securing man's rights is to find them included in God's.'

'Behind every new missionary effort there is a new Pentecost. Behind Carey, the Wesleys and Whitfield. Behind Moravian Missions, German Pietism. Behind even Jesuit Missions, a strange new revelation given to a few like Xavier and Loyola of the entrancing beauty of Christ.'

J. G. GREENHOUGH.

CHAPTER I

THE TIMES

1761–1793

Carey was fortunate in the period in which his English years were cast. Many movements were stirring. Seeds were quickening. An Easter breath was in the air.

Children of the people were beginning to get chance of school—not yet by the nation's will, nor at its charge; not yet by concerted system, but here and there, by benefactions of the few. Even in English villages these charity schools were being founded. The fare was severely frugal: but at least it broke the fast. Carey was specially linked with this beginning, his grandfather being the first schoolmaster of his village, and his father called, at thirty-two, to this same mastership. William passed his second seven years in the schoolhouse as his home, and entered beyond most village lads into this educational opportunity. In adult years he often mourned its limitations. Except for his initiative and grit, it would not have taken him far. Still, it was something to come of a father and grandfather of studious calling and spirit, and to have a measure of food provided for his particularly hungry mind.

It was good to arrive, too, when men were wearying of the artificial in literature and life, were rebounding to simplicity and spontaneity, to a childlike appreciation of Nature, to delight in every living thing. Scales were falling from men's eyes. The sound of the Lord God was heard in the gardens and the woods.

He was born of this spirit, fortunate to be the child of a pleasant village, with forest at its door. Nature and he were sister and brother. The wonderland of

trees, flowers, insects, and birds became to him an open book.

> 'The earth
> And common face of Nature spake to him
> Rememberable things.'

To watch things grow was his dear recreation. The spirit which was to yield us our naturalists was his in rich measure.

He came, moreover, at the height of the happenings in India and America, when Britain passed from grave forebodings into buoyant supremacy and strength. The rivals had been so matched that our double and decisive victory was an infinite relief. Plassey and Pondicherry broke France's Indian expectations, and clinched our hold on both Bengal and the Carnatic. Then Wolfe's scaling of Quebec, and Montreal's surrender, and Spain's exchange with us of Florida for Cuba, left us mistress of Canada, and of America from the Mississippi to the sea. This twofold 'dominion of the palm and pine' added cubits to our stature, and brought us the consciousness of a larger place in the sun.

He was born just then, when the young were seeing visions, and the old dreaming dreams. From infancy it touched him, through the home's talk of his Canadian uncle; and presently much more, upon the emigrant's return after years of pioneering. He had been out West during the French and British wrestlings for the possession of Canada, and could make vivid the victory of Wolfe. Uncle and lad became inseparable companions. He poured into the boy his own spirit.

Other conquests than of the sword stretched men's thinking, shaped their speech. Captain Cook was charting Pacific isles, was mapping New Zealand and the east coast of New Holland. The world was growing. Even before Carey read Cook's log-books, and found them out-thrill all romance, the news of the discoveries lit his mind and warmed his spirit. Novels and plays seemed dull beside this wonder-world of fact.

Then, alas, he saw Britain stripped of her chief Western inheritance, of the major portion of her colonial estate—

through lack of common sense. By the time he was twenty-three, after long quarrel and blood-shedding, our forfeiture of the thirteen states was sealed. Chief topic it made in his workshop, and in the village foregatherings, and with his uncle at his home-goings. J. C. Ryland, the rugged preacher of Northampton, defended the resisting states:

> 'Were I General Washington, I would call together all my brother-officers. I would bare my arm, and bid every man bare his, that a portion of blood might be extracted and mingled in one bowl. Then I would bid every man draw his sword, and dip it in the bowl, and swear by Him that sitteth upon the Throne and liveth for ever and ever, not to sheathe the consecrated blade till the freedom of his country was achieved. And if, after this, any should turn coward or traitor, I should feel it a duty, pleasure, luxury to plunge my weapon into that man's heart.'

Such outbursts Carey heard from his non-pacifist senior. That he caught their virile spirit is proven by his own unyielding fight for freedom through tragic years at Serampore.

There were other and successful British contests for freedom. Pitt maintained against the King the prerogatives of Ministers and Parliaments. Parliaments upheld constituencies in their election of representatives, even when their choice was a 'Jack Wilkes.' The Press insisted on their right to publish parliamentary debates, and discuss public policy. Catholics claimed protection from the riots of a Lord Gordon, and Ireland scored the triumph of her Grattan Parliament. The decade 1780-1790 saw 'the coming of the platform to its place of political power.' All this struggle of Britain for more self-determination made young Carey a Radical.

His choice of Nonconformity, within a few weeks of his new birth, against his home's bias, and then his enlistment with the Baptists — Froude's 'most thoroughgoing of Protestants'—evinced his independence. Nonconformists were smarting under the Test and Corporation Acts. Only Church of England communicants were admitted to paid offices of State. Only these could be masters in public schools, officers in the army or navy. Only these could graduate in the universities or be so much as excisemen.

Nonconformists lived and moved and had their being under suspicions and exclusions. Their deputies in vain demanded redress. Repeal resolutions were continually defeated in the Commons, though by lessening votes. Fox in 1790 supported the Dissenters with much power; but Burke and Pitt, alarmed at the French upheaval, rallied the retrogressives, and the reform was negatived by three to one. Carey was then in Leicester. Its Borough Council had declared that 'to admit dissenters to any civil office was to give them perpetual opportunity of injuring the State.' Its leading vicar had invited the nonconformist ministers of the county to his breakfast table, only to chide them for their political ambitions. Carey the more readily accepted the secretariat of the Dissenters' committee.

Not even the French Revolution shook his allegiance to political reform: nor Leicester's echo thereof in 1790, when the mob ransacked the borough offices, and trampled its torn documents in the streets. He watched France's awesome drama with sympathy and hope, as 'a movement towards a completer humanity.' He greeted her travail, declaring it 'God's answer to the recent concerted prayings of his people,' 'a glorious door opened, and likely to be opened much wider, for the gospel, by the spread of civil and religious liberty, and by the diminution of the papal power.' Fuller says, 'Carey's mind was much engaged in these things.' Indeed, like other young bloods, he became hotly republican, and came under Fuller's lash for not drinking the King's health.

Rousseau's doctrine of the people's sovereignty and of men's common and equal rights had been France's tocsin; with its hoarse English echo in Tom Paine. Like many another watchword, its implications far outwent its first intent. Rousseau never gave a thought to Christian Missions; yet his message helped to raise men's conceptions of the backward and barbarian races, and to arouse on their behalf a brighter hope. 'The old view of the brutishness of the heathen and of their unsusceptibility to conversion yielded to a Christian optimism, which regarded them in all their degradation as brother-men, who could and should be saved.' Carey's world-mission programme

was Rousseau made practical. Convinced in very truth of 'the common and equal rights of all men,' he yearned to share with every man his affluent inheritance in Christ.

Under the same impelling he was a whole-souled Emancipationist. The modern slave trade had reached disgraceful proportions, Britain having developed what Portugal and Spain had begun. London papers openly advertized children for sale. Two million negroes were shipped to our colonies in a century. Just under two hundred vessels-full left our ports in 1790 for the West. Half their living cargoes perished on the way through brutality, starvation, and disease. The ships were 'floating hells.' Our sins were scarlet. Our crimes cried out to God. Yet public feeling was quiescent. Even religious opinion little stirred. The Friends were the first remonstrants. Then the Baptists. Carey from his conversion was fierce against this shame. His sisters never heard him pray without reference to this traffic 'so inhuman and accursed.' Under the influence of Cowper he watched the collaboration of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Macaulay, and Sharp; the Commons faced with the question; Fox's stand for abolition; Wilberforce's superb effort in the House in 1789, and the sequent mitigation of the transport atrocities; then, alas, in 1791, the Trade's smashing triumph, spite of Wesley's dying entreaty, through Parliament's reaction under the turbulence of France. His own response was to abandon the use of sugar, that he might cleanse his hands of blood.

Britain was at the same time beginning to repent of two other inhumanities,—towards prisoners and the insane; two intimate friends of Carey's throwing their strength into these crusades,—a Leicester manufacturer the prison-reformer, under the personal inspiration of Howard, and a local physician founding Leicester's first hospital for the rational treatment of the insane.

Britain was initiated into things *Indian* by the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which proclaimed from the housetops that 'the Company' must expect the searchlight of Parliament and public opinion, and that Britain's rule of her great dependency must be righteous and humane. The long engagement of the public mind with the trial prepared British Christians for Carey's Indian appeals.

In the year of Carey's birth our eighteenth-century mystic, another Northamptonian, died. Ten years after his *Serious Call*, stirring the Wesleys and even Johnson, William Law came under such spell of Boehme as to withdraw to his native King's Cliffe, where, with an aunt of Gibbon and another, he gave himself to philanthropy, meditation, and prayer. Nearly £3000 a year they spent in personal social service. Not till he had distributed milk to the poor from door to door each morning, did he retire into his 'snuggery,' 'to prostrate himself for hours in abysmal silence before the central throne of the divine revelation.' Carey was early touched by his power, through a disciple of the mystic. Law's intensity and devoutness strongly drew him. What restrained him was Law's seeming trust of intuition beyond the written Word, whereas Carey was persuaded that, not by transcending Scripture, but by diligent and dutiful ascertainment and appropriation of its truth could God reliably be known. He resolved to master what was written, to make himself a man of the Book. None the less the saintly studiousness, the simplicity and philanthropy of King's Cliffe, deeply impressed him, and reproduced themselves in Serampore.

His happiest fortune lay in being borne on the tidal wave of the Wesleys and Whitfield. Almost to the end of Carey's English years, as for a score before his birth, John Wesley was Britain's super-evangelist. In that century of reaction, when the mercury fell low, when reason clipped faith's wings, and enthusiasm was a reproach, and religion 'icily regular'; when the critics held the field, and Hume was the oracle, and Voltaire, 'that Philistine of transcendent cleverness,' was the idol, and Gibbon was subjecting the warm wonder of the first Christian centuries to cool analysis, and 'all people of discernment had discovered Christianity to be fictitious'—England's soul was saved by three evangelists. 'The foolishness of the divine Thing preached outmatched man's wisdom.' After the simoom and sand-drift, Heaven's rains, through these apostles, refreshed and fertilized the earth. Their viewpoints differed. Their phrasings often clashed. But alike they published God's rich grace in Jesus Christ, and the people heard them gladly, and thousands were reborn.

God's voice rang through the valley of the bones; God's breath revived them. For thirty of Carey's English years the mightiest of the three rode everywhither for his many daily preachings, 'paying more turnpikes than any other in the land.' Carey, as a lad of twelve, may have seen him at seventy in Towcester; or likelier, later, in Northampton and Leicester. Certainly he met many who described to him the preacher's dignity, courage, intensity, and power. Over the length and breadth of Britain Wesley demonstrated through fifty years the force of the preached gospel. Carey's zeal to evangelize heathendom was the intenser for his having lived in the blaze of Wesley's achievement.

This revival wakened Christian song, whose outburst Watts had anticipated, and whose endorsing chorus included Doddridge, Steele, Beddome, Williams, Newton, Cowper, Toplady, Fawcett, Ryland, and Pearce. Carey was linked with all these. Doddridge was a household name in his county. Anne Steele dwelt in the village of Steadman his friend. Beddome desired him as his pastoral successor. Williams's '*O'er the gloomy hills of darkness*' became his and the Mission's 'Marseillaise.' Newton gave him his blessing, ere he left London for Bengal. Of Cowper Sutcliff talked much to him, and his poems were his joy. Toplady was bosom-friend of his county's chief Baptist preacher. Fawcett was his ally and lit the Mission's first beacon in the North. Ryland and Pearce were his yokefellows. In truth, he dwelt amongst the poets of Christ's kingdom. His friends were breaking into Magnificats. Harps were unhung from the willows, and were retuned, resmitten. The time of the singing of the birds had come. The gospel was rediscovered as a thing of music. Then came the yearning to proclaim it to mankind. Carey could not have won men for Missions, had they not first recaptured Christian joy: nor unless the rigour of their Calvinism had yielded.

The pulpit-doctrine of his denomination was extravagantly predestinarian. God's sovereignty was stressed till our responsibilities vanished. Man was declared to have no power for penitence or faith, save through the superenabling of God's selective grace. Here was no driving

force for Missions. Faith ossified into fatalism. With the occult divine Will omnipotent and the human will judged helpless, even the godly grew passive. They who could think themselves the privileged exulted in their fortune, but remained unconscious of owing the good tidings to others. The favour was for the few. They left to God the ingathering of His own selected guests. Robert Hall of Arnsby and then Andrew Fuller defied this error—an old man and a young; Hall, with a book which was the sword-blade of a pastor's and philosopher's wisdom; Fuller, with his 'Gospel worthy of all acceptation.' The tournament was long, and fierce the clash of the lances, till Carey's co-religionists began to trust a more reasonable God and a more valid evangel. Which all furthered Missions; for, if the gospel was worthy of all men's acceptation, and those who heard it could, if they would, accept, it was up to Christ's Church to get it offered to all men.

It helped Carey's propaganda, too, that the churches with which he was linked were getting grouped into Associations. His own, the 'Northampton,' stretching from St. Albans to Lincoln, whilst one of the youngest, was one of the most virile, and its leaders—the elder Hall, the Rylands, Sutcliff, and Fuller—were exceptionally able. Carey could scarcely have found a finer cluster of colleagues.

From this Association sounded in 1784 the call to prayer. Scottish ministers, roused by Whitfield, had first issued it in the 'forties. Jonathan Edwards had resounded it through the States. Now, a quarter of a century after his death, it was republished in mid-England, and evoked a gladdening response. Churches, distressed at their barrenness, welcomed its summons to special monthly intercessions. They climbed the slopes of Carmel, and cried to God for His rain. They little guessed into what logical consequences these prayings would lead them, how God would take them at their word, with what gauntlets He would challenge them; how He would make answer, through Carey—'if you want the Kingdom speeded, go out and speed it yourselves. Only obedience rationalizes prayer. Only Missions can redeem your intercessions from insincereness.' Nevertheless, where these prayings best flourished, the soil was readiest for the growth of missionary zeal.

Once again prayer proved 'the mother of the lightnings and splendours.'

The first inventions of modern machinery, the inauguration of the chemical and electrical sciences, the realized driving-force of steam, all belong to this period, and involved a revolution more fateful than France's, to the toil, the outlook, the interrelation of the world. Carey little guessed, with all his scientific spirit, what developments awaited such weaving as his father's, such lace-making as his mother's, such shoemaking as his own; or that his England of forests, villages, and small towns was to become the world's factory and market, with multitudes of thronged industrial zones. Had one told him and his co-members of Leicester's Philosophical Institute that their streets, just furnished with oil-lamps, would be one day electrically lit, that Leicester would be brought within two instead of twenty hours of London, or that the Calcutta he was to reach in five months would be made accessible by aeroplane in five days, by cable in five hours, and by wireless in five minutes, they would have advised the romancer's admission into the town's new asylum: The imminent world-change was realized but dimly. Yet, just as it was arriving, Carey summoned Christ's followers to fresh vision and advance.

Adam Smith, the student-statesman of the destined economy, was the earliest to recognize that the business-world had outgrown its restricting and strangulating conventions, and that the motto of the future must be 'mutualism.' As members one of another and essential to one another, each nation could only thrive through the prosperity of all. Free interdependence must be the watchword of wise trade. In the very decade in which Smith bade his fellow-countrymen remove the barriers to world-commerce, Carey universalized their spiritual outlook, exhorting them to find their true wealth in sharing with all lands their Christian treasure, and to purchase their own progress by the glad service of the world.

Nor was he quite alone in British recognition of this missionary obligation. John Montgomery (the father of the hymnist) was with six other Englishmen in the Moravian ranks in the West Indies; James Rhodes and William Turner in the same Brotherhood in Labrador. Thomas

Thompson, of British birth and university, after five years' ministry in New Jersey, had given brief service to Africa's Gold Coast. Wilberforce was planning to make the freed isle of Sierra Leone a modern Iona. Thomas Coke was goading Methodism towards Eastern or African Missions. Samuel Pearce was yearning to get to Botany Bay as the convicts' Christ-friend, and thence to the wild Maoris. Rector Haweis was enlisting young Welsh volunteers for Cook's South Seas, but could not get them commissioned. Director Grant of the East India Company (late 'Commercial Resident' of Malda) was pleading for a mission-party for Bengal. Thus a few British souls had vision and passion, though churches and denominations were either listless or afraid. The period's barrenness in collective missionary achievement measures the mountains of obstruction Carey cast into the sea.

He had to *make* the conditions in which his Society could get born; not just to apply the match to the tinder, but to prepare the tinder itself. When he woke to the missionary vision, he found to his amazement all his fellow-Christians blind. He had to create the desire which at length created the Mission, to provoke the demand of which he became the supply, to take heaven's kingdom by violence. For ten years he resisted his contemporaries' inertia, and fought their disbelief, and 'conquered by the stubborn minority of one,'—'going at length against every dictate of common sense, every calculation of prudence, and all but universal opinion, because in the solitary sanctuary of his brooding soul an entreaty kept sounding from destitute heathendom.'

Nevertheless he was fortuned, as we have seen, in his English environment. Education was arriving for the children of the poor. Wonder was reborn at the beauty of Nature. Our Empire was getting stablished in America and India. Captain Cook was charting the isle-strewn Pacific, and outlining south coasts for Britain's inheritance. Sons of the Pilgrim Fathers were buying new freedoms with their blood. Home fights were being won for the people, Parliament, and Press. Free churchmen were challenging statutes that denied them fair citizenship. France was in the birth-pangs of a juster day. Britain was blushing for

her slave trade. A fresh vision was dawning of the possibilities of man. Compassion was waking for the imprisoned and the insane. Westminster was protecting India from British greed. Clergy were called to devout social service by the life of William Law. Wesley was publishing the vitalizing evangel. Redeemed ones were quickened to poetry and praise. Rigid Calvinisms were yielding. Churches, weary of inefficient isolation, were beginning to combine. Collective prayer was becoming a contagion. Scientific discoveries were pregnant with unimagined results. Industrial, commercial, and social change was at the doors. Britain's business-world was being reasoned into an opening of closed gates. The unevangelized peoples were burdening at least a few British consciences, and constraining them towards paths of missionary toil.

This was the environment of Carey's English years. It touched him closely, and gave direction to his life. Even when unconscious of its influence, he was moving with its trend. Paul would have described the period as 'a fulness of the times.' But, as in Paul's day, so again. The *evangelica preparatio* needed a soul of Christian devotion to seize and speed its converging forces. Had not God's *man* been ready, the full times would have yielded scant result.

II. THE BOY

'Thank God! a man can grow!
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God! a man can grow!'

'With little teaching, he became learned; poor himself, he made millions rich; by birth obscure, he rose to unsought eminence; and seeking only to follow the Lord's leading, he led forward the Lord's host.'

A. T. Pierson.

'The "observables," which chiefly draw me, are *the living creatures—the wild life*—and not the hills and valleys, the granite and serpentine cliffs, and seas of Mediterranean blue. These are but the setting of the shining living gems.'

W. H. Hudson, *The Land's End.*

CHAPTER II

THE BOY

PAULERS PURY

August 17, 1761-1775

NORTHAMPTON is England's central shire, 'the midmost of the Midlands.' No other is so girdled. Nine counties touch its borders. Its rivers—Nen, Welland, Avon, and Ouse—are 'natives,' to use Thomas Fuller's expression. They all rise within its watershed, and it gives these to its neighbours. In this core of England Carey was fitly born; for the movement he impelled and represents flowed from the heart of English Christendom.

The county had saved England's liberties at Naseby. Through Carey it was to save England's soul, leading forth her sons and daughters to win the world for Jesus Christ.

It had given to literature, learning, and life, since 1600, Fuller, the witty gossip of England's 'Worthies'; Chauncey and Sheppard, chief founders of 'Harvard'; James Harrington, the architect of utopian *Oceana*; Dryden; the forebears of both Washington and Benjamin Franklin; Law, of the *Serious Call*; the ministry of Doddridge; John Gill, Rabbinical scholar; and meditating Hervey. In Carey it was to give to the Orient a multilingual scholar, and to the kingdom of God a missionary pioneer, apostle, and statesman.

Carey was born in the south-east of the county, in Paulers Pury, where, at a thrust of the river Tove, Northampton bulges into Buckinghamshire, and the county breaks its leaf-like symmetry. 'Watling Street,' from Dover and London to Chester, stretches behind it, bringing it into touch with the world's quick life.

Carey's grandfather, Peter Carey, was not native of the village, but came thither in early manhood—Carey says

'from near Yelvertoft'; where, like many another in that north corner of the county, he had been weaver of 'tammy' cloth, of calico-coloured wool. He married in Paulers Pury in August 1722 Ann Flecknow, who, like himself, was not of the village born.

In coming to Pury he was possibly returning to a home of his fathers. A James Carey was its curate from 1624 to 1629, and of good handwriting. A James Carey—perhaps the same—was buried there on April 7, 1661, and an Elizabeth in 1665, and a John in 1676—perhaps the curate's wife and son. If from these Peter descended, then William came of distant parentage of some culture. But he may have sprung from another John Carey, and in that case from the very poor. For this John was buried there on October 6, 1680, 'in a coffin only'; whereas the other seventeen of that year, and almost all there of that generation, were buried 'in woollens,' as the law required. John Carey's shroudlessness was his poverty's stigma.

Olney, ten miles from Pury, was probably associated with Carey's more immediate kinsfolk, for the name was familiar there through the century before his birth, sixty Carey entries appearing in its register between 1669 and 1771. Before Olney blessed us with its preachers and poet, it grew, perhaps, some of the stock of the missionary apostle.

Amongst Paulers Pury's chief families were the Marriotts William Marriott, having endowed the Towcester Grammar School to the tune of £100, devised his lands in 1720, not long before his death, so that £6 a year should go to the schooling of six boys in his village! Thomas Nicholl, London citizen, with lands near Pury, six years later followed suit. So, before national schools were heard of, and even such village charity schools were rare, Pury had its school, with a dozen free places.

Peter Carey was its first master. Studious and capable beyond the rest of the village he must have been, or, as newly-come weaver, he would not have been thus promoted, and to the conjoined parish clerkship. Baker, the county's historian, describes his signature as 'particularly free and elegant,' and finds therein a token of his fair education. It certainly was the penmanship of no rustic. That two of his three sons, from being pupils, became good teachers,

suggests his zeal and skill. For eighteen years he honourably discharged his dual office as schoolmaster and clerk. When only in the forties he died, heartbroken over the loss of his first-born, William. With a double portion of his father's zest for knowledge, this son, when but a youth, was a promising teacher in Towcester. Then death struck him, and he was laid at twenty in the grave. His father had been sprightly, as the flourish of his signature showeth; but at that woe he was mortally wounded. In less than a fortnight the grave at the church porch was reopened. The entries succeed each other in the Pury register:

William Carey, buried July 26, 1743.
Peter Carey, buried August 7, 1743.

Paulers Pury was moved on that August 7, like Nain once. 'Much people' shared Ann Carey's double overwhelming grief. A few months before she had been blest as any, with honoured and healthful husband, and gifted first-born, besides her boys Peter and Edmund. Now she was stripped of all but the last. For Peter had gone to far and unfamiliar Canada, and, no word thence having reached her, she filled the void with pictured woe. Edmund, a child of seven, alone seemed left. As she returned from the twice-filled grave to the schoolhouse, she remembered an immortal widow-story, and from that day called herself not Ann but 'Naomi.'

The village took her to its heart thenceforth, although not native, and enabled her to remain and make a living. It set a stone over the twice-dug grave, and granted Edmund one of the twelve free school places. As soon as the lad could understand his mother's loneliness, he sought his happiness in hers. He learned the tammy-weaving of his father, and worked with such a will that when, at twenty-four, he married Elizabeth Wells in Towcester, he made the thatched home, to which he brought her, his mother's haven as well.

They dwelt together 'in sweetest harmony and beauty,' a very Ruth and Naomi. 'Linked with the mother's delicate habit of body was a remarkable tenderness of soul. She was as distinguished for her meekness and gentleness as for her loving spirit, united with a true refinement of

Paulers Pury from Carey's birthplace—the first bit of English daisy-strewn landscape he learned to love.

The School and School-house of Peter and of Edmund Carey, Paulers Pury.

manners.' The grief, which had overwhelmed her husband, exercised her unto a Christian sweetness and calm.

Edmund Carey was poor, yet felt rich as he wrought at his hand-loom, and glanced out at his little garden, and at the daisied knoll whereon the church was set, and as he heard the women's gentle voices about him; and as, with his weaving done, he read on winter nights his few choice books. Richer still on August 17, 1761, when a child was born to him, whom he named William, to his mother's contenting, in remembrance of her first-born. 'Twas thus our *William Carey* got his name.

His grandmother made him 'her especial care.' He was her light at eventide. When in two years Ann was born and was named after herself, she was indeed Naomi, to whom the Lord had been bountiful. The next July she went to God.

'One more could attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best.'

Her son Peter had not perished. When about thirty-five, he returned to settle in the village: whether in time to close his mother's eyes is not known. Childless but child lover, he drew William to him, telling him tales of ships and the sea, of Canada's Indians and French, its woods and winters, rivers, falls and lakes, beasts and birds, trees and flowers; casting the New World's spell about him, like Millais' sailor in his painting of boy Raleigh. Doubtless, not a little of Carey's career runs back to this. It looks as if the roaming spirit was in the Carey blood. His brother was a restless soldier, each of whose sons reached India: whilst three of the children of his only married sister made their home in India or at the Cape.

Peter had been in Canada through the life and death struggle of Britain and France. He could thrill his nephew with the glory of Wolfe and Quebec; and better, could reveal to him what he himself had discovered after his long exile—the sweet beauty of England. Expert gardener as he was, he wakened now on his return, as never in his boyhood, to our field and hedgerow loveliness, and flung his enthusiasm into the lad's receptive soul.

In 1767 the schoolmastership and parish-clerkship again

falling vacant, the new rector was pressed to offer them to Edmund Carey, for his father's sake and for his own. Pury had watched his filial devotion, his integrity and industry and love of books. So, when William was six, the home was removed from Pury End in the hollow to the schoolhouse on the hill, a going up both geographical and social. The weaver was called to be master in the school he had sat in as a boy. The low thatched building had no desks: its benches were rough tree-slabs. But Edmund Carey was fitter for his task than most such masters of his day. He was one of Nature's gentlemen, a lover of children and of books, and of penmanship beautiful. Arithmetic he taught both in Towcester and Pury. To the drill of the Catechism he brought at least a reverent mind.

The small schoolhouse seemed large after the Pury End cottage. Two wide-spreading planes grew in front; at the back were an orchard and a garden, to the heaven of the children. Between these and the rectory's large grounds stretched a moat full of water, a glorious habitat of sticklebacks and tadpoles, and worth a lad's netting in for larger spoil. Five hundred yards or so from the school could be seen the great coaches. Like Mark Rutherford, Carey would 'love the very sign-posts pointing to London.' He soon helped to fetch water from the spring down the lane across the highway, and to gather firewood from the Whittlebury forest, which then bordered the village.

'Our father,' says Carey's youngest sister Mary, 'discovered no partiality for the abilities of his own children, but rather went sometimes too far the other way, which tended to discourage them a little.' William's only special aptitude, he said, was 'steady attentiveness and industry,' plus some arithmetic quickness. The boy's mother, anxious and proud, often heard him counting when he should have been asleep. His own preference was for science and travel books. Of Columbus he talked so much that the boys gave him that name. Nor could they have christened him better. The story of Columbus entranced him more than the fiction of Crusoe, though that gave him pleasure, and may have instilled into his mind an unconscious interest in Missions, for which Defoe exhibited a strong concern. The real was to Carey best romance. He craved to learn

The Rectory Garden-Moat, Carey's earliest fishing-ground.

of lands and peoples overseas. This was the spring of his interest in languages, which revealed itself so early. He memorized at twelve the sixty pages of Dyche's *Vocabularium*, though its first samples included such Horatian uncommon nouns as *lanista*, *lixa*, *rabula*, *scurra*. That was a red-letter day when he could translate the romantic Latin record belonging to the church's unique and alabaster tomb.

Not that he was a bookworm. Mary says he was 'most active in amusements and recreations.' The favourite game was 'Stagastagaroney,' in which one chased the many, till, with the help of each captive, he chased and captured all. It was the very game for Carey. He played it again in dead earnest as a man.

Dearer than the playground, however, were the hedgerows and meadows, the rectory moat and the Whittlebury forest, the traces of whose ridings survive in the lanes' anemones and wild hyacinths. These were the haunts of all the life he loved. In catching and killing he took no pleasure; but, with the scientist's instinct, in finding and observing. His bedroom, by his mother's wise concession, was stocked with these companions. He even learned to draw and paint them, love bringing him skill. He became the recognized Pury authority on natural history. Of any unusual flower, bird, or insect, they would say, 'Tek it to Bill Carey; he 'll tell you all about it.' Mary's sketch of him is very life:

> 'Of birds and all manner of insects he had numbers. When he was from home, the birds were committed to my care. Being more than five years younger, I was indulged by him in all his enjoyments. Though I often killed them with kindness, yet, when he saw my grief over his dead pets, he always relented, and gave me the pleasure of serving them again; and often took me over the dirtiest roads to get at a plant or an insect. He never walked out, when quite a boy, without making observation on the hedges as he passed; and when he took up a plant of any kind, he always studied it with care.'

His tall soldier-brother Tom, seven years his junior, gives us like reminiscence, which he smiled to recall:

> 'I was often carried in his arms on many of his walks, and he would show me with delight the beauties in the growth of plants.'

He enriched the schoolhouse plot and orchard from his far-ranging rambles, though the county was not best of plant-hunting grounds, being mostly pasture and wheat-land. 'No mosses, mears, fells, heaths, such as fill many shires with emptiness,' boasts Thomas Fuller. 'It is an apple without core or rind.' Boy-botanist Carey would have welcomed more 'rind.'

Short of stature, like his father, still he climbed the most difficult of trees, to watch a bird and win an egg. Once, falling, he was stunned and badly hurt, costing him days of confinement. At his first chance of freedom he conquered the tree with pride. F. W. Boreham pictures him 'with the nest on his knees' at his mother's return. 'You don't mean to say, Will, that you 've been climbing that tree again!' 'I couldn't help it, mother. I really couldn't. If I begin a thing, I must go through with it.'

In similar pluckiness he was once his own dentist. Tying the tooth to a grindwheel, he bade a boy give a turn, and the worrier was out.

His was a happy boyhood. Waked early by his birds, he was up to greet them, to clean out their cages and the homes of his other pets; to get their food from the lanes and forest, and the fresh water for his water-babes; to welcome each surprise; to delight in each new butterfly and moth; to weed and till his garden, to plant and pluck therein. Day-school was stupid over against this dear toil. Saturdays were his true Sundays, with long excursions. Nothing was too commonplace for his observings. He loved to see into what grace each could grow.

He had a fourth companion besides his sisters and brother —a Pury orphan, whom all else pitied, but whom Carey's parents helped. In remembrance of Pury's mercy to his mother, Edmund Carey and his wife gave the child home, till she could earn her own living; which speaks volumes for Carey's mother.

The food in the school cottage was frugal, with income small and seven round the table. The food William gathered for his mind in woods and hedgerows and by streams was a daily feast. The school itself was crude and narrow; Nature enchanting and without bound. She had no truer

friend in Northamptonshire than he. His books were dearest in an elm-perch.

Religious books, so called, he did not love. There were few a boy then could. *Pilgrim's Progress* won him as adventure: he read it 'to no spiritual profit.' The only Scriptures that interested him were the historical books, most kin to tales of travel. Later, he thanked God for the daily parental Bible drill—'that installation of his mind,' as Ruskin would have termed it—and not less for the strict church attendance, in which he was nurtured. 'My mind was furnished with themes, which afterwards were often influential on my heart, when I had little leisure.' His musical training, too, as a Pury choir-boy, was a lifelong enrichment. Not that vocal church-leadership meant godliness. Many of the choir, he says, like the bell-ringers, were rough-tongued and blasphemous. Yet he liked to be with them and with the rest of the footballers at Inwood's smithy, and even fell into their coarse and impious talk, 'though with many stirrings of conscience.' For he was not really of their spirit. His hunger and thirst for knowledge set him apart.

> 'Whatever he began, he finished,' Mary said. 'Difficulties never discouraged him. As he grew, his passion for knowledge increased.'

His brother says:

> 'From a boy he was studious, deeply and fully bent on learning all he could, and determined never to give up a particle of anything on which his mind was set, till he had arrived at a clear knowledge and sense of his subject. He was neither diverted by allurements, nor driven from its search by ridicule or threats.'

As he himself said years later to his nephew Eustace, disclaiming all other talents:

> 'I can plod. That is my only genius. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything.'

And yet he was thwarted in his first attempt to make his way in the world. Upon leaving school at twelve he wished to be field-tiller or gardener, like his hero-uncle. But scorbutic irritation of the hands and face so worsened

under exposure to the sun that at night his inflamed skin banished sleep. Do what he would, he could not allay 'the very painful trouble.' His health broke. After two years' struggle he was forced to give in. He who was to endure forty years of Bengal heat was turned out of his first chosen path by distress of English sunshine. God was thrusting him upon a track unexpected.

One thing, however, he says he learned in those out-of-door experiences, which came oft to his remembrance, that for straight ploughing the eyes must be set upon a definite mark.

This Paulers Pury home of his first fourteen years made good soil for his growth—with its setting in woodland beauty, its grand-parental and parental love, its inherited studiousness, its field and forest companionships, and its integrity and piety.

The Clipstone Manse Mantelpiece (Chap. VI.).

The Tomb of Sir Arthur and Lady Ann Throckmorton, Paulers Pury Church. The Latin inscription, which records their perfect love, hangs on the wall to the right.

III. THE BEGINNINGS

'I read in an appreciative article about our Centenary that William Carey was a genius. Well, I am not sure about genius. It is an awkward word to define. Wonderful linguistic faculty; a capacity for blazing up from contact with an idea, and of keeping the fire bright through all discouragement; tenacity of will, persistence; unselfishness, noble, Christlike; and a simplicity which was sublime—these things he had. Whether he were a genius or not, he was a hero, and he was a hero because he was a saint, and he was a saint because he had been sanctified by the touch of Christ's hand, and *the Name* had driven self out of him.'

Dr. Maclaren, *The B.M.S. Centenary Sermon*, Oct. 4, 1892.

'God took a man out of the common stock, and granted him a vision of Himself. Finding him obedient, He fitted him for the work He wanted him to do. So his life was as a flame that leaps out of embers, and as a wind of God. Hence came his clearsightedness, patient industry, power of persuasive speech, buoyant faith, clarity of judgment and amazing gift of tongues. Hence, too, the opportunities so singular, unexpected, suitable, which were given him for the fulfilment of his task. Carey believed that equipment and opportunity alike were from above, which explains both his deep humility and constant cheerfulness. He knew that in himself he was nothing; that all was of God. His faith in God's glory gave him assurance of adequate means for his task's accomplishment and the certainty of its success.'

William Carey, *Serampore College Centenary Sermon*, Dec. 7, 1918.

'A chastened piety is not the Christian faith, else Martineau were its great modern prophet. Our only hope is to be rooted in repentance, grounded in forgiveness, established in a redemption, and quickened in a real regeneration.' Forsyth.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNINGS

PIDDINGTON AND HACKLETON

1775-1785

When Carey was thrust from the fields and gardens, his father did not select for him his own familiar weaving, but the shoemaking which was becoming the chief craft of the county, and which held the promise of the future day. He could, however, hardly provide the premium for his seven years' apprenticeship. He searched carefully for a master into whose home to entrust him, and was led to Clarke Nichols of Piddington. There had been much talk of this Clarke Nichols in the two Pury villages; for, in September 1772, a Potters Pury youth of seventeen, a certain William Robinson, apprenticed to him, had run away one Sunday morning, and Nichols had advertized in the *Northampton Mercury* for his detention, or for information about him to be sent to himself or the youth's father. His 'blue coat, buff-coloured waistcoat, leather breeches joined in the thighs, speckled stockings, and scuttle hat' were all cited in the advertisement, and suggest that he was still wearing some of the clothes of his former charity school. The Pury villagers appear to have sided with Clarke Nichols in this incident, for soon another Potters Pury lad—of whom much is to tell—took Robinson's place in his apprenticed service, and now Edmund Carey, of the sister-village, selected him as the fit master and trainer of his son. That the 1772 advertisement describes him as a 'cord-wainer' implies that he was a craftsman able not just to mend shoes, but to make them throughout —sole, vamp, and uppers. And his newspaper-pursuit of the deserter proved him a man for due fear. His repute

as a strict Churchman, too, commended him to Edmund Carey.

It did not take lad Carey long to form his own judgment about Robinson, and rather now to envy his pluck in bolting from his master's hot temper and rough tongue, from his Saturday night drinking bouts, and his Sunday morning hard errands—the distances he sent him to his customers with the week's bag of made and mended boots.

Yet books on his shelves suggested religious sympathies and interests—Jeremy Taylor, Northamptonian Nathaniel Spinckes, and a New Testament Commentary, etc. Little to Carey's taste, however, and little commended to him by his master's stumblings and severeness. Indeed, the lad was soon sickening of all that savoured of religious profession, and began to choose careless companions, till Piddington, though smaller than Paulers Pury, and only some eight miles thence, might easily have become his 'far country.' His older fellow-apprentice saved him.

John Warr was of Yardley Gobion, the hamlet of Potters Pury, and had taken Robinson's place in Clarke Nichols' apprenticed employ. He and Carey may well have known each other ere they met in Piddington. It broke the latter's loneliness to share workshop and attic with this youth from the village that was twin to his own. Warr helped him, too, in the shoecraft, being three years older, and familiar with the trade from infancy through his father and grandfather. Much else he could also teach him. For his grandfather (himself a John Warr) had been a chief founder of Potters Pury's Independent church. When Michael Harrison, the loved rector of Caversfield in Buckinghamshire, became in 1690 a convinced Nonconformist, and resigned his living—'ejecting' himself—and went forth, 'not knowing whither,' to be obedient to his new vision, this John Warr went with him in shared conviction and chivalrous devotion. They at length settled in Potters Pury, and John smuggled in thither amongst his own goods and chattels a pulpit, which the rector had secured. From this pulpit the novel message was often delivered on the village green, till an Independent church was formed, and a meeting-house erected. The Warrs supplied faithful deacons through successive generations.

There under John Heywood's exceptionally fervent ministry and in his own home, Carey's co-apprentice heard discourse of all the deep questions of the soul and of nonconformity. He was not yet himself a conscious Christian, when he was joined by Carey in Nichols' workshop, but was religiously thoughtful beyond his years, and often led the talk to the themes his home had made familiar, and especially to the principles which constrained the witness of dissent.

Now Carey disdained Dissenters. Their children had been excluded from the Pury school. His father and grandfather had been parish clerks, official pillars of the Anglican establishment. He was bigoted and bitter. He says :

> 'I had, moreover, pride sufficient for a thousand times my knowledge. So I always scorned to have the worst in discussion, and the last word was assuredly mine. I always made up in positive assertion what was lacking in my reasoning, and generally came off with triumph. But I was often afterwards convinced that, though I had the last word, my fellow-apprentice had the better of the argument, and I felt a growing uneasiness and stings of conscience gradually increasing, but had no idea that nothing but a complete change of heart could do me any good.'

Meanwhile, John Warr sought God with all his strength, till Christ became his conscious Saviour and his living Lord. He learned what it was to be reborn from above. Then was he vastly rich ; only a shoemaker's apprentice, but having struck the treasure of the field. God's pearl was his, and in his hand. God's peace was in his soul. Desire to share his secret soon possessed him. He talked of Christ to Carey and his master, not for discussion, but to win them for his Lord. Says Carey :

> '*He became importunate with me*, lending me books (there were many such in his home) which gradually wrought a change in my thinking, and my inward uneasiness increased.'

Warr's nobler life, too, was impressive as his entreating speech. He won Carey at length into the Hackleton prayer-meetings, where was a fervour foreign to the then cold correctness of the Church, a closer grip of God. Carey felt the spell of the spiritual world and yearned to explore it. He balanced, however, these timid associations with dissent

The house of Clarke Nichols, Carey's Piddington employer. Here he learned his trade, and was won for the Saviour. The inner room was the workshop, with a window facing the road. A descendant of Clarke Nichols still lives here.

Carey's Piddington house, in which he first read Captain Cook's *Voyages* and caught the missionary vision.

by threefold Sunday attendance at the parish church, seeking through increased religious exercises to lift the burden of his soul.

> 'I also,' he says, 'determined to leave off lying, swearing, and other sins, to which I was addicted; and sometimes, when alone, I tried to pray.'

He needed to be shamed before he could be saved. 'The wood had to be charred, ere God could limn with it.' He writes:

> 'I had been to Northampton, where I had made some purchases for myself, which amounted to about a shilling more than I was worth. But I had a counterfeit shilling, which Mr. Hall, the ironmonger, had given me as a Christmas-box. I knew it to be a bad shilling, but I was strongly inclined to assert to my master that it belonged to other money, with which he had intrusted me, to purchase things for him, as this would clear my private account. I recollect the struggle I had all the way home, and I prayed to God to excuse my dishonesty and lying for this once; I would never repeat such action, but would break off with sin thenceforth. My wickedness prevailed, and I told the falsehood, and was detected by my master. A gracious God did not get me safe through. I soon concluded that my theft was known to the whole village. I concealed myself from all, as much as I could, and was so overwhelmed with shame that it was a considerable time before I went out.'

He expected dismissal, a cancelled apprenticeship, a forfeited premium, and his father angry and distressed—for to Clarke Nichols the blackest of sinnings was a lie. But his master relented—won to mercy, perhaps, by the Frances Howes he had that year wedded. Carey all his life recalled this Christmas with horror and gratitude—horror at his deceit and blasphemy, gratitude that it had taught him his deep need of a Saviour. When seventeen and a half he exchanged the pharisee's righteousness for the publican's meekness. In his contrite heart the Holy One could dwell. In the crucified and risen Redeemer he found ransom and peace. Henceforth he was 'a dedicated spirit.'

John Warr was the Andrew who first led this Peter towards Christ. A youth of Potters Pury did this immeasurable service for the lad of Paulers Pury, and for Christendom, though in no wise apprehending that in thus urging his fellow-apprentice to Jesus, he was helping to

add India's jewel to the diadem of Christ, or that he was 'annexing for Him a continent.'

Then was Carey happy to have been thrust from the Pury gardens into the Piddington workshop, to make life's supreme discovery—the saving friendship of Jesus. Now his feet were shod with the gospel's preparedness. Now he was indeed 'Columbus,' and had reached his new world.

Except for this, he could have rendered no special service to God's kingdom. As botanist or linguist he might have gained repute, backed as these his native gifts were by an iron will. Yet even in these realms he would have missed his full mental unfolding. Christ was his quickening spirit. Christ fructified his powers.

Some of these powers of his were already markedly developing. In the New Testament Commentary on his master's shelves he had been attracted by what proved real treasure-trove—words and sentences in an unknown script! Of course, his master could not decipher them, so he copied the letters and took them on his next home-going to Tom Jones, a Pury weaver, winning from him the clue to this new tongue. For Jones had had a Kidderminster grammar-school education towards the career of a doctor, though folly had since stripped him of his chance. Jones had to rub up his scholarship, get for the lad a *Greek* glossary and grammar, and guide him at each home-coming. The pupil soon left his teacher far behind.

He could never date the day and hour of his new birth. But just when and where he became nonconformist, he could precisely remember. Alarmed at our reverses in America, the King had proclaimed Sunday, February 10, 1779, a day of national fasting and prayer; which Warr persuaded Carey to spend in the little Hackleton meeting-house. He had never shared till then their Sunday worship. During the day a Thomas Chater spoke, a beginner in lay-preaching. He pleaded for out-and-out abandonment to Christ, clinching his words with 'Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach,'—a Scripture which pierced Carey to the heart. His sharpest crucifixion and reproach, he knew, would be to follow what for some weeks had been the judgment of his conscience, and to attach himself to these despised ones of

Michael Harrison's Potters Pury Pulpit, brought from Caversfield.

The Shop and Cottage of the Misses Warr, Yardley Gobion—descendants of John Warr. Miss Warr is standing at her gate.

the 'Meeting,' through whose fervour he had been helped to a personal knowledge of Christ. 'Less than two years before, he had enmity enough in his heart to desire the destruction of this place of worship': now he was constrained to join its ranks. Not without fortitude was he first of his father's house to reach such decision. In a village where the conduct of each was the gossip of all, it meant the running of a gauntlet. From this step, once taken, he never looked back.

Four years later Thomas Chater planned a gospel mission to Olney, of which even gentle Cowper wrote thus derisively to Newton:

> 'Because we have nobody to preach the gospel in Olney, Mr. Chater waits only for a barn at present occupied by a strolling company. The moment they quit, he begins. He is disposed to think the dissatisfied of all denominations may be united under his standard; and that the great work of forming a more extensive and established interest than any of them is reserved for him.'

The man, whom Cowper was to scorn, was used to make a Free Churchman of Carey, and soon to lead him to a lay-preacher's attemptings.

The September of this 1779 brought Carey a big shock. His master lay dying after only two years' marriage. Yet the sorrow was glorified by his being led by his two apprentices into a personal trust of Christ. His death-chamber was changed into a soul's birthplace. He told all who saw him of his new sure anchorage, and bade each 'look to Jesus as the sinner's friend.'

In a day or two after his burial on October 5 Carey passed into the service of Thomas Old of Hackleton, a relative of Nichols. Within a week he met there Thomas Scott, a young clergyman, of near Olney, who was deeply to affect him. Scott had a happy story to tell of how he had led an aunt of Thomas Old's into Christian assurance. Through most of her long life she had been misjudged a pharisee. Scott had seen her wistfulness under what others thought self-will, and had so presented to her the gospel as to win her instant response, and to lead her into full blessing. Scott marked, as he told this, Carey's intentness and his apt modest questions.

Carey's mind being scientific, he sought to shape into rational order his Christian experience, to chart his new mental and spiritual world. With the help of a few books he formulated what he supposed a creed consistent and secure. To its defence he was soon called.

There dwelt at Quinton, not a mile off, a group of mystics, disciples of William Law, whose leader invited Carey to a spiritual talk. He readily responded, confident that even in theological discussion he would have power to hold his ground. Yet the mystic was much his senior—parish clerk, indeed, like Carey's father—and reputed 'of violent temper.' Carey found him no rough contestant but a solicitous friend, who, as no other, urged him 'even unto tears,' and searched his soul. Not content with challenging Carey's Calvinistic doctrine, he reproved his way of life, and convinced him that 'his conduct was not such as became the gospel, till he felt ruined and helpless.'

> 'I could neither believe his system nor defend my own. The conversation filled me with anxiety, which increased when I was alone.'

It cost him three years of wilderness-struggle to reach reassurance. Hackleton saints had befriended him, like those who blessed new-born Bunyan. 'They frequently took me by the hand,' he says, 'and communicated to me their experience, which much encouraged me.' But, learning of his fellowship with its heretical mystics, and of their books he was reading, they looked at him askance, and for a long time drew off from him—an aloofness he felt keenly. From the preaching of John Luck, their elder, no relief reached his spirit, nor release from his doubtings. In truth, the elder belonged too much to the past, had been a 'College Lane,' Northampton, deacon before Carey was born; sometimes preached there, though no pulpit favourite. So, on Sabbaths, Carey tramped to Roade or Ravenstone or Northampton or elsewhere, for some preaching which should meet the hunger of his soul—the walk itself, after the week's confinement, a bracing. One judgment he presently reached, that men's speculations were too unreliable for trust. This was his growing quarrel with the mystics. He wanted rock underfoot. So he resolved

to search the Scriptures, to discover as exactly as possible the message of the Book. He ' pressed God's lamp close to his breast.'

And Thomas Scott most helped him—he whose talk had so arrested him in his first week at Mr. Old's, and who was destined to become England's illustrious commentator. Scott was well fitted to guide him. He had removed mountains of difficulty by brave toil ; had taught himself Latin, Hebrew, and Greek ; had been led out of deism's dreariness into evangelical joy, and become a close student of Scripture ; had just published the story of his spiritual struggle in what is acknowledged to be ' a most impressive piece of autobiography,' and was in all his fresh ardour for Christ. Carey contrived to hear him whenever he could, and thrice a year was privileged with his deep talk at Mr. Old's. Scott was struck by the youth's developing mind, and said to several ' he would prove no ordinary man.' He called the Hackleton workshop ' Carey's College,' and, forty years later, was surprised and blest to hear that Carey had thus written :

> ' If there be anything of the work of God in my soul, I owe much of it to Mr. Scott's preaching, when I first set out in the ways of the Lord.'

To this same Scott John Henry Newman, ' humanly speaking, owed his soul,' and wished, as an undergraduate, to go on pilgrimage to Aston Sandford, ' to thank him for having planted deep in his mind the fundamental truth of the Trinity.' Scott grounded in the faith these two of most opposite development—in the morning of his ministry, Carey ; in its late evening, Newman.

By this great debt to an Anglican, in those years close following his withdrawal from the State Church, Carey was saved for the catholic outlook.

By 1783 he had fought his doubts and laid them. Scripture's central message had conquered and satisfied his mind. In the gospel of divine sacrificial atonement he had reached the truth that kindled his whole being, and that remained his lifelong motive-force. Just then his friend, the Rev. Thomas Skinner of Towcester, lent him the elder Robert Hall's *Help to Zion's Travellers*, whose aim was ' to remove

the stumbling-blocks to faith from the path of the thoughtful.' 'Hall appeared to advantage,' it was said, 'where the faculties of others failed them. The natural element of his mind was greatness.' Like his illustrious son, 'he was strongest, where the strong are weak.' Carey was overjoyed that his own careful findings were Hall's confident pronouncements. 'All that he had so long been picking up by scraps was there arranged and illustrated,' his reading of Scripture corroborated by this strong and saintly mind. Even where he had felt compelled to break from the current ultra-Calvinism, Hall was with him, protesting the power and duty of the individual soul to receive the gospel of Christ. To many the book was 'rank poison'; to Carey 'sweetest wine.' 'He never read a book with such rapture. He drank it eagerly to the bottom of the cup.'

His intense experience at this time of Scripture's truth and worth made him its lifelong enthusiast. He was an omnivorous reader, and, with his Indian colleagues, the founder of a great Western and Eastern library; yet beyond his contemporaries he was the man of one Book, to put which into the hands of peoples became the passion of his life.

Whilst in the realm of the soul Carey proved thorough and efficient, in his trade he is affirmed to have been slow and 'never a competent workman,' 'never able to make a decent pair of shoes,' etc., etc. These legends have two sources, an *a priori* assumption, and a word of Carey's own. It is taken for granted that he wool-gathered; that his mind, instead of being on his trade, was absorbed in his books, dreams, and visions; that his thoughts were roaming to the confines of the earth. Yet, till he had been journeyman some years, he had no notion of being a minister, still less a missionary; indeed, he was not a Christian till his apprenticeship's fourth year. But did he not himself disclaim being more than mere cobbler? Yes, but the story in its true setting wears a different face. A young British staff-officer sitting next to Carey in India at the Governor-General's table, rudely and contemptuously asked him if he had not once been a shoemaker. 'No,' Carey replied. Then to the surprised and incredulous questioner

he added, 'Not even shoemaker, sir: just a cobbler'—deliberately belittling his past, to chide snobbery.

He declares that 'he was accounted a very good workman,' 'a skilful and honest workman,' and that shoes of his making were set in the workshop's window as sample of the best it could produce. At Nichols' death he was instantly accepted by Thomas Old of the hamlet as journeyman, though, of course, by reason of his shortened apprenticeship, at less at first than full wages. He earned enough before quite twenty to marry a sister of his new master's wife.

William Carey and Dorothy Plackett took love's oath in Piddington church on Sunday, June 10, 1781. He was five years younger than his bride, as his father had been before him, his thoughtfulness seeking such older companionship. Neither she nor Lucy, her bridesmaid sister, could sign their names; for the village was schoolless. Even the officiating curate was of crude education, if we may judge from his 'Lusie,' 'Dority,' 'Katran,' and 'Sharlot.'

Illiterate was Dorothy, but not ill-chosen. Her father was a chief leader of the Hackleton 'Meeting.' Her oldest sister was the wife of godly Thomas Old. The second married a deacon of the 'Meeting.' The third joined its membership; and of Catharine, the youngest, there will be a noble tale to tell. The home was puritan, and the sisters earnest and lovable. Carey could rejoice on that wedding-Sunday in his Dorothy, the 'gift of God.'

Happy were their first two years. He dwelt in his cottage, thankful for home after six years' boarding. He loved his wife, stitched his leather, studied his books, progressed in his Latin and Greek, dressed and kept his own first garden, worshipped with the village saints, and exulted in his firstling, naming her 'Ann' after his grandmother and sister. The next year he and she were down with fever, from which, alas, she died, to the anguish of her parents and of her Aunt Mary, who even forty years later wrote to Carey, 'How I did love that child!' Then ague for eighteen months distressed him, making him bald at twenty-two.

Thomas Old died as unexpectedly as had Clarke Nichols,

on the last day of 1783, when not forty. Carey had to shoulder the business and accept much of the care of his wife's widowed sister and four orphans. A customer, taking advantage of this death, countermanded a large nearly-finished order, which was thrown on Carey's hands. The winter was one of mid-England's severest, and trade almost paralysed through our American humiliation and defeat. Carey had to tramp far in the snow soliciting orders, even buying and mending for resale old second-hand boots. Little wonder that he lost his temper with boy Parker, and flicked him sharply with his leather apron for letting the wax boil over! To eke out his income he opened an evening school in the village, concealing from his neighbours his privations, and even from his mother, till she was there for his nursing. As soon as his brother heard, though only fifteen, he sold his few treasures and added his savings, and with the help of Pury neighbours, overwhelmed him with a goodly gift.

Soon after his conversion in 1779 Carey had been pressed into taking part in the Hackleton 'Sabbath evening conferences.' 'When he did, they, being ignorant, sometimes applauded—to his great injury,' he said. A month before his marriage he joined with his father-in-law and brother-in-law, with William Manning (a shopmate) and Thomas Chater and a few others, in forming the Hackleton dissenting church. Though so young, his signature stood third, his zeal having much to do with this committing step, and his large-mindedness with its catholic covenant, wisely borrowed from Northampton's 'College Lane.' 'They refused to impose on one another any one baptismal doctrine, but trusted each to walk conscientiously according to his light, and they engaged in Christ's strength that difference of judgment should cause no breach of union or affection.'

Carey's first experience of an Association day was a thing for remembrance. No leader knew him nor gave him a thought. He was one of the least of the concourse thronging the Olney meeting-house and graveyard. From an extemporized pulpit under a removed window the three preachers were heard without and within. 'Be not children in understanding,' was young Andrew Fuller's virile message. Carey had never seen him before and would fain have

Earls Barton Church. The little Meeting House was just across the road.

thanked him. He had never witnessed such a day's religious zeal. With not a penny in his pocket he could buy no food, and, except for a glass of wine at a friend of Chater's, he fasted. But his mind and spirit had a feast. He would have been amazed had he foreseen how fiery a chariot this Association was to become, with himself its charioteer.

At Chater's instigation in that same June 1782, Earls Barton begged his name upon their preachers' Plan. He insisted that he had no such aptitude nor power. Later pressure extorted the promise of one visit, which ended in his serving them each fortnight for three years and a half. Earls Barton is famed amongst English villages for the Saxon tower of its moated church—an architectural glory. Across the road the thatched 'Meeting'-cottage was paltry. Scorn dubbed it 'the mat-shop,' in derision of the poor rush-mat weavers from the reeds of the marshes, who there worshipped. But Carey tramped the twelve miles to them in all weathers over the abominable roads, though he was still agued, and though 'they could not pay him enough to cover the cost of the shoes and clothes he wore out in their service.' Their disunion was his one grief.

When Pury End dissenters heard of these Earls Barton preachings, they claimed him also for themselves. He joyfully consented for the sake of the monthly home-visits. Though parish clerk's first-born, he was not ashamed to be known as of those he had once derided. He hid his lamp in no cellar. After his first Pury End service, the mother of another lay-preaching novice went in to rejoice with Elizabeth Carey, that their sons were thus minded.

> 'And will my boy make a preacher?' asked Carey's mother.
> 'Yes, and a great one, if God spares him,' was the reply—the ague accounting for the 'if.'

In his home, too, he bore witness. Mary says, 'he stood alone there for some years, very jealous for God, his soul like Gideon's.' Sometimes, in more zeal than discretion, he seemed for 'throwing down all Baal's altars in one night.' His sisters thought him 'righteous overmuch' when he burned his playing-cards. He begged and was granted the

privilege of leading home-worship. Mary used to vex to hear him pray that he and they might be 'stripped of the rags of self-righteousness,' though it was his own fight with pride that prompted the prayer. Yet she loved him dearly, nor could bear to have others 'think diminutively of him.' Once his parish-clerk-father contrived to hide and yet to hear his preaching, and went home content.

We have seen to what an open mind the Hackleton covenanters were pledged touching baptism. Carey came into Baptist light after a paedobaptist sermon by John Horsey, a successor of Doddridge—a sermon which the preacher printed, but which unsettled listening Carey. He reinvestigated the New Testament, and was led to the conviction that the ordinance was appointed for conscious faith and consecration. At six o'clock on the first Sunday morning of October 1783, in his twenty-third year, he was baptized in the Nen at Northampton by John Ryland. For his five miles' walk thither from Piddington he left home at early dawn, the joy-bells ringing within him. Very few met on the Castle-mound for that service; for he was the only 'candidate,' and just a village shoemaker; nor joining 'College Lane,' because already in the Hackleton membership. A month later 'College Lane' mustered in strength for the baptism of four youths, whose conversions had been of unusual interest, and whose joining of the church brought its members special joy. For Carey's baptism only a handful gathered with the pastor and the three deacons. Years after, at the Baptist Missonary Society's twentieth anniversary, Ryland said:

> 'On October 5, 1783, I baptized in the Nene, just beyond Doddridge's meeting-house, a poor journeyman-shoemaker, little thinking that before nine years elapsed he would prove the first instrument of forming a Society for sending missionaries from England to the heathen world, and much less that later he would become professor of languages in an Oriental college, and the translator of the Scriptures into eleven different tongues.'

Ryland's text at the later preaching-service that morning has always seemed strangely predictive: 'Many that are first shall be last and the last first.' Not that the preacher had least inkling of its prophetic significance: he repreached it in Kettering the next Sunday. Still less aware was Carey,

The very Scene of Carey's Baptism in the R. Nen. Behind are the walls of Northampton Castle. All is complete

who never expected to be more than shoemaker and lay-preacher.

Yet his soul was just awakening to the pitifulness of heathendom. In that same autumn of 1783 he was fortunate to borrow the books he most coveted, the expensive folios or quartos of *Captain Cook's Voyages*, with their fascinating engravings. Here were travel-records, indeed, after his heart—adventure, seamanship, exploration, astronomy, art, botany, statesmanship, and imperial yet pacific world-conquest. Contemporary, too, not ancient; the achievement of a Northumbrian, not of a Genoese; and the style so artless and direct that these log-books were literature. Carey eagerly devoured them. Old sexton Westley saw his rush-lights burning till all hours.

Then the log-books changed into something other and deeper—a revelation of the sin and sorrow, the immorality, cruelty, and misery of the unevangelized peoples, a drama of the world's tragic ignorance of Christ, a door opening into hell. All was scorched into his soul by God's lightning. He heard what Richter called 'God's sigh in the heart of the world.' His own great sorrow, the death of his firstling, made him the tenderer. The South Seas began to lure him. He dreamed of other ships than Cook's *Endeavour* and *Resolution* speeding on even nobler than scientific errand, ships chartered for evangelists of grace—'the end of Cook's geographical feat the beginning of missionary enterprise'—to adapt Livingstone's later saying.

Not that the Captain ever conceived of such result. Quite the contrary. Within the period of his second South Sea voyage, an expedition from Peru had visited Tahiti, and had erected a wood Cross there, but without interpreting the symbol. This set Cook speculating on the chances of a Christian Mission to the isles, and the following was his matter of fact but damning judgment—so poor an impression had the Church of his day made upon him:

> 'It is very unlikely that any measure of this kind should ever be seriously thought of, as it can neither serve the purpose of public ambition nor private avarice; and, without such inducements, I may pronounce that it will *never* be undertaken.'

Carey longed to falsify this prophecy, to cancel Cook's 'never.' Of cancelling it himself he could indulge no hope.

He could only think, read, and pray. Thereafter, none heard him pray without intercession for Cook's islands.

Whilst to the South Seas he had no valid hope of going as ambassador of Christ, he could do what lay nearest; he could try to lead his sisters to Christ's feet, especially Mary, his childhood's vivacious companion, over whom he yearned the more anxiously because her spine was threatened with disease, and her days seemed destined to be short. He sought to introduce her to 'the life indeed,' and lo! before his Hackleton years ended, she and Ann both gave themselves to God. They were baptized by 1783 in the river Tove by his Towcester friend, Thomas Skinner—Mary's conversion having this added sweetness that at the last it was the fruit of a preaching of Scott's, to whom Carey was so indebted. Both she and Ann, however, always thankfully insisted that they owed their discipleship to the importunity of William.

Noble Christians they became; Ann, a Martha; Mary, true to her ardent and meditative namesake. Ann won her farmer-husband, William Hobson, to Christ, who opened his Cottesbrook farmhouse for the preaching of the gospel, to the never-abating wrath of Sir James Langham (of Langham Place), his baronet landlord, who refused to suffer the least departure from the Church as Established. At Mr. Hobson's early death he evicted his widow. 'I certainly shall never feel disposed,' he wrote, 'to surrender my farms and houses to those who oppose my wishes in matters which I consider of the utmost importance. Besides, yours is a conspicuous family, and of much influence in the neighbourhood.' 'I wish we may be more conspicuous for God,' writes Mary to Carey. 'Although we are so poor and harassed, sister chooses to fall into the hands of God. We have proved His faithfulness, but Sir James's we have not. His tender mercies are cruel, but our refuge is in God.' Carey blessed them for their fidelity.

Notwithstanding their quiverful of seven, the Hobsons made room for invalid Mary; and even after her own widowhood in 1816, Ann still mothered her, with Carey's faithful monetary aid, to the end of her long helplessness. By twenty-five she was paralytic. Then for fifty years she was confined to her sick-room—a grievous imprisoning for

one taught by her brother so to love the fields and woods. For eleven years she could never speak, nor even whisper: then, strangely enough, after smallpox, she whispered a sentence or two with much pain; then again was soundless for twenty years. Her right arm was her only unparalysed limb. Yet her face shone, lit from within, a wonder and blessing to all who knew her. They used to say that 'patience had in her its perfect work.' Loved of her sister's many children, she drew them to Christ. With a slate her only tongue, she led for years a Boxmoor Bible class in the pretty 'Moor End' cottage by the stream. Although to write a letter was such physical distress, propped up in bed in one position, she loved to do it to her whole scattered family-circle. Her pen was her soul's one outlet. She called it 'conversing,' and it was. 'I forget my weakness, whilst I am conversing with you. It seems to remove the distance and to bring you near. What a mercy I can write!' 'I think you will never have patience to read all this through, but you 'll excuse me. I can't leave off. I want to converse by any means with those so dear, though it costs me much pain.' Many of her close-written folio-sheets to Carey have survived. She tells him every scrap of the family news, and she pours out her Christian heart to him. She was one of the Mission's chief priests—the incense of whose ceaseless intercession was fragrant to God. Eustace learned his best missionary-passion in her sanctuary. 'Aunt's sufferings,' wrote her niece in 1828, 'were a few weeks ago distressing; yet we could not give her up. We do all love her so dearly: to part with her would tear us asunder. Her late affliction was enough to kill a person in good health. She is merely skin and bone, and not much of that, and so weak as to be hardly able to sit pillowed up in her chair, while her bed is made. Yet she continues the same sweet-tempered, humble Christian she ever was, feeling for others more than for herself, and always fearful lest mother should debar herself anything for her comfort.'

She lived to be seventy-four. Dr. Gotch, her pastor, used to say:

> 'Her work in her affliction, in its way,
> Was great as that which her great brother wrought.'

Ann lived long enough to share the Mission's Jubilee joy.

Carey packed experiences into these ten years in the village and hamlet of his beginnings. He learned his trade; was initiated into Greek; discovered his sins and his Saviour; braved the reproach of nonconformity; hammered out his Christian faith, making sound shoes for his pilgrimage; tasted the comfort of marriage, the ecstasy of fatherhood, the anguish of childlessness, the ordeal of poverty. He got his first practice in teaching; bore his first Christian witness, took his first vows of church membership, ventured his first preachings, claimed the privilege of full baptismal obedience; caught the heart-rending cry of outcast heathendom, and led his sisters into the lifelong service of God.

'We took tea in the room, where Carey was said to have preached his first sermon. The chapel that evening was crowded, and a deep and lively interest amongst the young. One would almost think that the ground here grew the missionary spirit. We met grandsons of Mr. Old, Carey's second employer, and the next morning visited the little outhouse, where the shoemaking had been done. A fine old man, a fellow-shopmate of Carey's, chopped off for us a piece of an old oak-tree, on which Carey often leaned, and in which he frequently stuck his awl.'

Missionary Group visiting Hackleton, January 1844.

IV. THE VILLAGE PASTORATE

'Carey felt the word *world*.' R. H. Lovell.

'The map of the world hung in Carey's work-room; but it only hung on his wall, because it already hung in his heart.' F. W. Boreham.

'Look at Carey in the cobbler's kitchen with Cook's *Voyages* in his hand. See him, whilst the boys are chalking their usher's coat, absorbed in the map of the world! He is acquiring the larger horizon.'
R. G. Fairbairn.

'The eleven disciples went unto the *mountain*, where Jesus had appointed them. All great servants of the Kingdom are spiritual Highlanders. With so many of us, the shed measures our vision. We are cave-dwellers, when we might be mountaineers. Each servant of Jesus should have a mountain in the landscape of his life. As Carey mended shoes in his little cottage, he kept looking up to the map that hung upon its wall. He had found the Lord's appointed trysting-place, and, whilst pursuing his lowly labour, could yet be on the mountain with his anointed King.'
Carey Bonner

'William Carey was a shoemaker, one of the common people; but he was not content to remain a common man. It was not an uneducated and untrained ministry that led the first great attack in Christ's name on the ancient religions and superstitions of Bengal; but a man who by consecrated energy and capacity, as well as by devotion to the Cause, was an instrument prepared for the great work to which he was called.'
Sir Andrew Fraser.

'The years Carey spent at Moulton were the very years in which the calm, unexcited religious conditions of the eighteenth century were breaking up in those fires of feeling, those convulsions of human nature, which had for one outcome the French Revolution, and for another the development of far-reaching conceptions of human brotherhood and divine love. In a word, the New Age was just being born, when young Carey was thinking of the will of God and the needs of men in this quiet cottage at Moulton.'
Sir Ryland Adkins, M.P., at the unveiling of the tablet on Carey's cottage, Moulton, June 17, 1922.

'The greatest things in quiet places grow;
And men are like the trees, which need the light
And free fresh air to make them strong for life.
The noblest deeds in silence are thought out;
And plans are born while only stars look on;
And hopes are whispered to the birds and flowers,
Which keep the secret. So the grand oaks grow,
That once were acorns; so the grand deeds, too,
That once were only dreams.'
Marianne Farningham.

'The elder Ryland said that nothing could be done without new miracle as at Pentecost. But he forgot the perennial miracle of youth. God had a young man ready through whom it *could* be done.'
Rev. A. Gordon Hamlin, Weymouth.

Carey's Cottage, Moulton.

The Trough for the Soaking of his Leather.

CHAPTER IV

THE VILLAGE PASTORATE

MOULTON

March 25, 1785-1789

Carey removed to Moulton on Lady Day 1785. Curiously, the certificate of his settlement there was chanced on in 1895 amongst local documents, and was published in the *Northampton Mercury* of September 13. It affords a glimpse into social conditions of his century, and the working of its Poor Law. Dated May 11, 1785, it is signed by three overseers of Paulers Pury, and is delivered to those of Moulton. Carey's father and another attest it: two magistrates allow it. William Carey and Dorothy his wife are permitted to reside at Moulton, on the acknowledgment that he belongs to Pury, so that in the event of his becoming a pauper, or requiring relief, he would at once be removed by the constable thither, and its overseers be answerable for him and his issue, and provide for them out of the rates. Not that Moulton had special reason to fear his becoming a pauper, though the wolf had been often at his door; but such certificate was required of all who settled in a parish within forty days of residence, if their rental was under £10.

Carey went there for the starting of a school, having learned that William Chown, the Moulton schoolmaster, had left the village upon the death of his father. Carey still meant to follow his trade, to help out his school-fees, though he was no longer to carry any household but his own. His cottage, built for a shoemaker's, with porch-trough for the leather, stood at the far end of the village, and fronted, like so many of its neighbours, to the back. He cleared there the rubbish of a ruined barn and made a garden, the waste soon blossoming as the rose. Across the road on a

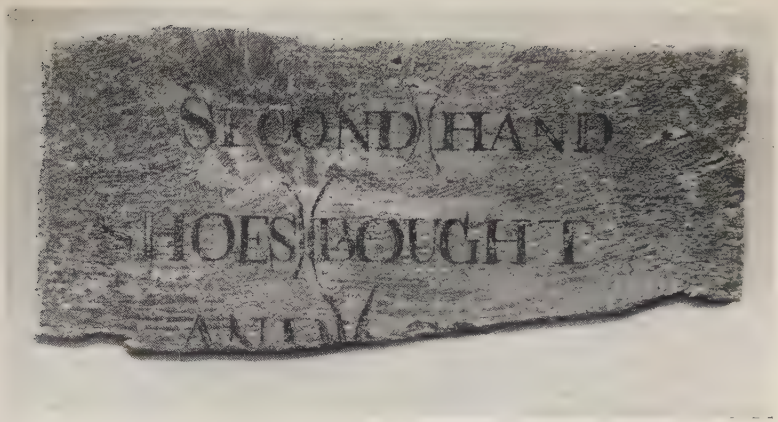
green stood a public house, whose Sabbath-revel saddened and angered his soul.

Due discipline in his school was at first to him a trouble —the control of those who had no wish to learn. Hence his confession, 'When I kept school, the school kept me.' Yet for teaching he was born. Books were his 'kings' treasuries.' He thirsted for knowledge, 'absorbed it as by instinct,' could retain and convey it. History, geography, travel, and science were his unwearied enthusiasms. His own-drawn and coloured world-map, covering a wall of his cottage, bespoke his keenness; still more, the leather globe he stitched, with the lands made vivid in different-coloured leathers. The boys would fain have put it to other use upon the Green. Through eyegate, eargate, and handgate he strove to capture their young minds. Then rare nature-studies he could give them, being 'rank of the soil, like a root.'

Unfortunately, Chown soon returned, reopened school, and regained many pupils; for he was native of the village, his folk respected there for eighty years, and he himself 'the Moulton poet.' He was Church of England too, whilst Carey was Baptist; and his school central, whilst Carey's was out of the way. Still, refusing to be baffled, Carey maintained his own school throughout his Moulton years. [J. P. Chown, of later Bradford and Bloomsbury preaching fame, was the schoolmaster's great-nephew.]

To the Baptists of Moulton Carey's coming was godsend. They had had heroes for their founders—Chown's grandfather, to wit, and the Stangers, as far back as Bunyan's days, and of like fidelity and endurance. But now their lamp was almost quenched. Pastorless for teens of years, their services had been irregular and rare. Their message, chilled by the prevalent deism, had lost its power. For months their 'Meeting' was closed, and fell into dilapidation and dishonour.

At Carey's presence they took heart, and he gave them his spare Sundays. He drew them into a warm covenant with one another and with Christ. Conversions of the young brought wonder and delight. They besought him be their minister, the captain of the ship so stranded and forlorn. Earls Barton also begged him for their captain.



Carey's Hackleton Signboard.

The Olney Meeting House, where Carey preached his probation sermons.

Thus unexpectedly led towards responsible pastorship, he took counsel of wise Sutcliff of Olney, and presently asked and received admission into the Olney church, agreeing to submit his fitness for the ministry to its judgment, and preaching there to this end one summer Sunday of 1785. The wide-galleried meeting-house, seating seven hundred, was much the largest in which the young journeyman had led worship, and its listeners the most critical. The town's chief tradesfolk attended, and companions of Cowper—barber Wilson, for example, to whom the poet sent the ink-wet stanzas of *John Gilpin*. Embarrassed at this ordeal, and perhaps at the presence of the dignified pastor, Carey did badly. The church felt unable to commend him, and advised his continuance in lay-preaching, and a later retesting of his gifts. The next summer they reheard him. This second message, he says, was 'as weak and crude as anything ever called a sermon,' but it appealed to them, and they warmly approved him. Preachers are not always the best judges of their work. 'They commissioned him to preach, *wherever God in His providence might call him*,' with an inkling that the centrifugal force, which they felt to be in him, might carry him far. Ryland, after twice hearing him that year, wrote in his diary, 'I would I had a like deep sense of truth.'

The Moulton, not the Barton, pastorate he undertook after two months' hesitation on the score of supplies—the offered stipend being only £10—*i.e.* 4s. a week—less than the current pay of their local farm-labourers, and much less than of their roadmen. London's Particular Baptist Fund added five guineas yearly, and once a second five for books. This was all. But he knew out of what poverty they gave. Their little pewter Communion cup reveals them, and their Poor Fund often disbursed in sixpences. The very walls of the 'Meeting' were unsafe: 'they ran a risque each time of being buried in its ruins.' 'Whe met in peas and parted in younity' is a church secretary's minute. The whole thing was of the humblest.

Carey turned the more steadfastly to his lapstone and leather, unashamed, though now a pastor, to be still artisan. Refusing to be again his own employer, he hired himself to Thomas Gotch, Kettering's alertest man of business.

Every fortnight he carried thither his bag of finished boots and brought back uppers and leather—these laden trampings no grievance to his spirit. The ague had left him, and he loved the walk, and his thoughts made good company,—especially of his young converts, whose constancy he told Sutcliff was his ' glory and crown.'

When the joy of these conversions got abroad, the folk so gathered that the meeting-house had to be enlarged. At his ordination there in August 1787, twenty brother-ministers assembled. A Miss Tressler of the village begged the money which bought him his suit of black. A Stanger, direct descendant of the pioneers, laid on him his hands. Ryland, Sutcliff, and Fuller, though in nowise foreseeing their lifelong comradeship with him, took the chief parts. His ' confession of faith ' was judged ' sound and sensible.' His one grief was the lack of his mother, who had just died of throat abscess.

He held ' the pastoral office the highest honour upon earth.' To a brother-minister he wrote: ' Preaching, though a great part, is not all of our employ. We must maintain the character of teacher, bishop, overlooker in the chimney-corner as well as in the pulpit.' His tender faithfulness in his own chimney-corner was seen in his wife's baptism in the following October. Faithful he was, too, as shepherd of the flock, not forbearing to discipline more than once Elizabeth Britten for ' tale-bearing and tattling ' ; Edward Smith for throwing himself on the parish, when he had means of his own ; nor even deacon Law and his wife, workhouse master and matron, for unkindness to the poor !

He saw very dark days come to Moulton, smallpox in 1788 scourging the village, and followed by ' a very bad and malignant fever,' which, to quote Vicar Stanton, ' carried off a great number of the poorer, owing, as a gentleman of the Faculty said, chiefly to their want of necessaries and their lack of cleanliness.' What a glimpse into the conditions of Carey's first pastorate—the insanitariness and the poverty, the deaths and the panic ! They went meatless for weeks in his own cottage. He could not but be often anxious for his wife and two laddies.

His most constant distress was the felt meagreness of his own education. ' I was so rusticated as a lad that I could

never recover myself.' He persisted, however, in his Latin and Greek, and never rested till Hebrew was added. From Latin he passed to Italian. French he unravelled from Ditton's long treatise on 'The Resurrection,' and Dutch from an old quarto, without dictionary or grammar. Ryland chanced upon him in his first wrestlings with this quarto, and chided this wasting of his limited leisure, but soon was thankful to secure from him translation of an important Dutch thesis—Carey's really noble rendering of which survives.

On his first visit to him in Moulton Fuller discovered these his linguistic ardours and perseverings, and talked of them soon to Carey's employer, who was one of his own younger deacons. So upon a day when Carey brought to Lower St. again his fortnight's labour, Gotch said, 'Let me see, Mr. Carey, how much do you earn a week by your shoemaking?' 'About nine or ten shillings, sir.' Then said Gotch, with twinkling eyes, 'Well now, I 've a secret for you. I don't mean you *to spoil any more of my leather*, but get on as fast as you can with your Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, and I 'll allow you from my private purse weekly ten shillings.'

This has sometimes been cited as proof of his industrial inefficiency; but nine or ten shillings a week could in those days have been earned by no incompetent workman in oddments of time snatched from school-keeping, a pastorate, and the preparation of four weekly messages. Possibly behind the teasing lay some remembered mishap. Carey says, 'the best workmen from various causes sometimes put poor work out of their hands.' But to infer his trade-incompetence is unjust and undiscerning. The merchant's humour was as kindly as his bounty was uncommon. For Gotch, who was soon to be Kettering's first banker and first army and navy boot-contractor, to give £26 a year indefinitely to this obscure pastor, whose future fame was then undreamed of, to speed his studies, was rare generosity and high tribute to his sense of Carey's worth. Carey went home 'glad and lightsome.' Like another Pilgrim, he had lost a burden. The next Saturday, walking the twenty-two miles to Arnsby to preach for his pulpit-hero, the elder Robert Hall, he called half-way on deacon John Haddon

of Naseby Farm, Clipstone. 'I suppose you still work at your trade,' said Mr. Haddon. 'No, indeed,' answered Carey, and reported Gotch's kindness.

Though his reputation as a preacher was growing, not a few scented heresy in his progressive and challenging utterance. Ryland was shamed and angered that even at 'College Lane' several refused to attend, if he were conducting service, 'discovering in him a strange spirit, and calling him an Arminian.' 'Lord! pity us,' he wrote in his diary. 'I am almost worn out with grief at these foolish cavils against some of the best of my brethren—men of God who are only hated because of their zeal for holiness.' Of Fuller's joy in him let C. M. Birrell tell:

> 'Carey had preached, and there came pushing his way to him a man of thirty-three, robust and broad-shouldered, with the lines of thought cut sharply in his face, but with an almost feminine tenderness trembling in the eyes, under the shadow of the dark eyebrows. Seizing the hand of the preacher, who had given utterance to sentiments, which had for some time been struggling for room in his own heart, Fuller said to Carey—what became true—"We must know more of each other."'

Carey's pastorate admitted him to the Ministers' Fraternal of the Northampton Association. The elder Ryland insisted that he and the other new member should offer them themes for discussion. Webster Morris of Clipstone suggested a vexed text of 2 Peter, and was bluntly referred to the venerated Dr. Gill. Then Carey, put to it, proposed—in careful terms from long rumination—that they should consider 'whether the command given to the apostles to teach all nations was not binding on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent.' Ryland contradicted the story that gained wide currency that his father brushed Carey's topic aside with a rough 'Young man, sit down, sit down. You 're an enthusiast. When God pleases to convert the heathen, He 'll do it without consulting you or me. Besides, there must first be another pentecostal gift of tongues!' But Thomas Wright of Olney, chief authority on Ryland, regards the outburst as extremely likely from the vehement gruff Calvinist. Carey himself, at different times, told his nephew and Marshman that he had

received an abashing rebuke, and that the subject was dismissed.

But not from his own mind. For four years it had burned in his bones. He *felt* the world's darkness. Nightly he kept adding to his own world-map, from ethnographer Guthrie and others—the map which surprised Fuller on the wall of his workshop. He massed his data and cumulated his argument.

A son of Gotch's never forgot a question cropping up at a ministers' gathering in his father's home, about a small East Indian isle. 'Neither Hall nor Ryland, Sutcliff nor Fuller, could supply the needed information. Presently, from a back corner, with much reticence, Carey reported its location, length, breadth, and nature, and the number and religious character of its people, to the amazement of the rest, who as good as said, "How do you know?"'

He had schooled himself to such fact-search that he might take due survey of the Church's task, and feel his Lord's full urging. His globe was his other Bible, as with Arthington later—a word of God, quick and powerful, a voice of loud appeal. His pupils saw sometimes a strange sight, their master moved to tears over a geography lesson, as, pointing to continents, islands, and peoples, he would cry, 'And these are pagans, pagans!' Moulton was his Troas, where he ceaselessly heard Macedonia's entreaty. From his cottage windows he looked out unto the uttermost parts of the earth. His sister-in-law, Catharine, says that 'more than once she saw him stand motionless for an hour and more in his little garden, absorbed in his tense thoughts and prayers, till his neighbours judged him beside himself.'

He read the lives of Eliot and Brainerd, and learned how the one had toiled with a scholar's patience and an apostle's grace for nearly sixty years amongst America's Indians, and been the first to translate the whole Bible into a pagan tongue; and how the other, in three seraphic years, had burned himself out for these Indians and God. Thenceforward these, with Paul, were his canonized heroes.

The Bible, too, now throbbed with new meaning. He saw it as the progressive unfolding of God's world-missionary purpose. The Old Testament, especially the later portion of 'Isaiah,' shone to his cleansed sight with missionary

prophecy, as the New with missionary adventure and achievement.

Church history also became his fascinating study, though not less his poignant pain, as he realized how apostate from its heroic periods and its British heroic periods was the listless Church of his own day.

A chief glory of the Moulton church, the largest in its deanery, and dedicated both to St. Peter and St. Paul, was its peal of bells. The village loved to have 'the five' set swinging in the wakened tower. Carey yearned to hear somewhere the magic peal that should rouse Christ's Church to catch once more the missionary spirit of Peter and of Paul. He himself, though he knew it not, was to be chief of God's tuned bells.

To others, more capable, he was looking for the effective lead. To Fuller, for example, who knew better than his brethren the dimensions of God's love, and who had already in pulpit and in print challenged the ultra-Calvinism, which had drugged and paralysed Christ's Church; or to Sutcliff, who in 1784 had sounded the réveillé for the monthly intercessions. Indeed, he laid the burden of his soul on all his brother ministers, especially on those of his own age, as likeliest to listen. 'They mostly regarded it,' says Fuller, 'as a wild impracticable scheme, and gave him no encouragement. Yet he would not give it up, but talked with us *one by one*, till he had made some impression.' Like the Ancient Mariner, 'he held them with his will.' Fuller was as little custom-bound as any, yet even he was tempted to say, 'If the Lord should make windows in heaven, could such a thing be?'

Since 1784 the Association had been praying for 'the great offensive' of Christ's forces, yet could not see that the Christian conquest of the world was not just piously to be prayed for, but a task to be set about and done. Carey proposed that they should get up and go forth, and enable God to respect and answer their pleadings.

Meanwhile, he did not fail to be evangelist near home. Pastors of Moulton have come repeatedly on the tracks of his service in Pitsford, Brixworth, Holcot, Harrington, Boughton, and Walgrave. So busy this district-preaching

kept him, that a friend expostulated with him for neglecting his business, his shoemaking.

> 'Neglecting my business!' answered Carey. 'My business, sir, is to extend the kingdom of Christ. I only make and mend shoes to help pay expenses.'

In 1788 he went to Birmingham in the interests of his meeting-house enlargement fund, and met there one of 'Cannon Street's' young leaders, Thomas Potts; of which much came.

Trader Potts, when a youth, and before America's Secession, won such favour amongst the Indians of New Orleans, that they offered him land a mile deep from the riverbank the length of the cutlery he should lay there and give them. Which would have been formally ratified, had he not worshipped on the Sunday with the negroes, and treated them as Christian brothers. Upon hearing which, their incensed masters threatened his life, and he had to flee from their fury.

Such a man and Carey soon plunged into talk of world-missions. The merchant begged him write a pamphlet to inform and rouse Christ's Church. He had tried, he said, but was utterly dissatisfied. Besides, he could not afford to print, even could he write, the needed message. Potts answered, 'If you can't do it as you wish, do it as you can, and I 'll give you £10 towards its printing.' Thus cheered he promised to retry, unless he could prevail on some other more competent. Meeting, next evening, Ryland, Sutcliff, and Fuller together, he entreated one or all of these to shape the great appeal. All excusing themselves and insisting that he should do it (with, perhaps, their revisional help), he was compelled to face the task.

Although so diffident about the pamphlet, he would gladly have dared overseas. Young artist Medley, son of preacher Medley of Liverpool, and pupil of Reynolds, never forgot hearing Carey say at Mr. Potts's that, if a few friends would send him, and support him a year from his landing, he would go wherever God might open the door, his own preference being for the South Seas and Tahiti; for Cook's full-page engravings of this island haunted his memory. When reminded that so many of these isles were fiercely

cannibal, he replied that he knew it full well, but would still go.

So he returned from Birmingham with more than money for his 'Meeting.' He stood committed to the writing of the Challenge for the arousal of the Church. He was thankfuller than ever for Gotch's weekly ten shillings, with the leisure these brought him for due reading and reflection.

In the midst of this undertaking came the removal to Leicester.

V. THE TOWN PASTORATE

'In Leicester, if you asked, Where are the shrines? Where were the historic ministries? without doubt one name would leap forth. "You must see 'Harvey Lane,' the scene of the ministries of Carey, Robert Hall, and J. P. Mursell, in true apostolical succession." Emerson bids us be wise to discern the voice of the centuries as against the clamour of the hours. On that scale the magnitude of Carey is that of the measure of an angel, *i.e.* of a messenger of God. "That Leicestershire shoe-shop," wrote Carlyle of George Fox, "had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto Shrine." Was Carey's cobbler-bench less holy ?'

G. C. Turner, Leicester.

'Under the varnish of two doors of "Harvey Lane" sanctuary this request is still traceable, "Please to take off your pattens." I always feel that I *must* take off my shoes from my feet, as I enter—in remembrance of its sacred traditions.'

W. Y. Fullerton, 1920.

CHAPTER V

THE TOWN PASTORATE

'HARVEY LANE,' LEICESTER

1789-1793

CAREY first saw 'Harvey Lane' in what proved a sad week. The Association was meeting there in 1787 under the Moderatorship of the elder Robert Hall, and the welcoming church was found shamefully lawless. The delegates, shocked by all they learned on the spot, would not separate without a solemn remonstrance. This strengthened the hands of the church's worthier section, and the next year they excluded two deacons and others for drinking. The pastor, who had let things drift into this disgracefulness, consented to resign. The following January even his membership was cancelled. The next month (February 1789) the church asked Carey to be their probationary pastor: forsooth, a task almost dismaying.

The church's letter to the Association, cautiously hinting this call, is a rare spelling feat and curio in capitals, and a vivid glimpse of those whom Carey was solicited to serve.

'Dearly beloved in the Lord,

It is with a Degree of Pleasure we Inform you That in the Genneral we are at Peace amongst our Selves; we also earnestly pray the Same Blessing may rest upon every Community who Desire to worship the Lord in the Beauties of Holyness. With respect to our Present Sittuation as we Believe most of you are in Some measure Aquainted with it, we need not Say anything By way of Informing you that we are without an Under Shepard to go in and out Before us.

Yet we Aacknolage ourselves greatly indepted to Divine Goodness which has Inclined the hearts of So many of the Lord's Sarvants to Supply us in these times. We have in Less than a Year Been Visited with Twenty Three Ministers; which has given us an opportunity of Disearning a Diversity of Gifts

But all by the Same Divine Spirit; we Trust it is our Prayer that these Labours may not be In-Vain amongest us. And we take this opportunity, to Return our very sincear thanks to all and every one of the Lord's Sarvants for their Kind Assistance to us in our Low Estate. But we Belive a Stated Minister to be a Peculear Blessing: we have taken we hope some Prudent steps to Bring a Bout that Desirable Ende.

We need not Dear Breethren in form you of the Person we meditate upon to Supply us for three months, But Shall only add that we Request an intrest in your Prayers and also your frendly advise in our futer Preceedings; and if the Lord should smile upon our Attempts we shall Rejoyce—on the other hand if he fusterates our Designs we wish to submit and waite his time

We conclude the a Bove and Join the Apostle; with what is ritten in 2 Th. 2. 16, 17.

Signed May 31st 1789 By us in Behalf of the Church

JOHN PURSER
FRANCIS PICK *Deacons*
and nine members.

N.B.—We have a Pointed Bro. Yates for our Messenger.'

Now in the days of Charles II. these Leicester Baptists used to walk on Sundays the eight miles to meet their co-worshippers of the county at Sutton-in-the-Elms, under the protection of the Five Mile Act. When at length they met in 'Harvey Lane,' 'twas in a barn; but from 1760 in the new meeting-house, with Christopher Hall, the uncle of famed Robert, as first pastor. Then through six successive ministries they fell into disunions and dishonour. Three pastors came and went within three years. The church had become a scandal when Carey was asked to its charge.

He consulted his father and besought his prayers—prayer having by this time grown real to Edmund Carey. He himself confessed that 'if he only regarded worldly considerations, he would go without hesitation,' the meeting-house and its membership, the stipend and the opportunity being all larger than Moulton's. But, reflecting on the 'Harvey Lane' problems, and on the bond which held him to the God-blessed work in Moulton, he was hesitant, and for five weeks weighed the pros and cons, setting them forth to trusted counsellors. 'In his statement of the case,' says Fuller, 'there was much of the devout and upright man of God.' More than one godly member of the Church

of England in Leicester, lamenting 'Harvey Lane's' fall, with its hurt to Christ's kingdom, and learning of his zeal, urged his acceptance. At the end of March he consulted his home-folk at Ann's wedding. On April 2 he told Moulton what was transpiring, and they met on Mondays for solicitous prayer. To their distress, though scarcely their surprise, they learned, what till then had been nobly hidden, that 'their pastor had been in considerable straits for want of maintenance.' A month later he accepted. The next Tuesday Ryland took them comfort from Dan. ix. 17, 'O God, cause Thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake.'

> 'You feel, I doubt not,' he said, 'one special reason for adopting this prayer, having to be deprived of a Pastor, of whose many excellences I have a very exalted idea, though I dare say inadequate to your own, because the distance of my residence deprived me of that intimate acquaintance I should have been happy to have enjoyed. But without entering into a subject of grief, which you will long continue to feel, may I not assert you have room for thankfulness that you are not more entirely destitute and desolate? You have room for joy that the Lord of the harvest survives. The Chief Shepherd yet lives. With God is the residue of the Spirit. He can render a meaner instrument successful.'

Thus he who was yearning for the far service of heathendom was called to cleanse and save this mid-England church. Moulton had tested his courage: 'Harvey Lane' would tax his wisdom and endurance more. To resavour its salt would cost him toil and tears without measure. For, though the Association's remonstrance had rid them of the worst transgressors, kinsfolk of theirs remained for misery and mischief.

Yet at first things sped. The call to Carey was unanimous. They rallied to his lead. All girt the loins and trimmed the lamps. 'Their hearers were so increased by the first quarter-end that they had not room to sit conveniently,' and a front gallery was agreed on at a cost of £98—for them a plunge most daring, involving them in strict economies six years. The work was finished by the spring—Carey's second such programme of Church-enlargement. He was full of expectancy.

Then all was ruined from within. Several again fell

slack and laid themselves open to the challenge of the rest. Soon bitter strife made havoc; the fellowship was broken; the atmosphere was changed; the blessing was stayed; the ill news got abroad; the people ceased to gather; conversions were impossible; the leaders lost their joy; the pastor was heartbroken. He told Fuller that 'he was distressed beyond measure at the trials of his situation.'

The church sent melancholy tidings to the Association at Olney:

> 'We have the Word preached amongst us in its Purety, and we hope that it is pleasant to the souls of many of us. But far from enjoying harmony and peace, we are divided three against two, and two against three. Nor can we boast that Meetings of Prayer are well attended, though the Monthly Prayer Meetings for the spread of the Gospel are better attended than the Weekly. The number of our Members is two less than last year.'

All which was wormwood for Carey after his first year's labour, and the auspicious promise of the early months. Especially that the news should go to Olney, the church which had sponsored him! Sutcliff, learning all the facts from him at the Meetings, told Mary 'that the Harvey Lane difficulties would have daunted any other.' Carey often wished himself back in poor, kind, albeit fever-stricken Moulton; as they wished for him, bemoaning to the Association their loss.

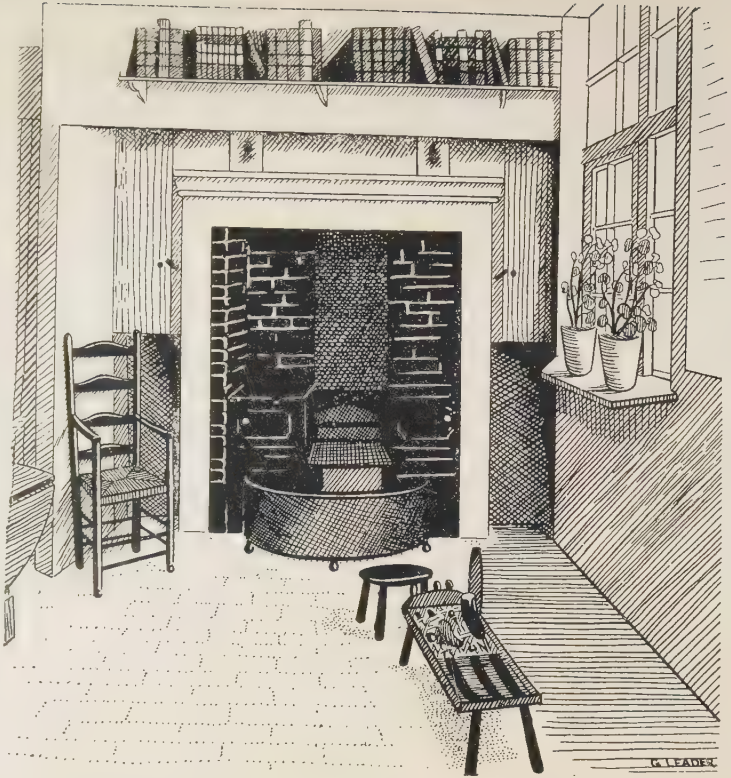
But, having set his hand to the plough, he would not look back. Through the stiff ground he plodded. For nearly two years the destroyers of the church resisted his every effort to win them to a Christian spirit, till they drove him at length, in September 1790, to propose the church's dissolution, and its reformation on the basis of a solemn covenant, which was 'to bind them to a strict and faithful New Testament discipline, let it affect whom it might.' This was approved by the majority and was done. The refractory, holding back, were after two months declared no longer in membership, whereat they hardened into his bitter personal foes, and threatened to destroy the solemnity and peace of his day of ordination. The rest drew the nearer to their pastor and to God, spending much of the week after the solemn covenant in fasting and

prayer. Thenceforth they filled the fellowship with faithful love. The nettles gave place to the Spirit's flowers and fruits—a fragrance for Leicester and a victory for God.

In the spring of 1791 they brought his long probation to an end, and he was once more ordained, with Ryland, Sutcliff, and Fuller again around him, and Pearce preaching in the evening on 'Glorying in the Cross'—the intensest message he had ever heard. It was his first meeting with 'the seraphic.' He reports the day 'as one of pleasure and profit to the greater part of the assembly.' He could not say 'to all,' for the dissentients were still sullen, though not daring, as they had threatened, to break the Meeting's decorum. Of a noteworthy happening of that night the next chapter tells.

Leicester was Carey's first town. The change was great from Pury, Piddington, and Moulton, though its population was less than a seventeenth of to-day's, and was almost confined by its walls and river. Only a section of Gallowtree had a double pavement; only High Street the distinction of oil-lamps. All coal came in on the backs of horses, till the canal was completed in the midst of Carey's four years. The first spinning-machines had alarmed and enraged Labour. The mail took twenty hours for the coach-run to London. The nonconformist churches could be counted on one hand. Harvey Lane was really a lane, not even cobbled. Carey's cottage looked out on fields and gardens that sloped down to the river. New and standing alone, with its roof of Swithland slates, and its bit of back garden, and the Soar in sight beyond, it was pleasanter far than the street's now dingy commonplaceness. Its brick-floored living-room, lean-to kitchen, rude stairs, one bedroom and roof attic, were to Carey no strange simplicity. They matched his knife and fork and the wooden bowl of bread and milk he had in his hand when he opened the door at the unexpected early knock of William Hinde, a playmate of his boyhood, who had tramped through the night the thirty miles from Northampton to find work.

It cut him to the quick in his second year to lay his infant Lucy in the Meeting-graveyard opposite his cottage. 'He used to mention her death in every letter,' said Mary, 'and



Carey's Leicester Cottage. This room was kitchen, living-room, workshop and school all in one.

Carey's Leicester Cottage.

we knew he had been touched at a very tender point.' Dearly loving his own sisters, he wanted his three boys to have a sister too.

'Harvey Lane' had little of its later length and breadth, the golden speech of Robert Hall compelling its great enlargement. It was a simple 'whitewashed Meeting,' seating from two to three hundred. Carey's stipend was better than at Moulton, but less than £40, so that he still received London's grant of five guineas. Probably a good deal under £40, the members being only sixty and the ill-willed giving little. Yet foods were at war-price, driving the people to riot. He turned, therefore, again to school-keeping, from 9 to 5 in the summer, and to 4 in the winter. Also, again, to his shoecraft, although now pastor in a proud important town. Gardiner's sketch of him is vivid:

> 'I well recollect Carey's coming to Leicester in 1789. He was chosen to preside over a small congregation in Harvey Lane. He lived in a very small house just opposite the "Meeting," which may now be distinguished from the rest by its ancient appearance; at that time it was the only one on that side of the street. I have seen him at work in his leathern apron, his books beside him, and his beautiful flowers in the windows.'

On Mondays the Classics were 'beside him'; on Tuesdays text-books of science, history, and composition; on the other days his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, towards his mid-weekly and Sunday expositions. To what effect and in what modernness of spirit he studied, his essay on the Psalter proves. He discusses 'the literary character, authorship, and titles of the Psalms' after the manner of Lowth, Michaelis, and Sir William Jones, of whose judgments he takes cognizance. He shows what force familiarity with Bible lands lends to the understanding of Hebrew poetry. He glories in the Psalms' ethical and religious superiority to the best ancient pagan literature and achievement. For a millennium before David, he argues, arts flourished on the Euphrates. Three centuries before him the Indian Vedas had received their present form, and the 'Mahabharata' been written. Two centuries before him India was calculating eclipses; Phoenicia was traversing the seas; Greece was emerging (though Homer had not yet

sung); Egypt was in her splendour and Ephesus magnificent. Nevertheless, in her Psalms, *i.e.* in the spheres of ethics and religion, Israel as far surpassed Chaldaea and Persia, Egypt and Hindustan, as these did Israel in the lesser kingdoms of knowledge. Sure proof he finds here of God's especial indwelling of Israel, and of His unique illumination of their minds. He closes with counsel which he faithfully followed. 'We should let few days pass without reading in the Hebrew one of these poems. The more they are studied, the more will they delight. None ever repented such labour, though many its neglect.'

Grand old Robert Hall was his honorary tutor. 'It was one of my chief privileges,' he wrote to his Leicester successor, 'to be favoured with the kind advice, and kinder criticism of men of the greatest eminence, and their friendship was a jewel I could not too highly prize.' Hall criticised his sermons as too matter of fact. They lacked windows. 'There are not enough *likes* in them, whereas the Master was always saying, "the kingdom is *like* seed or treasure or leaven."'

After the dissentients' departure, Leicester learned that there was a prophet in its midst. The people again gathered. Conversions made them glad. Vicar Robinson of St. Mary's, whose ministry, Robert Hall said, 'formed an epoch in Leicester's religious history,' twitted him for attracting even hearers of his own. Carey's answer was instant. 'I would rather win to Christ the poorest scavengers in Leicester than draw off to "Harvey Lane" the richest members of your flock.' This his care for the town's least-accounted-of gave his message its power.

Outwardly, he had nothing as preacher in his favour. He was short, poor, with no such college Fellowship as Vicar Robinson's; his hands seamed and stained by his stitchings; his appearance and manner a peasant's; his wig odious and stiff. Yet the people gathered as to one whose lips had been touched by the hot stone from the altar. Not that he coaxed them with cheap themes. For more than a year he cut his mid-weekly way and theirs through the forest of the 'Apocalypse,' thrusting himself on this task for his own mental discipline. The stormy times, too, sent him to that stormy but stalwart Book.

Nor was he content to preach seven times a fortnight in 'Harvey Lane.' As few other pastors of the period, save General Baptists and Methodists, he went out to the villages and laid the foundations of churches in Thurmaston, Syston, Sileby, Blaby, and Desford. In Thurmaston there were many conversions. More than a hundred folk would gather there for his Service. His first Indian letter to 'Harvey Lane' is full of solicitude for these villages.

He had only been in Leicester six months when he was pressed into the secretariat of its Nonconformist committee, which thrust him into the thick of the contest for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, just when the reactionaries were strengthened by the violence of France. It was this secretariat that brought him into comradeship with Dr. Arnold and Robert Brewin—the doctor being the committee's chairman, and the wealthy spinner its treasurer. These and he bore the weight of Leicester's Free Church witness and protest in those combative days.

These colleagues led him also into other social sympathies—Brewin, friend of Howard, into compassion for Leicester's brutally-treated prisoners, and Arnold into indignation at the current cruelty to the insane. In loathing of the slave-trade they rivalled one another. Arnold and Brewin had long lifted their voices against this infamy—especially the latter with his Quaker blood. In Carey they found an informed and fervid ally. A Leicester deacon told the son of Marshman that he never heard Carey pray without remembrance of the slaves.

Fetters on men's intellects were as hateful to Carey as fetters on men's limbs. He was all for the unbounded freedom of human inquiry. This drew him quickly into the coterie of the town's zealous scientists, who forgathered at the corner of Gallowtree and Humberstone Gates in the library and lounge Richard Phillips had opened. For ten years Phillips had been the fearless leader of Leicester's intellectual life, and had founded its Philosophical Institute. He had brought thither reformers like Howard, scientific discoverers and lecturers like Priestley. The Institute was full of telescopes, planetaria, and electrical apparatus. He had set up Leicester's first lightning-conductor—to the people a thing as impious as perilous. There is little doubt

but that in this library and Institute Carey first met rich young Gardiner, and perhaps heard there his papers on 'Gravitation' and on 'Comets.'

In theological outlook the Institute members differed widely. Phillips himself was Quaker; Brewin Unitarian (though of Quaker descent); William Ludlam a clergyman; Gardiner a deist, and Carey an evangelical. To Gardiner, a connoisseur in art, literature, and music, it was unthinkable that 'he who was spat upon and reviled was the Creator of the universe,' that 'the victim and the Deity were one.' To Carey this paradox was the glory of the gospel and the inspiration of his life. But in devotion to science and to intellectual freedom all were equal and at one.

Their discussions of public questions were so outspoken and radical that the municipal authorities intervened and declared their displeasure. Phillips, their leader, was repeatedly threatened with prosecution for the boldness of his newspapers—the town's first—and their manifest sympathy with the Revolution, which across the Channel was shaking the heavens and the earth. For selling Paine's *Rights of Man* he was thrust into prison. Undaunted, he contributed throughout the year and a half of his sentence weekly articles to his *Herald*. He lived to be honoured and a knighted sheriff of London.

That Carey caught this leader's spirit is seen in the ardour with which he followed the course of the French upheaval, and in the fact that, till he reached India, he was republican himself, and only suppressed these youthful political sympathies for his work's sake. His friend Robert Brewin was in the same advance-guard.

Both Brewin and Arnold gave him the freedom of their libraries, and Brewin loved to have him in his garden that stretched from his Northgate Mill to the river, and to show him its rare plants, and the pomegranates in the sheltered places, and his prize auriculas. Perhaps the 'beautiful flowers' Gardiner admired in Carey's cottage-windows had been seedling gifts of this spinner.

The master-interest of Carey's Leicester life, however, was still the evangelization of the world. Nothing could cool this passion—not the business of his crowded days,

nor the widening range of his town-ministry; not the urgencies of English programmes of reform, nor the growing prosperity of 'Harvey Lane.' In Leicester, as in little Moulton, the cry of the heathen continents and islands haunted his spirit. Indeed, Leicester's thirteen thousand made more vivid and poignant the distress of the world's hundreds of millions.

'Come in, and sit down,' said a soft, welcoming voice in response to my knock. 'My husband is busy, but he will be glad to see you presently.'

I sat down in the homely ingle-nook, quite close to an open window. A gentle breeze stirred the spotless chintz curtains, and carried with it into the room the perfume of flowers. It was a delightful room, just like those low-ceilinged apartments you see sometimes in old country houses. A solemn old grandfather clock in one corner of the room looked very dignified, and a home-made map and some interesting prints of foreign scenes were hung upon the walls. I saw several books lying open upon the table, the learned character of which rather surprised me.

'You see how busy he has been,' said his wife, returning to her work-basket. 'School was dismissed only an hour ago, and he has already mended one pair of shoes and made some pattens. So he goes on, day after day, hammering and reading, reading and hammering.'

Presently a little maid pushed open the door. In her hands were a pair of heavy boots. 'If you please,' she said, 'can father have them back to-morrow?'

'If it's possible,' answered the shoemaker's wife; and she patted the curly head as the child turned to go, seemingly quite satisfied with the promise. Then she called out to her sons, who were playing in the sunny lane, 'Felix, don't play so roughly, but look after William.'

A moment later the shoemaker came out of the inner room: a short young man with the unmistakable stoop of a student. His leathern apron did not hide the threadbare breeches and faded hose; and his wig badly fitted. His quick glance took in at once the broken boots on the bench. 'Another pair!' he murmured, with a curiously patient little smile. Then he turned to welcome me, and I became aware of the wonderful light in his eyes. Presently he went over and touched with a tenderness remarkable for such clumsy hands—hands seared and stained with toil—the flowers that grew in his window-box. It seemed to me that they had something to do with his look of happiness, for he said as he touched them, 'I see God's hand in each petal, and His smile in every glowing heart.'

Whilst his wife prepared a meal, we went together up a tiny winding staircase that led to a room above. There the shoemaker-schoolmaster showed me some more of his treasured books, for he had many, and presently took up the Book he loved most of all. With this held reverently in his hand, he went on to talk of a great dream of his, of which I had already heard from others, and of the sermon he was shortly to preach at Nottingham. 'Here is the manuscript,' he said fervently. 'God spoke to me as I wrote it. I am praying that it will end in the founding of a society in our denomination for the spreading of the light of the Gospel to the heathen peoples.' He put it away, and walked over to the open window, and I stood beside him. The sky was a lovely blue, and the setting sun shone on wide fields, through which a river flowed on its gentle course. Birds sang in the trees, and I could hear the distant merriment of children at their play. And I spoke of these. But he said, 'What I see ever are the fields of vast heathendom, and I believe they are "white unto harvest." And for their reaping I am ready and eager to go.'

J. Roland Evans.

VI. *THE ENQUIRY*

'The Christianizing of men, of all men, in all their relations, is not so much a matter of interest to the Church, as a matter of life or death for the world.' J. F. McFadyen.

'Carey's *Enquiry* marks a distinct point of departure in the history of Christianity. It laid the foundation of Missions in accurate information, careful consideration, wise use of means, as well as in the obligation of Christian duty.' Dr. Jas. S. Dennis.

'The charter of modern Missions.' Sir Geo. Adam Smith.

'Carey's pen was the lance of a Christian knight.' Basil Matthews.

'The best answer to Gibbon was Carey's pamphlet. He said that if we only did what the early churches did in the employment of means, all would again be well. If only we set in motion the secondary causes, the First Cause would be sure to work. By laying the blame on the modern Church for not doing so, he took all the sting and force out of Gibbon's argument.' Dr. T. V. Tymms.

'It was the Age of Apologetics, when the Church "apologized" for its existence, wrote Evidences of Christianity, tried to persuade men that religion might be reasonable. Then Carey rose. He had seen the glory of Jesus Christ, the imperial pity of the Man of Calvary, had felt the world-love in the heart of God. He moved men to believe that the way to prevent defeat was to win victory.' Dr. Richard Glover.

CHAPTER VI

THE ENQUIRY

LEICESTER

1792

THE call of God came to Northamptonshire Baptists at Clipstone in 1791, at the Association's Easter gathering there in the meeting-house on the hill. Sutcliff and Fuller preached on 'jealousy for God,' and the 'disaster of delay,'—Fuller's striking text, 'This people say the time has not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built.' 'An uncommon degree of attention was excited. I know not,' says Ryland, 'under which I felt the most. The mind of every one was possessed by a solemn conviction of our need of more zeal, and of the sin of negligence.' Even at the ministers' dinner in one of the village inns 'scarcely an idle word was spoken.' 'Every heart was subdued,' writes Morris, Clipstone's pastor. 'Such deep solemnity has seldom been witnessed.'

Then Carey entreated for action. He struck the heated iron. He called impression to expression, sentiment to service. He besought them on Christ's behalf to become His world-ambassadors, and dare an overseas' Mission. To his warm mind it seemed that the child for which Christ had long travailed was coming to the birth, and that this was to be His new Bethlehem and manger. Had Clipstone obeyed, it would have set its church upon a hill, never to be hid. To its everlasting loss, the wise and prudent prevailed, who counselled non-committal, and who would not take the plunge. Not even the two preachers stood with him. They had not purposed to incite a zeal and haste like this. They drew back from this drastic application of their urgings. 'Feeling the difficulty,' says Fuller, 'of setting out on such an unbeaten path, their minds (including

his) revolted at the idea of attempting it. It seemed too much like grasping at an object utterly beyond their reach.' They would not rise and build the Lord's house. They only advised the speedy publication of Carey's pamphlet. Let him present the case to the churches. They could then gauge the churches' response.

That night Carey and others stayed at the manse. Till beyond midnight Carey kept them in talk of an overseas' Mission. Supper had been eaten, but at one o'clock Fuller was again a-hungered. 'Have you any meat, Morris?' he asked. 'Meat? Yes,' answered Morris. 'Then bring it out,' said Fuller, and he bored the mantelpiece, and hung by a string from the gimlet the beef for their nocturnal second repast. The tradition is that, as portions were ready, slices were cut and given to the company. One can imagine the pleasantry, and Carey pressing his plea. It ended in no changed courageous decision; but the extemporized spitting of the joint, the double supper and the importunate enthusiast were never forgotten. When a new manse was taken, the pierced mantelpiece was shifted and set therein for that night's sake, where its mark can still be seen.

The next month came Carey's Leicester Induction. At the close of the public day, at Pearce's request, Carey read to a little group what of *The Enquiry* was written.

The scene is worth visualizing. Scholarly Ryland, cautious Sutcliff, virile Fuller, devout Pearce, and others—with Carey, fresh from his reordainment, pouring his zeal into their hearts. His life had been more handicapped, his chances more limited than his brethren's; yet here he led them up the heights to show them all the kingdoms of the world, and what might be their glory, if they would only dare to win them for their crucified crowned Lord. He tracked for them God's missionary path through biblical and wider history, and proved the meaning of their pregnant times. He bade them hear the call of their dying century and of their ever-living Lord. 'It added fuel to my zeal,' said Pearce.

Carey's best reading and thinking for eight years was hived in this 'piece,' as he called it. One gets very near him in these eighty-seven pages.

The pith of its Introduction is this. Not by deluge nor other such judgment will God deal with the world's sin. That way has spelt and would spell failure. God dares now to woo men by the grace of Christ's Cross. This is the news calling for world-proclamation. Apostles published it near and far, as their Master had bidden them. Cultured and barbarian peoples alike received it and were blessed. Zealots through later centuries were also faithful; sometimes, to great advancings, never quite in vain. Now, only a few are caring and obedient. It is time to awake from love of money and of ease. We keep repeating the Lord's prayer, but we ignore its implications.

The Enquiry itself is argument, review, survey, challenge, and programme. The *Argument* sets out the chief criticisms Carey had long been encountering in his advocacy of Missions—with his answerings. The thing is live, not academic, no beating of the air.

For instance. 'Was not Christ's charge to evangelize the nations addressed to the apostles, and not meant for us?' 'Then why do we baptize? If baptism concerns us, world-missions must no less. The two were bidden in one breath, were part and parcel of each other.' This caught his own denomination out first ball. 'Besides,' he adds, 'we claim our share in His promise, "Lo! I am with you." We have no right to the promise, unless we observe the command. The one conditions the other. To neglect His commission is to forfeit His benediction.'

'But how do we know that this command is still valid? Not even divine injunctions abide for ever. They have their periods and pass, like the levitical law.' 'Nay, divine injunctions abide, till they have fulfilled their function. Who can think this commission exhausted, with the vast majority of mankind not yet acquainted with Christ?'

'But were there not God-set limits to the execution of the commission even in apostolic days? Was not Paul forbidden to go to pagan Bithynia?' 'Yes, because the divine purpose needed him then more elsewhere. But he was ceaselessly missionary, as we must be ever.'

'But Christ's command could not have been absolute,

even for the apostles, seeing that vast parts of the globe, like the South Seas, they had never heard of, nor could reach. Nor can we think it absolute to-day, with very large regions still unknown and unopened.' 'Maybe: but, as they were responsible for going according to their strength into all their accessible world, we are in duty bound to speed into our much-enlarged world. Indeed, we ought to be keen to get everywhere for Christ, till all closed doors are opened. "Papists brave all peril. Moravians have not turned back from Abyssinia's heat nor Greenland's cold, from difficult tongues nor savage manners." British traders press into the East Indies and Persia, into China and Greenland. Cursed slave-raiders dare deep into Africa. Should we Christians be less resolved and adventurous than these?'

'But is there not a secret God's time for such a world-movement, which we can neither hasten nor delay, whose arrival and appearing we must just await?' 'In that case it is also vain to *pray* for the speeding of Christ's kingdom; which who will dare affirm?'

'But must not a second miraculous Pentecost precede and permit successful world-missions?' 'This logic comes too late. Its theory collides with fact. Wherever the Christ has been lovingly offered to men, some, and often many, have accepted the gift with joy. God's power has been proven.'

'But if God purposes to save the heathen, will He not take steps to effect it Himself?' 'God's one deliberate method is to work through consecrated men.'

'But have we not task enough to engage us with the heathen at home?' 'Forsooth, there are "thousands of our fellow-country-men living as far from God as possible." We should be tenfold more eager than we are to win them to the Christ. But the News is at least within their hearing, and in almost every part of the land there *are* faithful ministers. If the home-church wakened, the home-heathen could be quickly won. But pagan lands have neither true Bible nor true ministers. Multitudes have neither written language, nor decent government, nor any of our chief blessings. Pity not less than Christianity should constrain our instant help.'

The *Review* describes very fully the activity of the apostles, and then hurriedly recalls the conquest of the Empire and the preaching of the Name even beyond its borders, by such as Frumentius, James of Nisibis, 'Hermit Moses,' Palladius, Patrick, Finian and Columba. Then more rapidly it tells of the winning of wild Europe by Augustine, Paulinus, Birinus, Felix, Columban, Gall, Wilfrid, Kilian, Boniface, Willibrod, Anskar, Gaudibert, Methodius, Cyril, and others; then of the compulsive missions of corrupt Rome, followed by the mercy of the Reformation; and, finally, of the re-emergence of true missions under Eliot and Brainerd, and under the Danish and Dutch, the Moravians and Methodists.

This was the first modern attempt at a roll of world-missionaries. The facts were not to hand, for none else was studying this aspect of history. Yet almost all the names our modern missionary research discloses are here enshrined.

His *Survey* was the world as he knew it, the message of the map. He made this central and the substance of his plea.

Flower-growing and map-making were his hobbies. The one known decoration of his cottage was his hand-wrought mercator world-map; whilst close to his bench was poised his own-stitched globe of leather, with its lands varicoloured. This Survey is his atlas, world-census, world-directory, etc. His facts and figures agree with the best maps and reckonings of his time.

Sweep of purpose is combined with wealth of detail. The minuteness of the information is almost extravagant. Isles two or three miles across are not too trivial for his registration. The Friendlies, he says, are 20, the Sandwich 7, the Society 6, the Kurile 25, the Madeiras 3, and the Virgin 12. 'The Ladrones are inhabited by the most uncivilized pagans.' 'Two thousand out of the 40,000 folk of Dominica are Caribbs.' In Amboyna the Dutch have 25 churches. He knows the religious complexion of each Swiss canton, of each Aegean and East Indian isle, etc. etc. Like his contemporary geographers, he has to calculate the populations of Turkey, Asia, Africa, and all but the European settlements of America; but he does so by no

rule of thumb. He has studied their conditions, and his judgments are individual.

His statistics were his griefs. To have to write 'Pagan' ninety-nine times against wide populous regions, and fifty-three times 'Mohammedan,' moved him to deep sorrow. He knew that as his dear window-plants were meant for the sunlight, so man was meant for Christ. He mourned that the Church's disobedience had doomed such multitudes through aeons to the dark.

Men everywhere he cared for—not just in the South Seas of Cook, nor in the India of challenged Hastings, nor the wronged negroes of the West. He loved the world from Kamtschatka to Kaffraria, from Nova Zembla to New Zealand. 'The ebb and flow of all men's hearts went through him.' Even pin-point dottings of the oceans were precious in his sight. His interest in islands is most marked. Two hundred he named either as individuals or clusters. Partly in sheer completeness; partly through the conviction caught from 'Isaiah' that God would fulfil His purpose specially through these; chiefly under the influence of Captain Cook, and because his own hope was to make his missionary home on some strategic islet. His feet and hands moved in Leicester; his heart was in Tahiti.

His final findings were tragic. Of the world's seven hundred and thirty-one millions, more than a fifth was Mohammedan, more than a half Pagan, seven-ninths either Mohammedan or Pagan. Half of Asia, most of Africa, most of America, and all but the coast of South America was 'as wanting in civilization as in true religion,' with peoples sometimes cannibal, and the Moloch fires oft lit. Arabian Mohammedanism had bled Africa to death through the slave trade, of which Christian nations shared the guilt. Intriguing Jesuits had deeply prejudiced the Far East against Christianity. European traders had corrupted the Indies. Greek Church peoples were illiterate and superstitious. Papists had only dim knowledge of divine things. Even in privileged Britain, in the established and the free churches alike, were 'many errors and much looseness of life,' and by many the gospel itself was fiercely hated and attacked.

Yet he penned no word of hesitation. He faced the

worst and believed the best. 'All these things are loud calls to Christians, especially to ministers, to exert themselves to the utmost.' He took it sublimely for granted that Christ could save the world, if His Church would be faithful. Christ could scatter the darkness, if Christians with kindled torches would speed forth. In Christ's name he defied all the power of the enemy. To his 'dark Tower' he came, and 'set his slughorn to his lips and blew' his *Challenge*.

He confronted every obstacle of distance, of barbarism, of death, of hunger, and of language.

The mariner's compass, he said, had made the Pacific as navigable as the Mediterranean. Trade knew no distance, but ceaselessly pressed into the unknown, each advance freshly proving the ignorance, cruelty, and misery of the unevangelized world.

No barbarism of peoples deterred apostles nor their like-minded successors. Not the wildness of Germany and Gaul, nor of 'more barbarous Britain!' Their watchword was not 'Civilization first and then Christianity,' but 'Christianity the royal road to a worthy civilization.' Tertullian had boasted that 'those parts of Britain which were proof against Roman armies, were conquered by Christ.' Eliot and Brainerd transformed America's Indians through the power of the gospel, as no European civilization ever could have.

Barbarism baffled no traders. Even to far Alaska they have just ventured for otters. If we Christians loved men as merchants love money, no fierceness of peoples would keep us from their midst. Their very barbarism should constrain our swifter help. Incalculable is both their loss and the world's through their ignorance of Christ. He could do for them so much, bringing them good laws, just government, fine arts, useful sciences. He could make of them so much—saints and poets, philosophers and preachers. All this is going to waste. Eliot and Brainerd, by the grace of the gospel, both subdued and uplifted men. We cannot afford to leave even the most dehumanized races without Christ. [No plea could have been more modern.]

Even should service of these barbarian races involve us in death, no true Christian would grudge it. Whom should

we emulate—all-hazarding Paul or prudent Mark? The peril will prove rarer than our fears. Barbarians are savage, less from cold-bloodedness than in revenge for suffered or imagined wrong, or in aversion of feared danger. Kindness conquers. Moravians are seldom molested. Nor were Eliot and Brainerd. The heathen will give ear to the Message, and only resent unworthy representatives of Christ.

Hunger will be less serious than we think. Native food, if not inviting, will suffice (no thought then of tinned foods). A servant of Christ will be ready for hardship, foregoing 'a numerous auditory, cordial friends, a civilized country, legal protection, affluence or even a competency, and be prepared for slights, hatred, pretended friends, prisons, tortures, the society of barbarians of uncouth speech, miserable accommodations, hunger and thirst, weariness and painfulness, hard work and little encouragement.' [He had certainly counted the cost.]

If with ordained missionaries lay friends are sent, whose knowledge of farming, fishing, and fowling shall supply the Mission's creaturely necessities, the initial outlay will often be the only and the whole.

Traders get the language: so can we. A year, or at the most two, should enable us 'even with no very extraordinary talents to communicate with any foreign people.'

Choose '*men of piety, prudence, courage, and forbearance*'; men of sound knowledge of the Word and the gospel; men prepared to forego comforts and endure hardships—let them mingle with the people, always presenting the kindly nature of their errand, resenting no injury, assuming no airs, grudging no service—let them above all be instant in prayer—and they will not fail. Especially if they be quick to discern and develop the faculties of their whole-souled converts, who must ever be a country's chief evangelists, with their inborn understanding of the people, and with their palpably changed lives endorsing and adorning their message.

He closes with the *Programme* we Christians must pursue.

We must pray. Without the Spirit all is vain. No ruler's authority, nor orator's eloquence, nor human genius can establish Christ's kingdom, as Portuguese and Spanish

Missions tragically prove. 'Not by might nor by power but by My Spirit.' Prayer, according to Zechariah xii. and xiii., is the beginning of all blessing and victory, the first link of the divine chain, the key to Heaven's treasury. Since our monthly supplications, churches, aforetime icily separated, have reached a kindlier valuation of their differences; new opportunities of evangelism have arisen; France has begun to break Rome's fetters; the slave trade has been challenged; Sierra Leone bids fair to become a base for African freedom, commerce and Christian advance. These are large encouragements. Had such prayer been more general and intense, we might have seen by this time Daniel's prophecy fulfilled—not only open gates for the gospel, but many newsbearers running through, and the knowledge of the truth far increased. Prayer is basal for the Kingdom. All, even the poor and illiterate, can swell its force. Differing denominations can in this activity be one.

We must plan and plod as well as pray. Else the children of this generation will shame again the children of light. When traders form a company and win a charter, they go to the limit of their secured concessions and prerogatives, choosing stocks, ships, men, routes, everything, in accordance with their purpose. They strain every nerve, run every risk, court every informant, dare every danger, watch every vessel, await every homecoming, mourn every delay, nor ever rest 'till the rich returns are safe in port.' We Christians must be in equal earnest in the business of our Lord. For the present each denomination must form its own Missionary Society, though in friendliest communication with the rest. Our differences seem as yet too great for expeditious joint action.

Then we must pay as well as pray and plan. Let the rich embark a generous portion of their God-entrusted wealth. It will yield them liberal returns. Let those of more moderate income devote a proportion, say a tenth, of their annual increases to God, after the pattern of patriarchs, the precepts of Moses, and the practice of many Puritans. Such giving will supply at once the needed funds for the home ministry and for home and world-missions. Let the members of our congregations give a

penny *or more* a week according to their power. Preachers could then be sent into our little-evangelized English villages. Good surplus would remain for overseas' missions. Let part, or even all, of what we spend on luxuries, *and even on necessaries, where bound up with social wrong*, be given to the gospel. God's treasure-house will fill. 'Many of late have left off the use of West Indian sugar, on account of the iniquitous manner in which it is obtained. These families have not only cleansed their hands of blood, but have made a saving, some of sixpence, and some of a shilling a week.' Carey never printed this, it is certain, without doing it himself. What a peep it is into his frugal domestic economy! And he would rather use no sugar, whilst the world stood, than help to destroy his brother-man.

'We have only to keep the end in view and have our hearts thoroughly engaged in its pursuit, and means will not be very difficult.' His business-programme was sound, comprehensive, and heroic. His clubbing together of the home ministry, home missions, and overseas' missions as one enterprise, with one inclusive fund, was as right as it was novel and daring. The term 'foreign' missions he never uses. All, whether at home or abroad, were one.

He closes with the reminder that bold giving to the Kingdom is the one investment of the Master's sanction, who bids us lay up treasure beyond the reach of thief and moth and rust. It is the sowing for the most satisfying returns. 'What a treasure, what a harvest must await such as Paul and Eliot and Brainerd (his three beloved heroes) and others, who have given themselves wholly to God's work! What a heaven to see the myriads of the heathen, of Britons among the rest, who by their labours have been brought into the knowledge of God! Surely such a crown of rejoicing deserves our aspiration! Surely it is worth while to lay ourselves out with all our might in promoting Christ's Kingdom!'

VII. THE DEATHLESS SERMON

Extension or extinction is the Master's ultimatum.'

'I call that sermon of Carey's wonderful, because there has, perhaps, been no sermon preached in modern days, which has had so distinct and traceable an effect on Protestant Christianity throughout the world.'

Dr. F. W. Gotch.

'*My* God is of another mind,
A storm where yours is but a wind;
Where yours is deaf, inexorable;
All-loving, where your God is dull.
And He is young, like Hercules;
No grandad in the seventies.
His voice in awful thunder rolled
That time the Thornbush flamed, of old,
And shrank, on Horeb's trembling height,
Even Moses to a pigmy mite.
He stayed the sun in Gibeon's vale,
And other wonders, passing tale,
He did, and even yet would do,
Were not the age grown slack, like you.'

Ibsen, *Brand*.

'Expect great things: attempt great things.
Vast rivers rise from humble springs.
Great works great doubts may generate
In feeble minds; but God is great.'

Dr. Whitley says: 'At Olney, Cowper had sung

"Behold, at Thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord";

and had given Carey the idea of his great sermon.' But more probably Sutcliff's talk with Cowper of the Nottingham sermon gave the poet the idea for his couplet.

CHAPTER VII

THE DEATHLESS SERMON

NOTTINGHAM

May 30 and 31, 1792

NOTTINGHAM was the farthest north the Northampton Association had ever ventured. For some 'ministers and messengers' it meant a horseback ride of from sixty to seventy miles. Seventeen ministers from the twenty-four associated churches assembled in 1792 and took part. Other silent ones were also, perhaps, present. 'Messengers' were few by reason of the distance. Even 'College Lane' excused itself for sending only its pastor.

They put up at 'The Angel'—these 'angels' of the churches—the largest inn of the wide market-place. 'In those days of deliberate locomotion it was good,' says A. G. Fuller, 'to witness the arrival of worthy farmers of the old school, on their stout and stalwart steeds, unaddicted to hunting; or driving their better halves and daughters in capacious vehicles; pedestrians covered with dust and perspiration, the product of many a weary mile of travel; a goodly array of black coats (for such wear was then sacred to mourners and ministers) exchanging hearty greetings, and acknowledging that through mercy they had arrived safe and well.'

Their talk that May was of France and of Burke's forebodeful 'Thoughts'; of Warren Hastings; of the anti-slavery debate and defeat in the Commons; of glorious Wilberforce; and, with the more literary, of Boswell's *Johnson* and of Cowper's *Task*.

Their meeting-place was the town's one Baptist Chapel, and in Friar Lane; a simple white building, seating not more than two hundred and thirty, though already once enlarged.

On the Tuesday evening Ryland was for the second time called to the chair, and the churches' letters were read.

College Lane bemoaned a year of dissension and distress. Moulton was in deep depression. Oakham lamented its feebleness; Braunston its supineness. On the other hand, Foxton was full of hope; Bottesford thriving. Arnsby was comforted for the death of Robert Hall by the prospective settlement of the gifted Blundel. Roade wrote of enlargement; Gretton of wakened interest; Clipstone of quickening after days of fasting and prayer, and Walgrave of arousal. Harvey Lane could say, 'The Lord has smiled on us and healed our dissensions'; Nottingham had just used its baptistry for five, and the year before for nineteen; Guilsborough had 'never enjoyed so much of God before. Not many days pass now in our village but some seek the way of salvation.' Kettering had 'never such a spirit of prayer,' and had just been gladdened by the baptism of ten. Ryland could truthfully sum up and say that 'most of the church news was encouraging'—the fruit of their increased prayer—and that 'circumstances were conspiring towards the fulfilment of great prophecies.' He was thinking of France and of her troubled awakening, which several of the church letters had hailed. God's rain-cloud, already bigger than a man's hand, could be seen on the horizon.

On the Wednesday they met, by wise wont, at 6 A.M. for prayer, and at 10 A.M. for the first preaching, with Carey in the pulpit. Isaiah liv. was his Scripture. He knew its song by heart, having oft reread it in the original towards that morning's momentousness—his one regret that its rich Hebrew assonances were not echoed in the English rendering. With 'Isaiah's' faith his soul was all aglow. When presently he made verses 2 and 3 his message, his intimates knew that into that hour the passion of eight years was to be poured. He rang the great challenge out:

> 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them
> Stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations.
> Spare not,
> Lengthen thy cords, and
> Strengthen thy stakes;
> For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and
> Thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and
> Make the desolate cities to be inhabited
> Fear not.'

The Hackleton Meeting House,
in whose experience-meetings Carey early took part.

The Friar Lane Meeting House, Nottingham,
where the deathless sermon was preached.

The text itself was treasure-trove. In all the Book was no apter nor more inspiring missionary message; yet it had lain in the grave of the unrealized or forgotten till it woke for Carey, and held him with its risen power. 'Isaiah,' especially from xl., had been for years to him the regal prophet. Now of his words he lit a beacon that was to blaze for evermore. Dr. Clifford has called it 'a burning bush of missionary revelation.'

First, as always, he set forth, we are told, the historic conditions of the words. Chaldaea had destroyed Jerusalem, devastated Judaea, deported the Jewish people, and driven them into long exile, hardship, and despair. Judah seemed like a woman once loved of her divine Husband, and blessed of her children, now disowned, left to perish.

Nevertheless, the prophet brought her cheer. Things were not all they seemed. Divine pity and love atoned for her sins—according to the infinite gospel of the preceding chapter. Her heavenly Husband forgave and designed to bless her. Not for ever was she disowned; only disciplined, to cleanse her from her sins. She was still God's people. By no choice nor will of His should she remain disgraced, barren, wretched. He bade her fling away her worse than widow's weeds, and become once again cherished wife and mother of happy children. God called her to a new and splendid destiny. The shabby wind-blown tent, wherein she could ill find shelter, was to yield to a pavilion—nay, to an ever-multiplying family of tents, strong and beautiful. 'Get up,' God said. 'Find larger canvas, stouter and taller poles, stronger tent-pegs. Catch wider visions. Dare bolder programmes. Dwell in an ampler world.' 'Thy Maker is thy Husband. He is Lord of all the earth.'

Then in the prophet's picture of widowed Israel, the preacher found a mirror of the Church of his own day—its defeatedness and dishonour, its dearth and decay. He knew the facts in village and in town, in the Church as established and in the ranks of nonconformists. He had seen them at close quarters in Paulers Pury and Piddington, in Moulton and Barton, and in growing Leicester. He had felt the lifelessness of things Anglican, except at such preaching as Newton's or Scott's. He knew the sparse worshippers, the coarse choristers, the neglected parishes,

the Sabbath drink-revels. In Nonconformity he was familiar with the spent enthusiasms, the barren and bitter disputations, the littleness and lowness of ideal and of life. He had only to recall how decayed he had found the Baptist cause and building in Moulton, how weak and strife-torn the 'Meeting' in Earls Barton, and how disgraced 'Harvey Lane' with its drinking pastor and deacons; or to remind them of the previous evening's confessions of Braunston, Oakham, and College Lane.

He was not content to mourn this dearth as strange disaster. He breathed no soft excuse. He scourged it as men's sin. His words were half-battles. The Church's disobedience had as certainly destroyed her as Judaea's sins had flung her into Chaldaea's hold. He impeached her, yet with tenderness and grief. 'Had all the people lifted up their voice and wept,' said Ryland, 'as the children of Israel did at Bochim, I should not have wondered, so clearly did he prove the *criminality* of our supineness in the Cause of God.'

This was, however, but the austere preparation for the gladness of his news. God had charged him with gospel. The time past was to suffice for disobedience and dearth. God loudly called them to a different and brilliant future—to leave the lone, drear, ragged tents of their cramped feebleness, and to pitch and stretch mother-tents within the amplitude of His purpose and the splendour of His Will. He believed, as in *The Enquiry* he had indicated—*The Enquiry*, which was on sale there—that in that closing decade of the eighteenth century the nation and the Church were on the eve of great developments, whose omens were many and clear. For example, Britain's widening commerce, Cook's romantic discoveries, our stablished Empire in India and Canada, the fight with the slave trade, the French Revolution, the new interest in prayer. As 'Isaiah' had hailed the emergence of Cyrus as the signal for Israel's deliverance, so Carey heard in these contemporary happenings the auspicious appeal of his Lord. 'It shivered throughout him like a trumpet-call.' It was confirmed by the encouragements in the Church-letters of the previous evening.

He packed his message into two brief biddings—'two

plain, practical, pungent, quotable watchwords,' as Dr. Clifford has called them :

'Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God.'

For seventeen years he had been making things in his workshop in pairs. This sermon fell under the unconscious power of the same habit. They certainly are the right and left foot shoes for every pilgrim and soldier of the Kingdom.

Their homely brevity was an unorthodox audacity—in contrast to the long-headed, many-jointed sermons of the period, and in particular of Association sermons. He dared to be simple, even though Ryland was to succeed him in the preachings of the day : in too deep earnest for mere approved homiletics. Not there for display but for dynamic ; not to score a personal pulpit success, but to win a case, a very battle for his Lord.

The burden, nay, benison of his message was this, that the divine way out from failure and disgrace was a wider vision, a bolder programme. 'This speaking-man kept to this point.' He led them back to Galilee's mountain of the forgotten commission, and laid its obligation on their consciences and hearts.

The order of his watchwords is oft misquoted, and has sometimes been criticized, as if our 'attemptings' should precede our 'expectings.' Carey's order reversed the vowels of his own name, and was the true sequence and reverence—Christian enterprise the fruit of Christian faith ! Anything else, as Culross said, would be the cart before the horse.

He brought his message to a close with no rhetoric. Like Peter at Pentecost, he pleaded for committal, for action. From Nottingham the prayer-call had eight years earlier gone forth. He bade them pledge themselves there and then and plunge, dally and disobey no more.

At Nottingham an ignoble king had raised his standard, and summoned his kingdom to his unworthy and divisive cause. In Nottingham, under the shadow of its castle, Carey unfurled the banner of an all-glorious world-meriting Lord.

Fuller, in a letter to Fawcett, called it 'a noble sermon.' Its effect on Ryland we have already recalled.

The next morning, after a sunrise experience-meeting, in which, as Fuller said, 'they yearned to feel each other's spirits,' the private business-session of the 'ministers and messengers' was held. They made grants to two infant home-mission Causes. They gave half a guinea each to their four poorest ministers towards their fare. They voted five guineas to the fight with 'the inhuman and ungodly trade in the persons of men,'—a handsome contribution, seeing that the Association's whole income was only £21. Then they found themselves up against Carey's question, his yestermorn sermon with its final and peremptory appeal. They could not escape, as at Clipstone, by requesting the publication of his pamphlet. His *Enquiry* was in their hands, the sermon's loud seconding. Yet, as J. C. Marshman tells us, 'When they came to deliberate, the old feelings of doubt and hesitation predominated, and they were about to separate without any decisive result, till Carey was in an agony of distress.' He could not believe that his brother-ministers and their co-delegates, after responsible deliberation, would once again have no faith to do anything; that, like the scouts returning to Kadesh, they would see only the Anakim and the impossibilities. As once more his colleagues quenched the Spirit, and made the great refusal, all the disappointments of God surged through him:

> 'Desperate tides of the whole world's anguish
> Forced through the channels of a single heart.'

Turning to Fuller, that 'square-built athlete,' as Brock termed him, that 'athlete alike of body and of mind,' that 'man with so large a quantity of being,' and gripping his arm, he cried, 'Is there nothing again going to be done, sir?' This was a creative moment in the history of Christ's Kingdom. Deep called unto deep. Fuller trembled an instant under that importunity, gesture, and heartbreak, and then his soul was stabbed awake, and the Holy Ghost flooded his spirit. *He* also heard 'God's sigh in the heart of the world.' Often had he sympathized with Carey's propaganda, though too timorous for committal. Now he

became convert and comrade, the first of Carey's captives, the first of Christ's new 'expectant attempters.' He crossed his Rubicon. He put both hands to the plough, nor ever thence looked back. He stood from that instant as Caleb with Joshua. They were two men with one soul:

'No precipice is too steep for two'

sings Ibsen. When Fuller threw his inspired strength into the Cause with Carey, things changed, men yielded. Carey alone, the hare-brained enthusiast, the man with the bee in his bonnet, they could elude; not Fuller and Carey. When Fuller pleaded for the reopening of the shelved business, they could not refuse him. His face was like Rab's, as Brown once himself felt, 'a sort of thunder asleep, not to be trifled with.' He took the kingdom by violence. Under his insistence, even at that twelfth hour, they repented and turned towards the light. Before they dispersed that Thursday noon, Carey saw this passed, on Fuller's proposition:

> 'Resolved, that a plan be prepared against the next Ministers' Meeting at Kettering, for forming a Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathens.'

It sounds little, and indeed has been represented as only another polite postponement. But it registered a change. It cancelled the former inactivity. It reopened the shut door. It compelled a further consideration of the question. It authorized and commissioned the preparation of a definite proposal. The 'pamphlet' was now to be followed by a 'plan.'

So Carey's spirit of heaviness was transformed into a robe of praise. His hope was the brighter because the question would come up again in Fuller's Kettering. Then, in the faith that the Society would assuredly be born, he rose to be its first contributor. Money would be needed. He would give all the proceeds of *The Enquiry* to its funds. With the cost of printing practically covered by Thomas Potts's £10, and the price 1s. 6d., and the interest in its message now so quickened, these were sure to be considerable. He gloried to lay them on the altar.

Nottingham was thus saved from being a guiltier Clip-

stone, and did at last discern its day. On that 31st of May, the threshold of summer, it rose to follow its beckoning Lord.

Yet the town knew nothing nor cared. The Association had not so much as rippled its surface. It was progressive enough for a weekly 'Journal,' but in its issue of June 2 Carey's message found no place. Mention was made of an eloquent Whit-Monday sermon in St. Mary's, but of 'expectings and attemptings' not a word. It was filled with the sound and fury of the Revolution, then reaching its height. It contained a long letter from tumultuous Paris, and told of war between Austria and France, of Birmingham riots, of Newgate executions, and of the Tories' wrath at the Whigs' mildness with Tom Paine. For 'earthquake, wind, and fire' it had eyes and ears, room and welcome. God's 'still small voice' in 'Friar Lane' it could neither catch nor interpret. Yet what was said and done that week in the humble meeting-house has had profounder issues for God and man than even the French Revolution, and is acclaimed by the discerning as the glory of Nottingham. 'The foolishness of God is wiser than men.'

VIII. THE SOCIETY'S BIRTH

'The Baptist Missionary Society was the first voluntary Association of private individuals for missionary purposes in modern times. There were two ancient ones, belonging to the Church of England. The Moravians and the Methodists, too, had previously begun their missionary undertakings, and made much progress. But with this difference. *Their* Missions were undertaken, in the first instance, by persons who exercised considerable ecclesiastical influence over these religious communities; they were in fact the Missions of *the body*; and individuals only followed in the train of their Heads and Leaders. But it was the honour of the Baptists to have engaged in missionary efforts, without such commanding influence or stimulus from headquarters.' JABEZ BUNTING, 1822.

'In 1792 the Baptist Missionary Society was born. Many other things were born about that same time. The French Revolution was in its throes at this juncture. When a storm arises, we timidly cry that it may abate. But the Church of God has less to fear from excitement in the public mind than from apathy.' Dean VAUGHAN.

'We have heard again and again of this Society as founded by William Carey. If this Baptist Missionary Society was indeed thus founded, I should tremble for its future; for William Carey is dead. This Society was founded by the eternal God.' ARTHUR JEWSON, Calcutta.

'It was a spark dropped from heaven.' JAMES MONTGOMERY.

'Am I wrong in suggesting that the solution of the money problem of Missions rests with the ministry? I recall always, and with increasing interest, that the £13, 2s. 6d., the first collection of our Society, was a ministers' collection,—ministers with small incomes but large hearts. Carey had given them a new vision of God that thrilled them with a glorious conception of a long neglected duty, and they led the way in enthusiastic Christian giving.' HERBERT ANDERSON.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SOCIETY'S BIRTH

KETTERING

October 2, 1792

KETTERING stood a chance of cradling modern Missions fifty years before this 1792. Doddridge had long been burdened for the evangelization of the world. He poured forth his yearning to East Anglian Independent ministers in 1741, and propounded his scheme. Again, in August, to a like meeting in Northampton, when it was resolved to rediscuss it in Kettering in the October : which was done. Doddridge preached in the ' Great Meeting,' and the conference followed. But the project was stillborn. He could persuade them to no action. He was half a century before his time.

Fifty-one years later to the very month, Kettering became the gathering-place of another conference—this time Baptist—to face precisely the same problem. Nor did it now shrink back unto perdition, but was wise unto the saving of its soul. The ' Little Meeting ' (the Baptist chapel's name) proved braver than the ' Great.'

Kettering deserved to be the place where the Northampton Association made its chief contribution to the Kingdom of God ; for here the Association had been first planned, and here had oftenest met.

Fitting it was, too, that Fuller's home should be the mother-town of modern British Missions. Beyond others, he had rescued Scripture from the immoral fatalism which had smothered man's sense of obligation to carry the gospel to the unreached world. His sledge-hammer had broken the super-Calvinists' bad logic to pieces. He had prepared thus the way for world-preachers. He had saved the day, too, at Nottingham, and was to prove the unrivalled home

captain of the Cause. His capable hand is seen in all the arrangements for this 2nd of October.

The preparatory meeting of the leaders was held the previous day in the home of Thomas Gotch, the readiest of Fuller's deacons for enterprise in business, town, and church, who had already substantially helped Carey, and doubtless goaded them all forward. The morning preacher was Ryland, and Fuller had his heart's desire when, with his very text, Ryland ran his flag to the masthead, and committed himself to the contemplated venture. 'I the Lord work a work, and who shall let it?' Pearce preached in the afternoon, having been brought from beyond the Association's borders, to cast love's fire into their hearts. For the evening fellowship and bounty and business the ministers were welcomed, as so often before, into the hospitable home of the Wallis's, the home that they used to call 'Gospel Inn,' so many preachers having been guests there through the twenty years of its standing. Deacon Beeby Wallis himself had died just a while before: none the less his widow gathered them to her table, arranging, it would seem, with Joseph Timms (a wool-stapler) who had just been elected to fill her husband's place on the Kettering diaconate, to act in her stead as nominal host. After this fellowship and bounty they adjourned for the day's chief business into the cosy lean-to back-parlour, still traceable in an old plan of the town. Only twelve feet by ten, it was a tight pack for the twelve ministers, the 'Bristol' student, and young Deacon Timms.

When the preliminary items of business had been dealt with, they were called to consider the shaping of '*The Plan*,' according to the Nottingham instruction. But most of them were unprepared for this hurry, unready to commit themselves to the *idea* of a Missionary Society, still less to discuss its *plan*. Not half of them had been present at Nottingham: not half, therefore, had heard either Carey's sermon or Fuller's twelfth-hour prevailing appeal. And some who had heard had since grown timid. They felt themselves so helpless. Theirs were such little flocks. Their folk were so illiterate and poor, who could neither be expected to grasp nor support such a vast undertaking. Nor had they experience nor precedent to guide them. And

they seemed to themselves too inland and isolated to direct such an overseas' effort. The greater centres and churches, they said, must take the initiative and shoulder the burden.

Nor should all this surprise us. They really were nobodies from nowheres, with no least influence beyond their village bounds. These villages themselves it would have puzzled even a mid-Englander to locate—Braybrook, Cottisbrook, Foxton, Thrapstone, Arnsby, and Roade. The Thrapstone Baptists were too few for fit formation of a church. Neither in Roade nor Foxton did they number twenty-five. The whole thing was of the humblest. As Fuller said years after, 'there was little or no respectability amongst us, not so much as a squire to take the chair.' They were justly fearful.

Then Carey, who had been close student of Moravian Missions, and a reader of their *Periodical Accounts* from the first, produced their latest issue, and reported its contents—a veteran missionary's prosperous last voyage amongst the West Indies, a Christian triumphal march of Brainerd's successor, Kirkland, with Indian Christian warriors and chiefs; hundreds of adult negro baptisms; three missionaries bound for the Cape; three others just arrived at Tranquebar; a hundred and thirty-five on the missionary roll of the Brotherhood!

'See,' said he, 'what Moravians are daring, and some of them British like ourselves, and many only artisan and poor! Can't we Baptists at least attempt *something* in fealty to the same Lord?' Under the constraint of this cheer and challenge, they hushed their fears at length and acquiesced; they trembled and ventured. Only faith as of a grain of mustard seed: only a gleam they followed through the dark. But, ever since, they have had witness borne to them that they were well-pleasing to God.

The faith of the five—Carey, Fuller, Pearce, Ryland, and Sutcliff—in hazarding a Missionary Society with only so humble and feeble a backing was new in modern British history. Puritans looked to parliament as patron and treasurer of Missions. Cromwell planned to have them a department of Commonwealth service. Rector Castell, of Carey's own county, petitioned the House of Commons to dare them. Berkeley built all his elusive hopes of West

Indian Missions on a parliament bounty. Brainerd was agent of the strong Scottish S.P.C.K. Wesley was sent to Georgia by the new colony's trustees. Even Moravians had behind them their wealthy and consecrated Count, besides a Church apostolic and united.

But the five had these seven timorous pastors of obscure little village causes! The overwhelming majority of their British churches knew nought of their purpose. Their other five Associations stood wholly unaware and uninvolved. Their London churches could scarcely but be critical of a movement so provincial and rural. There was no Baptist union. All was hopelessly unorganized. And yet they dared forward, having heard 'the voice like the sound of many waters,' and having seen 'the eyes like coals of fire.'

The resolution, to which they constrained all to commit themselves, ran thus:

> 'Humbly desirous of making an effort for the propagation of the Gospel amongst the Heathen, according to the recommendations of Carey's *Enquiry*, we unanimously resolve to act in Society together for this purpose; and, as in the divided state of Christendom each denomination, by exerting itself separately, seems likeliest to accomplish the great end, we name this the Particular Baptist Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Heathen.'

'And the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before Him.'

Their name echoed and honoured the S.P.G. of the Anglicans of ninety years' service. But the added words 'amongst the Heathen' marked a more catholic and courageous objective. The care of the older S.P.G., as its own charter defined it, was 'for the spiritual benefit of our loving subjects,' with just an overplus of blessing for their heathen neighbours. It was colonial: the Baptist was missionary.

It is clear that they were denominational from necessity, not choice. Faced with the vast multitudes of heathendom, they felt the tragedy of the dividedness of evangelical Christendom, yet had to work with it as practical men. Their hearts were larger than their opportunities. That nothing sectional was purposed is proven by their early decision to forward their subscriptions to the Scottish

S.P.C.K. and to the Moravians, unless speedy opening was found for themselves; 'for, by the leave of the God of heaven, they were determined to do *somewhat* towards propagating the gospel in pagan lands.' And soon they did make noble grants to the Moravians.

They agreed that half a guinea should be the minimum subscription for membership, and each was asked to set down on paper what he was able and willing to give. The gifts were to be not just donations, but subscriptions, pledging the future. The papers were collected in Fuller's store snuff-box, emptied, perhaps, during the day by his brother-ministers and visitors. The promises were these:

	£	s.	d.
John Ryland, Northampton	2	2	0
Reynold Hogg, Thrapstone	2	2	0
John Sutcliff, Olney	1	1	0
Andrew Fuller, Kettering	1	1	0
Abraham Greenwood, Oakham	1	1	0
Edward Sharman, Cottisbrook	1	1	0
Samuel Pearce, Birmingham,	1	1	0
Joseph Timms, Kettering	1	1	0
Joshua Burton, Foxton	0	10	6
Thomas Blundel, Arnsby	0	10	6
William Heighton, Roade	0	10	6
John Ayres, Braybrook	0	10	6
Anon.	0	10	6

A total of £13, 2s. 6d., plus the proceeds of Carey's *Enquiry*, from sales of which, in Kettering alone, £1 came in that day.

The tradition that the £13, 2s. 6d. was contributed in cash on the spot is legend, as the Society's early accounts show, and a moment's reflection establishes. Pastors so poor could have produced no such sum on a sudden. The subscriptions were promises, most of which were paid at the month-end at the Society's next meeting. Three of the poorest needed a few months' grace, and one a full year.

The subscriptions were really fourteen guineas, a certain Elkanah Winchester and Rev. W. Steadman having (as we shall read in one of Carey's latest letters) nobly anticipated the Kettering decision by gifts to Carey for the Cause of respectively a guinea and a half.

The snuff-box seemed a queer receptacle for the first subscriptions of modern British Missions. Yet this one had

Carey's Knife and Fork, Leicester. The Moulton Communion Cup.
Carey's Hammer and Welting Tool. Fuller's Snuff-box.

odour of sanctity and fitness all its own, a representation of St. Paul's conversion being finely impressed on its lid.

A caustic reviewer, years later, made merry with this launching of world-missions on £13, 2s. 6d. But nothing was here for ridicule, everything for respect. 'The sum was small but of great significance, like Gideon's dreamed barley-cake,' to quote Currie Martin—one of the heroic subscription-lists in Christian history. Dr. Lucas of Mussoorie has called it 'the wave-offering of the millions, which have since been laid on the altar of the sacred Cause.' Ryland's wife had to keep school to stretch his small income, yet he promised two guineas. Pearce was only visiting-preacher, and from beyond the Association. Sharman was accepting Moulton at 7s. 6d. a week; Greenwood was in grave anxieties in Oakham; Fuller was only pastor of the 'Little Meeting'; Burton had to be schoolmaster as well as preacher; Blundel was settling at Arnsby with wife and five children; Heighton was getting 13s. a week at Roade, and Ayres 11s. 6d. at Braybrook. The 'Anon.' was student William Staughton, thanking his lucky stars that he was there, but, true to studentdom, moneyless, even after his five Sundays' 'supplying' in 'College Lane.' He had to borrow to give his half-guinea. In after years he used to say, 'I rejoice over that half-guinea more than over all I have given in my life besides.' As just a bird of passage, he modestly withheld his signature.

The chosen Executive numbered five—Fuller, Ryland, Carey, Sutcliff, and Hogg—with the first as the inevitable secretary, and the last as treasurer, not just because of his private means, but in recognition of his whole-souled missionary zeal. From student days he had gloried in preaching in cottages, workhouses, and barns, on village greens and in busy streets.

'Bristol' was in good evidence that night—the denomination's one college. Ryland was just consenting to be its principal; Sutcliff and Pearce were old students; Blundel had left that summer; Staughton was still on the roll.

The leaders were all comparatively young—Ryland 39, Sutcliff 40, Fuller 38, Carey 31, and Pearce 26. Young men caught the vision. Young men took the plunge.

Thenceforward they lived for the Mission. Into the rush of its deepening river every interest of their hearts was swept.

Nor were the rest, whose story can be traced, forgetful of their Covenant. Ayres was a lifelong zealot. Burton kept his little church at Foxton missionary until his death. Blundel was a much-sought advocate of the Society, raising in one journey not less than £500. Hogg gave to the work, in faithful yearly bounties, nearly £150, and a further £90 at his death. Staughton, after declining 'College Lane' through some love affair, became an eloquent preacher of the States, a College president and a chaplain of Congress. But world-missions were his passion. He never rested till the American Baptist Missionary Convention was founded, of which he was first a secretary and then its president till death. 'Hearts of ice,' men said, 'would melt near his. His whole soul was in missionary enterprise.' The fire was lit within him, he always said, in Widow Wallis's back-parlour. So American as well as British Baptist Missions were in the womb of Kettering that night.

Long ago the Master slipped away at night in modest silentness from the midst of the Eleven near to Bethany. No others knew that He had gone. In Jerusalem was neither sign nor sound of His farewell. 'He shall come in like manner,' said the wise angels to the upgazing disciples. Church history demonstrates that word. He has always come most influentially in this unobserved fashion. He came on this October night in Kettering thus towards vast world-transformations, when He goaded these humble pastors in the lean-to parlour, and won them to their daring and their gifts. The busy world took no note of this insignificant little company. Kettering itself had no notion the next dawn that it had immortalized itself in the night. Yet its line was to go out through all the earth, and its influence to the end of the world.

IX. THE VOLUNTEER

'When once the Society was formed, the pillar of fire soon began to move forward.' Dr. D. L. Leonard.

'A Hand,
Always above my shoulder, pushed me.'
R. Browning.

'William Carey, stirred by the reports which Captain Cook had brought back from the Pacific Isles, proposed in his heart to go to Tahiti, if ever he should be permitted to become a missionary of the Cross. He was prevented by the Spirit, and sent to India instead. And could we, if we had had the placing of him, with the light of all subsequent history to guide us, have selected a post more truly strategic, considering the extraordinary genius which he developed as a linguist, and the work he was to do as a pioneer in biblical translation?' A. J. Gordon.

CHAPTER IX

THE VOLUNTEER

KETTERING

January 9, 1793

CAREY could attend neither the second nor third meeting of the Society. To the second he sent a Newcastle friend's donation of £20, plus his promise of four guineas yearly, which in its own way was as cheering as Pearce's £70 from 'Cannon Street.' To the third he sent this note :

> 'I have just received a letter from Mr. Thomas, the Bengal missionary, who informs me that he intended being at the Kettering meeting, but forgot the time when it was to be. He tells me that he is trying to establish a fund in London for a mission to Bengal ; he earnestly desires a companion, and inquires about the result of our Kettering meeting. The reason for my writing is a thought that his fund for Bengal may interfere with our larger plan ; and whether it would not be worthy of the Society to try and make that and ours unite into one fund for the purpose of sending the gospel to the heathen indefinitely.'

This cost Carey something to write. It might disarrange, delay, and destroy his own chances. Keen to be the Society's first missionary, as he undoubtedly was, he here introduced them to another, and this one an expert, who seemed to have arrived by punctual and dramatic providence. True, this other wished a colleague, and Carey might be offered this post. On the other hand, the Society might aid Thomas, and only vaguely promise him comrade, when fuller funds and surer conditions allowed. In any event, second fiddle for Carey, and a probable far postponement of his hope. Moreover, it substituted Bengal for his coveted Tahiti. It dissolved his nine years' dream-world into a scene wholly different—was a Leah for his Rachel !

Yet, since it seemed God's leading, and he wished to do nought but the 'worthy,' he instantly forwarded Thomas's letter, and advised co-operation.

The Society considered this 'a probable opening in providence,' and commissioned Fuller to make personal inquiry in London about the writer, and to see him if he thought fit.

Who was this *John Thomas*, who just at this time swam into Carey's and the Society's ken? Thanks to the data in C. B. Lewis's invaluable *Life* of him, we may make his true acquaintance. He had been a great human, a great Christian, a great missionary, a great unfortunate, and a great blunderer.

A great human! Every one in Fairford in south-east Gloucester got to know or know about Jack Thomas, the home's Esau, the obverse of his brother. Up to all mischief; kicking against all goads; fishing, birds-nesting and shooting rather than school; impatient of discipline; the despair of his deacon father; girding himself and walking whither he would; running away to alluring London; caught there at last by chance of a medical course—for this thing he feels he can 'do with his might,' and he does; then tastes life's thrills and terrors in the Navy, as assistant-surgeon and surgeon; tires of the Navy after brain-fever in 'Haslar'; tries his professional luck in dear London; loves and weds 'a genteel cousin of Squire Thursby'; gets desperately poor; is driven to sea again as an East Indian Fleet surgeon; voyages to Calcutta; in the Hooghly, he alone keeps his head and power to serve, when fever fills the ship with more dead than the living can bury; revels in the dangerous hunting in the Sundarbans, is an excellent shot; mountaineers on his home-way in St. Helena, where foot had never trod, to the near forfeit of his life; risks again, for love of home and wife, a London practice, and is again disappointed; returns to Calcutta as ship-surgeon; becomes there for months the 'caressed' friend and hero of a few high-placed British Christians, representative of commerce, medicine, law, and the Church; an acknowledged genius, loved of these strong souls, who urge him to a missionary career.

A great Christian, too, if that means one who exults in

the Saviour, confesses Him boldly, woos others to His love, delights in His Word, cultivates His fellowship and exhibits His spirit. It took Heaven's Hound twenty-five years of 'following, following,' to catch him from his fleeings 'down the nights and down the days'; once caught, he revelled in Christ's Saviourship, after his 'crimsons and scarlets.' His letters read like Rutherford's. 'Mine is a hope worth all the world.' 'Jesus Christ is still the life and briskness of all my joys, worth the name.' 'Very precious is the Saviour to a sinner of my magnitude.' 'I am defiled, nonplussed, and baffled, with sad slips and slides the backward way; but with no thorough turning back yet.' 'He knows what sort of man I am. My heart is all window to Him.'

As soon as converted, he craved Christian baptism; nor ever rested till, in spite of cautioning pastors, he took this public vow. He gloried in preaching in rural Cambridge and Herts. Preached on the Company's ships, though so unheard-of for a ship's doctor; made his cabin Christ's chapel—the famed Captain Wilson of the L.M.S. *Duff* in part the fruit of his importunate zeal. In Calcutta, instead of entering through society's gilded doors, as from his professional rank he so easily could have, he rather courted the few friends of the Saviour, and warmed their Christian love. He won young Englishmen in that city for Christ—Richard, the brother of Fanny Burney, of *Evelina* fame, amongst them, who was just being caught into the current of its gaiety, but whose new earnestness helped to fit him presently for the headship of its orphan school, and for a career of public service. God's Word Thomas loved like the nineteenth Psalmist, as sunshine, honey, and gold. His letters were shot through with its light. 'Psalm ciii. is so woven into the texture of my mind, that it will never be picked out.' He could have said this of whole volumes of Scripture. 'When I am asleep and when I am awake, I am still by a multitude of thoughts led into and all about Thy Word.' 'Sweet, happy day! How I boast in the Lord without measure or limit! My thoughts rise in multitudes, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost delight my soul!' Even under crushing cares his spirit could be ecstatic. In his forlornest Indian years his hut was a

Bethel, and he named it ' Bethelpur.' His severest critics will agree that he strove to spend himself for man and God.

A great missionary, it is bare justice to acknowledge. In his first acquaintance with Calcutta he was moved with compassion for the multitudes, as he saw their devastating fevers, their perils from wild beasts, from hurricanes and floods. His soul was stirred within him, as Paul's at Athens, by their God-quest, yet idolatry. Ere he could find one missionary-hearted friend there, he advertized for communication from any such—but with no helpful result. The godly merchants he discovered there, on his second arrival, were so blessed by his ardour that they believed him able to blaze with the gospel Bengal and Bihar, and thereto constrained him. With what justice his *Journal* is witness : ' I think I could do anything for Christ. I would suffer shipwreck and death to glorify Him but a little. But if He should tear me from these Indians, there would be a bleeding ; for my soul is set upon them.' None else in Bengal cared for the multitudes as he. He was ' the first, whether of English or any other race, who made it his life's business to take the gospel to the Bengalis.'

Long ere he could preach in their tongue, he could heal their sicknesses—his feet swift, his hands skilled to help. He ' never turned aside from man, woman, or child.' ' I am set down here in a house I have made of bamboo, straw, and string. Every morning the river-bank is covered with the lame, halt, and blind ; every one to be cured gratis, and be given a few pice for food. My heart aches for their helplessness in body and soul.' The longer he dwelt with them in their famines and pestilences, wrongs and oppressions, the more completely he was theirs. He saw their Sati twice, and his soul blazed like the funeral pile. He made Malda ' a spiritual oasis in the desert of Bengal.' He learned Bengali, as Kiernander never had. After three years he could hold crowds, and reason with their Rabbis. To acquaint himself with Sanskrit he sojourned at the Hindu Oxford, Nadia. The people heard him gladly, and hung upon his words. He gloried in telling them of the ' Friend of friends ' ; that, ' whilst their books taught them how the wise and the rich might enter the Kingdom, his Book showed how the poor, the ignorant and the repenting

sinner should be received'; that 'in this world we judge Shastras, but in the next Shastras shall judge us'; that the Bible would fulfil the saying of their Shastras that 'a little Book should eat up all the big books'; and that Jesus would fulfil that other Indian saying that 'all nations should be one day of one caste and religion.' He translated 'Mark' and 'Matthew' into Bengali, and grew to be a famed evangelist, a formidable Christian advocate, with whom Hindu leaders had to count. News of his power reaching Calcutta, the affection and bounty of his friends were revived. Two high-caste Brahmins confessed extraordinary Christian experiences, and, though but 'halving souls,' as he called them, fearful of Christian baptism, they went strangely far towards the espousal of Christ's cause. His pundit rejoiced him by composing the first Bengali Christian hymn.

Many blossomings, of course, failed of fruition. Concerning those he trusted most, he oft had cause to fear. Of his pundit's moral character he was in some tormenting doubt. To his father he wrote: 'Of your son's success he can say little. Sometimes an inquirer starts up; and sometimes two or three together vanish to the grief of his very soul; but this is a work that requires a length of time *to begin to begin*.' And to his brother: 'My field of corn, which was very promising in appearance and vigorous in blade, is so infested with rats and mice and other vermin, and so dry for want of rain, and so sickly and feeble, that were it not for a shower now and then to fill up the holes of the rats and mice in dry places, and make it bud a little, I should ere now have given it all over for lost. Many tares, also, have lately appeared, which, whilst young, I took for corn. But, oh, what blessedness to gather in, if it be but *a single stalk* of the first fruits of the great harvest!' After five years' toil, unexampled, solitary and disappointing, homesick for wife and daughter, he planned to return to England. Yet he never dreamed of abandoning his Mission, though under bond to none for its pursuit. He set sail with the deliberate and declared intention of returning with British aid and a missionary colleague. Notwithstanding his experience of the grip of caste and the faint-heartedness of converts, he pitied rather than contemned, and still was

confident of Christ's eventual triumph. Salute him as a great missionary.

But on life's business-side luckless. Both his attempts at a London professional practice failed. 'I grew so poor that often pressed for debts I could not pay, after being arrested and for two days imprisoned, I had much difficulty in raising a shilling to meet the expenses of a day. Almost my every valuable was in pledge, and the money all gone. I knew not where to look.' Debt dogged his steps right through. Once he made £600 by trading: at the next turn of the wheel £2000 worth fetched only £900, and he was hopelessly stranded. His free daily treatings of the people cost him pounds' worth of drugs. A ship-surgeon badly fleeced him. An Indian robbed him. He was luckless.

But a woeful blunderer too. In money-dealings almost a fool. No rogue; no guile. Stupidly sanguine; lived in the clouds; never trod the macadam of reality; an exasperating Micawber, dreaming every dream of extrication and repayment. In debt's morass, planned ventures which would sink him deeper. Owing £1000, tried to negotiate the printing of his Bengali 'Mark' and 'Matthew' for Rs. 3000, sure that the money could be raised by public subscriptions; always sure that money could be raised. Urged his brother and family to come and share his Bengal labours, though himself in the pinch of want. Fell at last, though with other esteemed British residents, into the snare of a colossal Calcutta lottery. In the money-world foolish.

Nor here alone. Thought himself called to challenge the devout Master of Chancery, one of his best Calcutta friends, as dangerously Arminian, and wrote him an epistle sarcastic as a Toplady's—an epistle unforgiven, embarrassing his whole Calcutta Christian circle. Wrote a succession of chidings to his chief sponsor and supporter, letters meant as a pastor's faithfulness (though his pastor he was not), but incredibly tactless and extreme. Too late, scourged himself for his 'unmollified, ill-shaped, and hard-carved words.' Thrust his Baptist dogma upon his Presbyterian and Anglican contributors, to their sore irritation. Wrote an 'unanswerable' Baptist pamphlet, whose profits were to be devoted to 'the poor Baptist ministers of Europe!'

Was resolved in all this 'to stand up for the Lord, even if it came to a morsel of bread,' comforted that 'if the worst came to the worst, they allow pen, ink, and paper in jail, and the Bible.' Too late again, 'mourned his self-sufficiency in this uncharitable walk.' His dissertations—once of eighty-eight pages—were received in Calcutta with ineffectual remonstrance and increasing dismay, till he was the *enfant terrible* of those who had first 'caressed' him. Yet lovable and esteemable withal. Before he returned to England, they had mostly forgiven him and were helping him again, unable to deny his passion for India's redemption, his devotion to his Lord.

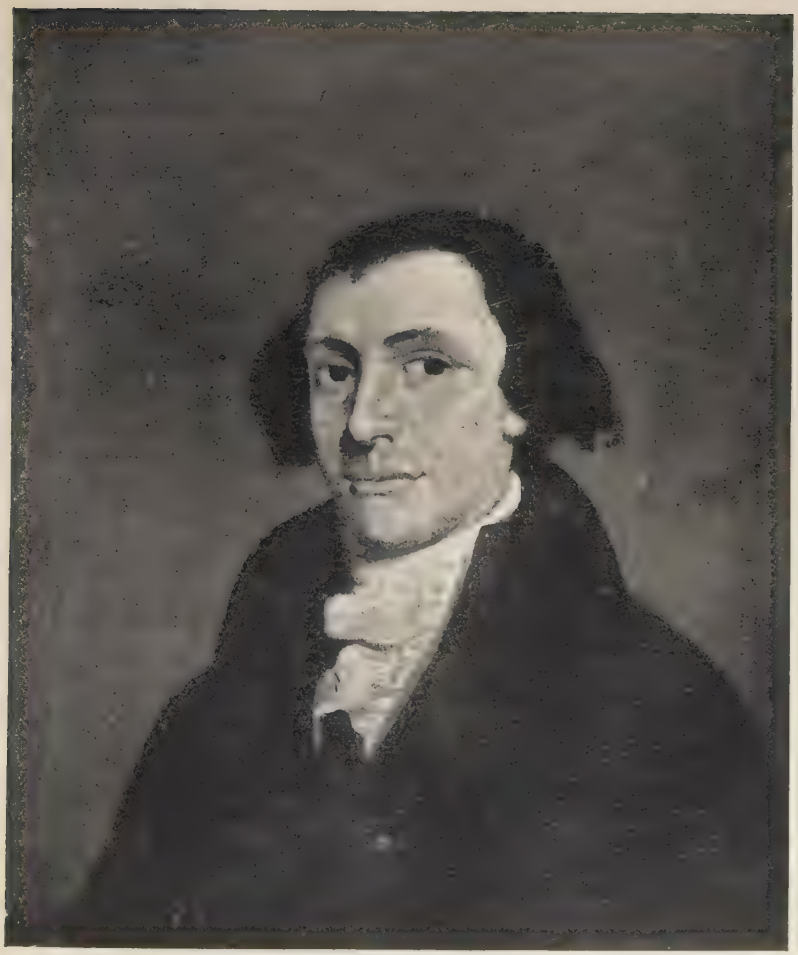
This was the man whom Carey's note introduced to the Society. He, of course, knew almost nothing of him then.

His forgetting of the Kettering date marked his unbusinesslike self. 'He ardently desired a companion' to return with to Bengal; half of his eight months' stay had passed, without avail; he heard what the Northampton Association was mooting, and of its Kettering appointment; nothing was so likely to promote his purpose; yet he forgot it, and failed to be there! [It was better that they reached their decision without his presence and urging.]

Fuller made the due London inquiries, especially of Abraham Booth, with whom Thomas had corresponded from Bengal. Encouraged, he met Thomas himself; rejoiced him with his errand, told him much of Carey and of Kettering, and booked him to meet the Society there on Wednesday, January 9, at a day of fasting, business, and prayer.

When the day arrived, Fuller was distressed to have neither Ryland nor Sutcliff able to be present; nor Thomas, who had seriously injured his foot. He reported his inquiries and interview, and read some of Thomas's graphic Indian letters to Booth. The Society at length agreed that Bengal appeared to be God's opening door, that union with Thomas was wise, and that, if he concurred, 'they would *endeavour to procure him an assistant, to go out with him in the spring*.' Then they gave themselves to prayer, in which, as Fuller wrote to Ryland, 'they all felt much.'

Carey preached that afternoon from last words of the 'Apocalypse,' which he had been steadfastly expounding



JOHN THOMAS (by Medley)

to 'Harvey Lane': 'Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be.' In the Kettering deliberations and decisions of October and of that day he could hear their Lord's re-arriving, to test their alertness, appoint their tasks and pledge His blessing. By the close of the service, who should arrive but Thomas? All hearts went out to him, for the courage of his coming, with his injured foot much swollen. Strange that they should make his acquaintance first as one brave but limping, like a Jacob after Jabbok. He dragged a maimed self ever, game but lame, warrior but weakling.

Of course, the Society regathered, excited that he of whom they had talked and prayed all the day was with them, to speak to them. With what a spell upon him Carey watched and listened, as, after nine years' missionary thought and reading, he now looked for the first time on a missionary's face. After joyous assent to their resolutions of the morning, Thomas recounted his Bengal experience to this eager little company, the like of which he could have found no otherwhere in Britain. He told of India's piteous need—its poverty, material and spiritual, its pilgrimages and penances, its swingings and Sati. Then of its Vedic hymns, and what stepping-stones he had found them to the preaching of the Cross. Then of his pundit Ram Ram Basu, and of two Brahmin inquirers, whose joint letter to the home churches he read, and which to Carey was the very voice of Paul's Macedonian. 'Have compassion on us, and send us preachers and such as will forward translation.' Carey could hardly repress himself.

Presently they asked of ways and means, of house rents and market prices, to forecast their budget—not knowing that this was the last man in the world to consult on such questions. Thomas could not be financially exact, nor give them safe guidance. His keenness to return did him honour, but it led him unintentionally to romance the business facts. 'In Malda you could buy fowls for 1d. and ducks for 2d., and pigs, sheep, or deer for 2s. 6d., and kids or lambs for 8d. For 18s. you could build an excellent house with mud walls and straw roof. He had done it, and had lived therein more comfortably than in England. Thousands of native

families covered the cost of everything with 10s. a month.' The rosy picture had truth, but was quite misleading. C. B. Lewis calls it ' a most incautious assurance of living's little cost,' piteously contradicted by Thomas's own endless money-cares. Immeasurable later tragedy would have been saved, had the Society learned at the outset the full grave measure of its task.

' Could missionaries support themselves in Bengal ? ' he was next asked. ' Yes, in large measure, though not, of course, at the first.' *Then* Carey volunteered, for he could offer with clear conscience. He had long believed, and in his *Enquiry* had insisted, that the initial outlay in the case of pioneers should generally be the only and the whole. The moment Thomas declared that this would apply to Bengal, he laid his life upon the altar of the cause.

Thomas sprang to his feet, forgetful of lameness, and fell on Carey's neck in tearful joy. Carey was taken aback, but this love-clasp bound him to his senior, and from that instant they were one.

Neither could the Society, in view of that embrace, halt for shrewd debate of ways and means. The fountains of the deep were opened. They hasted to commit themselves. ' Knowing,' says Fuller, ' Carey's uprightness of character, genuine piety, sound principles, growing abilities, and great ardour, they could do no other than accept his disinterested offer. They had long considered him peculiarly fitted for so arduous a work.' As for Carey himself, with that evening ending in such surprise, he ' knew a man in Christ (whether in or out of the body he could not tell) such an one caught up even to the third heaven, caught up into Paradise, to hear unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.'

Thenceforth he lived and moved and had his being for India. Nor did he ever doubt, not even when his road was roughest, that *God* through Thomas had switched him from Tahiti to Bengal. Though the Indian task was stiffer and more complex, more influential and imperial, than the South Seas' would have been, he could not deny, even with all his lowlihood, that by natural and trained bent and aptitude, he had been unconsciously prepared for this field. And in Thomas, notwithstanding his ungoverned impulsive-

ness and his most wretched involvements, he was to find a great-souled colleague.

Fuller, amazed at the pace of things, and fearful lest Ryland should think that, in his and Sutcliff's absence, developments had been inordinately rapid, wrote to him: 'You see, events of great consequence are in train; my heart fears, while it is enlarged, with the weight that lies upon us. It is a great undertaking; yet surely it is right.'

Right, too, it was that in Kettering, the Mission's Bethlehem, its first two representatives should be accepted for and appointed to their overseas' task.

X. THE MISSIONARY ELECT

'What was the answer of God's love
Of old, when in the olive-grove
In anguish-sweat His own Son lay,
And prayed "O, take this cup away"?
Did God take from Him then the cup?
No, child. His Son must drink it up.'

IBSEN, *Brand.*

'Not for delectations sweet!
Not the cushion and the slipper! . . .
. . . not for us the tame enjoyment;
Pioneers, O Pioneers!'

WHITMAN.

'Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest,
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.'

MYERS, *St. Paul.*

'It was very sad that whilst Christian England was waking out of her lethargy to her spiritual opportunities and obligations in India, commercial England threw herself across the path, and denied the right of Christian service for the Christless people of that land.'

Dr. J. P. JONES.

CHAPTER X

THE MISSIONARY ELECT

January 9–June 13, 1793

> 'After a battle half one's strength is gone ;
> And glorious passion in us once appeased,
> Our reason's calm, cold, dreadful voice begins.'

That night and all the way home to Leicester this 'calm, cold, dreadful voice of reason' began its debate in Carey's soul. Ground which had felt firm trembled. The pillar of fire became a pillar of smoke. How should he tell his loved wife that he had undertaken by the beginning of April to accompany Thomas to Bengal? It was out of the question for her to go with him, for just then she would be *within a month of motherhood.* How should he call her to face that motherhood without him, and later to follow with the children to India's far foreign land? She was home-bird, had never so much as seen the sea. Born in Piddington in England's midmost county, and living her first twenty-nine years there, she was home-clinging to a degree. Her people, as the registers prove, had for a century at least kept close to one another, sharing all their sunshines and griefs within the bounds of the village. Calcutta was much further from Leicester in the thinking of those days, and in the slowness and peril of travel, than now innermost Congo. The seas were infested with pirates. No ship dared leave our roadsteads unconvoyed. Then how should she dwell at nearly forty amongst a folk of foreign speech, when only since her marriage had she learned to write her own? But, beyond all this, there rose, as we have said, the interdict of her May motherhood.

Carey felt himself in a sore strait. Constancy to his own was a very marked feature of his character, son and grandson as he was of peculiarly tender parents. His mission-dream had never weaned him from devotion to

wife, home, and children, had 'never choked the springs of warm affection in him.' He would 'oh, so much sooner have fondled than smitten'—like Brand with Agnes. Like another, he dreaded the altar-building, the wood-laying, and the disclosure of his secret.

She could not be passive as Isaac. It outran her breath. She resisted, she rebelled. She would not consent to his going. Yet he could not surrender. He felt that, with Bunyan, 'he was pulling down his home on wife, children, and himself; yet he had to do it, he had to do it.' 'He that loveth wife or child more than Me is not worthy of Me.' He had heard the clear call, and had pledged his obedience. He had engaged to close his school to free himself for journeys and business on behalf of the mission. It would be dishonourable not to tell 'Harvey Lane' the next Sunday. He could not bear to have them first learn what had happened from others. Though it cost such tears, he was bound to seem ruthless. Oh, the loneliness of these two loving hearts!

'There rolled between them both the sea.'

On the Sunday he told 'Harvey Lane.' 'Never did I see such sorrow manifested as reigned through our place of worship'—though he had not forgotten the mourning of Moulton. So woestruck was the church and so inconsolable his wife, that he had to entreat the mediation of Fuller. How firm was his own purpose, the following proveth:

'Leicester,
'*Jan.* 17, 1793.

'Dear and Honoured Father,

'The importance of spending our time for God alone is the principal theme of the Gospel. "I beseech you," says Paul, "by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice; holy and acceptable, which is your reasonable service." To be devoted like a sacrifice to holy uses is the great business of a Christian. I, therefore, consider myself devoted to the sole service of God, and now I am appointed to go to Bengal in the East Indies, a missionary to the Hindus. I shall have a colleague, who has been there five or six years already, and who understands their language. They are the most mild and inoffensive people in the world; but are enveloped in the greatest superstition and in the grossest ignorance. My wife

and family will stay behind at present, and will have sufficient support in my absence; or should they choose to follow me, their expenses will be borne. *We are to leave England on the 3rd of April next.* I hope, dear father, you may be enabled to surrender me up to the Lord for the most arduous, honourable and important work that ever any of the sons of men were called to engage in. I have many sacrifices to make. I must part with a beloved family, and a number of most affectionate friends. Never did I see such sorrow manifested as reigned through our place of worship last Sunday But I have set my hand to the plough. WILLIAM.'

Edmund Carey replied that it was 'the folly of one mad.' He could not believe he would persist. We can sympathize with him, for, as his younger son once said of him, 'though well and strong, he experienced throughout his life every evil in anticipation.' He conjured up every peril. But William had 'set his hand to the plough.'

Fuller took Sutcliff with him on his mission of mediation. But Mrs. Carey could not be reconciled. Her husband was not strong; she had seen his long ague; he would never be able to endure India's hardships and heat: she was sure she could never follow; they would never meet again. In 'Harvey Lane' they witnessed another love-struggle, grievings such as Luke tells of at Miletus and Caesarea. Carey had led them out of their shameful dishonours and disunions into such love, activity and peace, that they were a changed fellowship. A third of the members were his spiritual children. 'They loved him,' as their church-book said months afterwards, 'as their own souls.' How could they give him up? Like Dorothy Carey, they resisted and rebelled.

Till one rose and struck a brave note. He reminded them how their pastor had taught them to care for Christ's kingdom, what stress he had set on their monthly missionary prayings, how often he had added extra such meetings on market-days for their country-members and neighbours; they had never been so drawn to intercessions. 'And now,' said he, 'God is bidding us make the sacrifice, which shall prove our prayers' sincereness. Let us rise to His call, and show ourselves worthy. Instead of hindering our pastor, let us not even be content to let him go; *let us send him.*' To this appeal the tearful church made

response. Up God's steep mountain-track they set themselves to climb: sure proof for Carey that he had not toiled in Leicester in vain.

Fuller never forgot that winter night in 'Harvey Lane'—its lamentations and its courage. It became to him the pattern case of a pastor honourably leaving a loving and prospering church for the rendering of more service. He often recalled it in his correspondence.

'Harvey Lane' has been charged with obtuse indifference to what was transpiring, on the strength of this church-book minute:

> 'Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., Jan.—No business of importance, except that in Jan. 1 our pastor gave us notice that he should leave us in March, having engaged to go on a Mission to Bengall in the East Indies."

And, forsooth, the minute is extraordinary. But that it must be attributed to a slack, incapable, and tactless secretary rather than to a blind and callous church is proven by this 'Harvey Lane' letter to the Association that Whitsun:

> 'Dear Brethren,
>
> 'Last year we observed that the Lord smiled upon us, and Healed our Divisions, and Blessed us. Then we had some Increase. But this year He has shewed himself to Be a God who answers Prayers (Perhaps more than at Former times) to us. We have this year Received 19 members by Baptism' [Carey's last year] 'and we have Reason to hope that moore are under Concern of soul, our Present Number of Members is 80^{ty}. But in the midst of our Expectations, and our growing Union, we Where Visited with a Blow which we Feel the weight, perhaps moore than You can suppose. Our Dear and Beloved Pastor was Called From us, to go and Preach the Gospel to Heathens. The Shock was great—great indeed to think of Parting with a minister we so dearly Loved—with faithfulness and with efection which he was posest of, Indeared Him to us moore and more. But what can we do? His Heart had been Long set upon it, we had Been Long Praying For the Gospel to Be Sent, and Now Providence opened a way, and we were called to make this Painefull Sacrifice, in answer to Prayers. We know that the Head of the Church can Supply our Wants, and hope we shall Be remembered For good By our Sister Churches.'

By request of Fuller and Sutcliff, Carey went north to cast the mission fire into the heart of West Yorkshire's

veteran Baptist. John Fawcett 'entered into the Society's plan with all his soul,' became a personal member, undertook to enlist his people, and to broadcast Thomas's thrilling narrative and appeal, and advised immediate communication with William Crabtree. 'Good old Mr. Crabtree of Bradford, though upwards of seventy, could not sleep for joy. He laboured night and day, and obtained more than £40—going even to the vicar and curate, who each gave cheerfully a guinea.'

Carey seized occasion of this Yorkshire journey to take farewell of his soldier-brother, then a corporal in a Yorkshire regiment. They never met again, but, as we shall see, his brother's two sons, just children at this time, followed in early manhood their uncle to Bengal.

Samuel Pearce could not let Carey embark without 'Cannon Street' hearing him, so won him to a week's 'love-visit,' and on the Friday Carey preached—'preached excellently,' Pearce wrote to his bosom-friend Steadman. Carey met Thomas Potts again. A river of divine happenings had flowed under the bridge, since they had first talked with each other.

Amongst the denominational leaders, whose help Fuller solicited for the Mission, was Benjamin Beddome, who for nearly fifty years had been pastor at Bourton. He had written one of our noblest ordination hymns:

'Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

'How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

'Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound.
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.'

One would have expected such a hymnist to be fervid as Fawcett, but this was his reply:

'Considering the paucity of well-qualified ministers, I think your scheme hath a very unfavourable aspect with respect to

destitute churches at home, where charity ought to begin. I had the pleasure once to see and hear Mr. Carey; he struck me as the most suitable person in the kingdom, at least whom I knew, to supply my place, and make up my great deficiencies, when either disabled or removed. A different plan is formed, however, and pursued, and I fear that the great and good man, though influenced by the most excellent motives, will meet with a disappointment. However, God hath His ends, and whoever is disappointed, He cannot be so. My unbelieving heart is ready to suggest that "the time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built."'

London's Baptist leaders were after the same way sceptical. By the invitation of Timothy Thomas, to whom, amongst others, Fuller had written, twenty-three laymen and eight ministers (more than half the whole) met in 'Devonshire Square.' Booth was absent, unwell. Dr. Stennett, from the chair, in nearly an hour's speech, urged much caution. Booth's deacons, Fox and Gutteridge, were definitely hostile. The chairman at length yielded to Rippon's suggestion that they might help, if they wished, as individuals—perhaps even as individual churches; but to form an Auxiliary would seem to commit the denomination to the infant movement. Should it end in disappointment, as he feared, they would all be discredited. To this wisdom of Mr. Timorous they consented.

'Dr. Stennett predicts,' wrote Fuller to Carey, 'that "the Mission will come to nothing. People may contribute for once in a fit of zeal, but how is it to be continually supported?" For my part, I believe in God, and have little doubt that a matter, begun as this was, will meet His approbation, and that He who has inclined the hearts of so many hitherto so much beyond our expectations will go on to incline them "not to lose the things which they have wrought." I confess I feel sanguine, but my hopes are fixed in God. Instead of failing in the E. Indian enterprise, I look to see not only that but many others accomplished.'

Carey, blessed in such colleague, made answer:

'I expected the London people would do just as they have done. But the Cause is of God. I feel my heart more and more engaged in the great work, and am so much set upon it, that *I would rather undergo all the perils of a journey from Holland to Hindustan*, should it be impracticable to obtain a passage by sea [Fuller had written of this difficulty] than not go upon the glorious errand. It is God's work. Yet I have a very severe

sensibility of the sacrifices I must make. God sees it best to strip me of those comforts, in which I am inclined to rest too much.'

But to his deep solace he could add :

'My wife appears rather more reconciled than she was to my going.'

The next week they broke up their Leicester home. He took her and the three boys to her native Piddington, and settled them in a cottage there, with her sister Kitty. A 'Harvey Lane' deacon, a baker, bought a wagon of wheat from a Piddington farmer, so that, returning, he might take Carey's furniture thither at low cost. During those last days Dorothy Carey could not bear to have her husband go utterly alone, so promised him Felix for solace ; eight years old, bright and gifted ; sure token also of her own eventual following.

Of Carey's last Leicester Sunday the story shall be given by Thomas Stutterd, a Yorkshire wool-dealer, travelling much in mid-England for his trade—a chief deacon of the Salendine Nook Baptists, Huddersfield, an all-awake man, who had already incited them to raise subscriptions for the Mission. Writing from Leicester to his wife, he says :

'The day I left you was rough, windy and wet. At Penistone I found my breeches very wet, and I had very cold weather from Woodhouse to this place. On Sabbath morning I reached Leicester ; went to Baptist meeting ; Mr. Carey spoke from Matt. xxviii.—Christ's commission to His disciples. Noticed the subjects to be baptized, and the action commanded. Betwixt each of the eight baptisms, a verse was sung. Seven were baptized three weeks ago. (What joy for Carey !)

'In the afternoon the meeting filled very quickly, and was very full before the service began, with sad countenances and weeping eyes. Mr. Carey delivered his farewell to a sorrowful congregation indeed. I never before witnessed such a mournful scene. I could not help being much affected. Loving people were parting with an affectionate minister, who had been made so remarkably useful amongst them, so that the membership is more than double what it was two years ago. Mr. Carey left the same evening, perhaps for ever. He leaves a peaceable people, whose hearts are bound to him, a comfortable salary, a wife waiting two months for her time, and two children. One boy goes with him, a voyage of 15,000 miles, to attempt the conversion of the heathen. How greatly must his heart be set upon it ! I asked him if he felt his mind comfortable in his

proceedings. He answered, "Yes, I do." He squeezed my hand to his breast, and said, "Yes, I do. My family and friends are dear to me. I feel much on account of leaving them. But I am clear that I am called to go. I am perfectly sure that it is the will of heaven that I must go. Therefore, I am happy in obeying that call!"

'I have met with a small misfortune this journey. Last Saturday morning, I had one shirt, two neck cloths stole, whilst in the care of the chambermaid. She was liable to make up the value of the loss, but I could not go to the full value as it was so hard for her.'

For the farewell of Wednesday the 20th, fourteen of Carey's brother-Baptist ministers gathered about him, including all but one of his county, and the Society's whole executive, and young Staughton—the first time they had all met since the founding. The morning was given to prayer. Fuller told how Bristol had just contributed £160, and a Mr. Newcomen of Barnstaple twenty guineas, and 'the hearts of the little churches in Worcestershire had never been so opened, their collections far exceeding what the most zealous could have expected.'

The chapel was so thronged in the afternoon to see and hear Britain's solitary Asian missionary, that the service began half an hour before its advertized time. Thomas wisely attempted no sermon, though announced for such. From 'their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god,' he told what he always called his 'tales,' things he had seen, the tragic sequels of India's idolatries.

In the evening Reynold Hogg comforted the bereaved church from Acts xxi. 12-14, and Fuller gave the charge to 'their Barnabas and Paul.' He was touched to unusual emotion, the springs welling up in his granite. Out of the abundance of the heart he found speech at once impossible and irrepressible.

'Every part of this day's solemnities has been affecting,' he said, 'but if there be one part more so than the rest, it is this allotted to me. Nevertheless, the hope of your undertakings being crowned with success swallows up all my sorrow. I could, I think, go myself without a tear, and leave all my friends and connexions in a Cause so glorious.'

Then he fixed their thoughts on the risen Lord as their commissioner and pattern, rebreathing on them His 'As

My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.' He besought them to live, as their Master, to glorify the Father and to shepherd His lost sheep; by their lips and lives to sow, as had He, God's good seed; prepared, like Him, for the derision of open enemies and the desertion of treacherous friends. So should they see, with Him, 'judgment brought forth unto victory' and 'the satisfied travail of the soul.' Before the assembly dispersed, an affectionate greeting was sent to Thomas's Indian inquirers.

That night the Society made due provision for Carey's home, in case of his or his wife's death, and pledged every care, as he entreated, to his children's education. Then, somewhere, the Five contrived to get apart—Ryland, Sutcliff, Fuller, Pearce, and Carey. They talked for the last time together of the task which lay with all its mystery and possibility before them. Carey drew them into a covenant, that, as he went forth in the Society's name and their Master's, 'they should never cease till death to stand by him.' And to this they plighted their troth. Where the two *and* three were gathered together in the name, Christ Himself was in the midst.

Later, in Fuller's warm mind, it took imaginative shape, and he would often thus describe it, till his pictorial words got transferred to the original event, and *the rope-holding pledge* became a fixed and consecrated tradition. But the simile was Fuller's, as he once explained to Christopher Anderson.

> 'Our undertaking to India really appeared at its beginning to me somewhat like a few men, who were deliberating about the importance of penetrating a deep mine, which had never before been explored. We had no one to guide us; and, whilst we were thus deliberating, Carey, *as it were*, said, "Well, I will go down, if you will hold the rope." But, before he descended, he, *as it seemed to me*, took an oath from each of us at the mouth of the pit, to this effect that "whilst we lived, we should never let go the rope."'

With entire fidelity that covenant was kept, in every case till death. By Pearce through only six years, by Sutcliff through twenty-one, Fuller twenty-two, and Ryland thirty-three, Carey himself surprisingly outliving Ryland by a further eight. Pearce became the Mission's preacher,

self-offerer, editor, saint; Sutcliff, its counsellor and tutor of candidates; Fuller, its secretary, statesman, pamphleteer, historian, and advocate; and Ryland, goader of his students into overseas' service, and, after Fuller's death, joint-secretary with another. They made Birmingham, Olney, Kettering, and Bristol the focal points of the home base. Like walls they stood about Carey, 'four-square to all the winds that blew.' He could not have been blessed with stauncher comrades.

On the very day of the Leicester farewell Fawcett sent Fuller the promise of £200, as Yorkshire's first giving.

> 'Mr. Crabtree,' he wrote, 'has exerted himself to the utmost. He desires me to tell you that the zeal of his heart in this has almost consumed his poor old body. He has gone from house to house, and great respect has been shown him by all ranks of people. I thought I should not be able to raise more than £50; but God has opened the hearts of all denominations. Two thousand "appeals" have been distributed, which have brought many guineas. My labour and care have not been little, but the kindness of my friends excites my warmest gratitude. My heart is much affected; indeed it is. I am ready to weep for joy. Blessed be God for this call, and that He has given me to see so much regard for His gospel and for souls. This strikes me most.'

Fuller, blessing the veteran, told him of the farewell:

> 'I need not say it was a solemn and affectionate meeting. Thousands of tears of joy have been shed. We love Christ better: we love one another better. A new bond of union subsists between the churches and ministers. How many names will now be embalmed in our remembrance for ever! When we review the shortness of the time and the magnitude of the object, we are "like them that dream." It seems too great to be true. We fasted, prayed and trembled, when we set out. We felt we were launching a vessel that needed superior ability to steer. At length we ventured, and hitherto we have succeeded. Surely, the Master hath been our pilot! Perhaps the greatest storms are yet to come! Be it so! Our eyes shall be up unto Him. When Christ was on board, the vessel could not sink, and those who doubted were reproved.'

When Carey left Leicester to spend a few last days with his family at Piddington, William Hinde, one of his Pury playmates, and then 'Harvey Lane' caretaker, helped him with his baggage. Carey insisted on his receiving a shilling.

Poor though he was, Hinde never spent it, but kept it as a sacred token through more than fifty years, for love of the pastor, to whom both he and his betrothed owed their conversions. He showed it to many in the Mission's jubilee.

On the Tuesday morning Carey and his wife knew the anguish of parting. He assured her that in some three years he would return for her, please God, to take her in safety to the Indian home he would prepare for her. That evening he preached at Olney—young Staughton, fresh from the Leicester gathering, having on the Sunday prepared his way—of which schoolmaster Teedon shall tell :

> '*Mar.* 24, 1793, *Sun.* — I went and heard Mr. Storton at Mr. Sutcliff's Mtg. give a very affecting acct. of the progress of the Gospel among the hindows under the ministry of Mr. Thomas, and that he and Mr. Cary were to be here and soon embark for their Mission after a collection.
>
> '*Mar.* 26, *Tu.* — I went to Mr. Sutcliff's Mtg. and heard Mr. Carey preach the missionary to go to the Hindos [the schoolmaster's spelling improving] with his son about 10 yrs of age [the intelligent boy looked older than he was] a collection was made I gave 6d. it amounted to £10. The Lord prosper the work.'

The £10 proved how Carey warmed their hearts. What was more remembered than even his sermon on Rom. xii., 'a living sacrifice' was his way in reading the lines of the closing hymn :

> '1. And must I part with all I have,
> Jesus, my Lord, for Thee ?
> This is my joy, since Thou hast done
> Much more than this for me.
>
> '2. *Yes, let it go !* one look from Thee
> Will more than make amends
> For all the losses I sustain
> Of credit, riches, friends.
>
> '3. Saviour of souls ! could I from Thee
> A single smile obtain,
> Tho' destitute of all things else,
> I 'd glory in my gain.'

His emphasis on that 'Yes, let it go !' startled the meeting.

Sutcliff had youths living with him preparing for college or the ministry. One of them with something of an artist's aptitude, impressed Carey for a sitting. The portrait is, I think, the one in Regent's Park college. One of its few copies (probably enlarged by the novice-artist himself) is in the committee room of the Baptist Missionary Society. It is obviously in the rough. As one has said, 'it is a likeness, though not a picture.' The wig, which is known to have been 'stiff and odious' (no credit to Wilson of Olney) is just a smudge. The student had no skill to render that. Carey flung it overboard on his voyage. But the man is there, as he appeared on the eve of his forthsetting. It is the face of one of the common stock, of a peasant, and suggests an upbringing under unsheltered conditions. The brown eager eyes, the strong jawbone, the full firm lips bespeak energy and resolution. What this man begins, one would expect him to finish.

Inability to get 'permits' filled that last London week with care. Without these the sailing would be illegal; its penalty, enforced return and confiscation of all goods. Yet there had seemed fair hope of such licence. When the Company's charter was before Parliament for revision that winter, Wilberforce had won the Commons to affirm that 'measures ought to be adopted for the gradual advancement of the people in useful knowledge and in religious and moral improvement'—to the joy of director Charles Grant, who had urged him to this effort. But, when the law-officers prepared the Bill for its further discussion, and concreted Wilberforce's general terms into the definite sanctioning of 'schoolmasters and missionaries,' 'Leadenhall Street' took alarm, and Westminster lobbies were swept by whirlwinds of protestation. The leave for Thomas and Carey was needed at the height of this uproar. They could not have struck a more impossible hour. Pearce consulted Mr. James Savage of India House—a fervid Baptist of 'Eagle Street'—who met the missionaries, 'loved them dearly,' 'would fain voyage with them,' yet had to counsel wariest prudence, the serpent's wisdom with the dove's innocence of harm. To ask for leave as missionaries just then would slam and bolt the door. Even Grant, whom Carey approached through Scott, could promise no help.

The time was unpropitious, suspicion alert, India House eruptive. Besides, he was unwilling to encourage the return of eccentric Thomas to Bengal. A most awkward dilemma for Carey and Pearce! They abhorred secrecy, but the path of outright openness was blocked. Yet the urge of Jehovah was 'Forward.'

At length, Captain White of the *Earl of Oxford*, whose ship-surgeon Thomas had twice been, engaged to risk taking them, without the due licences, to Calcutta. Conscious of their pure and patriotic purpose, they, with Fuller's distressed consent, closed with this offer, and booked the passages of all.

During this harassing week Carey called on 'good old father Newton,' the Anglican Spurgeon of his day, and received his warm blessing. Asked for his counsel in the event of the Company's bundling them home on their arrival in Bengal, 'Conclude,' said the rector, 'that your Lord has nothing there for you to accomplish. If He have, no power on earth can prevent you.' Was Carey quite satisfied, one wonders, with this Gamaliel passiveness, or did he face a possible call with Thomas to the defiance of a Peter and John?

The week's most influential incident was his being met on Sunday, the 31st, after preaching in Rippon's pulpit, Walnut Tree Alley, Carter Lane, by a Christian youth of twenty-three, named William Ward, a printer of Derby, who was visiting city friends. They walked almost to the Monument together, and Carey unfolded to him the desire and purpose of his heart respecting biblical translations. Laying his hand on Ward's shoulder as they parted, he said, 'I hope, by God's blessing, to have the Bible translated and ready for the press in four or five years (an over-sanguine expectation; it took him seven). You must come and print it for us.' Neither ever forgot this. Upon removal to Hull the next year, and baptism in the newly-formed 'George Street' church there, Ward was soon busy with village preachings: by 1797 was in training for the ministry, and by 1800 was with Marshman alongside of Carey in Serampore. The arrow reached its mark. Elijah's mantle rested on Elisha.

On Thursday, April 4, the seven embarked, two young

Smithfield cousins of Thomas accompanying himself, wife, and daughter. There was no such excitement as three years later attended the sailing of the London Missionary Society's *Duff*. Just Pearce and a few London zealots farewelled them at the wharf.

Fuller wrote to his ministerial friend Steevens of Colchester :

> 'We all knew Carey to be formed, as it were, on purpose : ready at learning languages ; open, generous, and upright ; of sound principles and disinterested soul, and a heart that comprehends the welfare of the world. There are difficulties attending his going, but he is the very sort to surmount difficulties. We could do no other than accept his offer. His church mourns, but no one murmurs. He goes and returns again in three or four years on account of his family.'

At the Motherbank in the Solent they anchored for their convoy. Here they were fretted by a six weeks' delay, and Carey was shocked and humiliated at the revealed involvements of Thomas, 'creditors hunting him as a partridge,' one writ for £100 compelling him back to London to disentangle his affairs.

They would have lodged, Carey said, in Portsmouth but for 'the exorbitant expense' ; so they crossed to 'the village of Ryde,' whose shops were then so primitive and few that he found it 'difficult to buy notepaper.' He preached on two Sundays in Portsea ; and in Newport for both the Independents and Baptists. Wherever he went, he met true friends of Christ, though in little Ryde he could hear of only a single such household ! For the worry and weariness of the six weeks' waiting he was more than compensated by home-news, to which this was his response :

'Ryde,
Isle of Wight, *May* 6, 1793.

'My dear Dorothy,

'I have just received yours, giving me an account of your safe delivery. This is pleasant news indeed to me ; surely goodness and mercy follow me all my days. My stay here was very painful and unpleasant, but now I see the goodness of God in it. It was that I might hear the most pleasing accounts that I possibly could hear respecting earthly things. You wish to know in what state my mind is. I answer, it is much as when I left you. If I had all the world, I would freely give it all to have you and my dear children with me, but the sense of duty

is so strong as to overpower all other considerations; I could not turn back without guilt on my soul. I find a longing to enjoy more of God; but, now I am among the people of the world (so different from his own home) I think I see more beauties in godliness than ever, and, I hope, enjoy God more in retirement than I have done for some time past.

'Yesterday I preached twice at Newport, and once in the country. This place much favours retirement and meditation; the fine woods and hills and sea all conspire to solemnize the mind, and to lift the soul to admire the Creator of all (The Isle in the incomparable beauty of its spring-time, May 6). To-day I dined with Mrs. Clark (once of "Harvey Lane") at Newport, and Felix found Teddy Clark one of his old playfellows, which pleased him much. He is a good boy, and gives me much pleasure. He has almost finished his letter, and I intend to add a little to it. He has been a long time about it, and I question whether you can read it, when it comes.

'You want to know what Mrs. Thomas thinks, and how she likes the voyage. She is very delicate, brought up very genteel, and cousin to Squire Thursby of Abingdon. But she is in good spirits, and the sea agrees with her very well. She sends her love to you, and is glad to hear the good news concerning your delivery. She would rather stay in England than go to India; but thinks it right to go with her husband. (They had been separated six years.) A young gentleman and his sister, cousins to Mr. Thomas, who have been brought up under the gospel, go with us.

'I shall be glad to hear of you, and how you do, as often as possible. We do not know when we shall go, but expect it will be in a week at farthest. Tell my dear children I love them dearly, and pray for them constantly. Felix sends his love. I look upon this mercy as an answer to prayer indeed. Trust in God. Love to Kitty, brothers, sisters, etc. Be assured I love you most affectionately. Let me know my dear little child's name.

'I am, for ever,
'Your faithful and affectionate husband,
'William.'

He added:

'My health was never so well. I believe the sea makes Felix and me both as hungry as hunters. I can eat a monstrous meat supper, and drink a couple of glasses of wine after it, without hurting me at all. Farewell.'

It touched Carey to learn that his new-born boy was 'Jabez.' There were many Biblical names in the godly Plackett circle—Sarah, Elizabeth, Phoebe, Priscilla, Joseph, Daniel, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Mark; but no Jabez.

Nor in Carey's home-circle. The mother had evidently read her Bible's less-known pages, and in her loneliness felt her kinship with that Hebrew mother of 1 Chron. iv. 9, who had named her son 'Jabez,' 'because she bore him with sorrow.' But the Hebrew mother's not unworthy ambition was also Dorothy Carey's, that her babe would grow to be 'more honourable even than his brothers, and that God would bless him indeed, and enlarge his coast, and His hand be with him, to keep him from evil'—a prayer which, we shall see, was literally and remarkably fulfilled.

On the Sunday of the week in which the convoy was finally expected, Captain White received an India House letter, signed 'Verax,' in warning that *one* of his passengers had not the leave of the Court of directors, the taking of whom forward would mean the forfeit of his command. Alarmed, he regretfully bade Thomas and Carey and another to prepare to leave his ship. Carey was persuaded that the letter was a vexed creditor's of Thomas, whom if they found and satisfied, the captain's anxiety would be allayed. Thomas, confident that through Mr. Savage of India House the writer might be traced, and its imagined reference to himself or Carey be disproven, rushed off, by the captain's leave, to test this. Unsuccessful, he returned in heaviness of heart, just in time to find the escort fleet in attendance, and 'Carey in tears.' The captain had bidden him quit the ship that day with his baggage. Mrs. and Betsey Thomas and the cousins, having 'leave,' might alone go forward; which they did, 'delicate Mrs. Thomas showing uncommon fortitude.' The baggage was taken out, and 'Carey, with a heart heavier than all, came away' with Felix and Thomas. The latter sped once more to London for a last lightning-effort, and Carey sent to Fuller the tidings of their woe. Hitherto he had kept silence in hope of deliverance:

'Ryde, *May* 21, '93.

'My very dear Friend,

'I have just time to inform you that all our plans are entirely frustrated for the present. On account of the irregular manner of our going out, an information is laid against the captain (I suppose, by one of T.'s creditors) for taking a person on board without an order from the Company. The person not being specified, both he and myself and another passenger are ordered

to quit the ship, and I am just going to take all my things out.

'Our venture must go, or it will be seized by the custom-house officers (*i.e.* their stock of goods for Indian sale, for their first year's maintenance). Mrs. Thomas and her daughter go. I know not how to act, but will write more particularly as soon as I get to some settled place. I leave the island to-day or to-morrow, and on Thursday the ship sails without us. All I can say in this affair is that, however mysterious the leadings of Providence, I have no doubt but they are superintended by an infinitely wise God. I have no time to say more. Mr. T. is gone to London again on the business. Adieu.

'Yours affectionately,
'W. Carey.'

On the 23rd Thomas was back, but again unsuccessful, and only to watch with Carey and bewildered Felix from the jetty the fleet sail off through the Solent.

Were ever hopes so mocked—that this should be the end of their six weeks' waiting, and of their prayings and plannings since October—the cup slipping and shattered from the lips? And how should they tell the Society and the Auxiliaries this upshot of their sacrifice and zeal? Any sufficing explanation would announce their attempted going without permit, and doubly bolt against them India House and Bengal. How withered lay Carey's dream-flowers, which had lately so flourished! What 'a squat turret, blind as a fool's heart' Childe Roland had reached for his valour! What a wintry May morning!

Two men were never in a drearier loneliness than Carey and Thomas on the Ryde foreshore—with the *Oxford* and her bodyguard vanishing—save the Emmaus two with their Christ-hopes all ruined. 'They stood still, looking sad'—'so sad they could not sadder be.' The *Oxford* was protected, escorted. God seemed to have left Carey and Thomas, like the Emmaus ones, alone.

They did not, however, waste their strength in tears over the spilt and precious milk, but 'commanded' a boat to Portsmouth, lodged there their baggage, and made instantly for London—the leaving of the baggage as sure an act of faith as 'Joseph's commandment concerning his bones'; for they trusted for departure by some quickly-following ship, refusing to believe the vanished *Oxford* God's last word. He would not mock their hunger with such scorpion

and stone. It was no time to stand still, however, for the salvation of God; they must take faith's kingdom by a holy violence. Carey proposed an outright demand of permits from the Court of directors; failing this, *the overland route to Bengal.* Magnificent, of course, but not war: a counsel of perfection rather than practical politics.

Thomas trod the footpath of reality that week; no fool this time, his head in no clouds. He led things captive to his will, and pressed the clay of circumstance, and compelled the wrestling adversary to change into his friend. Nor was it just his natural resilience, but faith in the living God, faith that uprooted sycamines and tossed mountains into the sea. By faith he subdued problems, obtained promises, out of weakness was made strong, turned to flight armies of hindrances. Walls fell at his challenge. Rivers parted at the touch of his mantle. Chains were slipped and iron gates opened. He moved as one inspired. He grew in wisdom and stature. He retrieved the catastrophe to which his debts had contributed. His outward-bound wife and child, too, bade him 'nor sit nor stand but go.' What he effected in a week takes one's breath. Not content to solve the problems the *Oxford* had left him, he aggravated them, and then more than conquered; believing that God had provided for them some better thing than their first expectation, which the disaster was to bring within their reach. He not only made a way for Carey, Felix, and himself to get to India, but pulled Carey's whole family through as well. He found the ship, constrained the persons, raised the money, managed the packing, fixed up the journeyings, fetched the baggage, and shipboarded them all. Carey never so marvelled.

The coach road to London climbed and stretched through noblest woodland, in May at its loveliest; but even nature-loving Carey had dim eyes for the beeches and chestnuts, until hopes began to wake within him that the ill wind of that day's bitterness might blow him the good of his wife and children going with him. So, reaching town, he wrote her to expect him by the next night's coach. Thomas had also done some rapid thinking. The Eastward-bound shipping season was nearly closed. No moment must be lost. A British passage was impossible. Some Scandi-

navian vessel must be sought, even if to reach her they might need to cross to Holland or to France; and then, perhaps, find her bound, not for Calcutta, but only for some other East Indian port.

He hurried to a familiar coffee-house down east, where seafarers foregathered, where he knew he best could learn the gossip of the quays. He told his waiter just what information he needed—'whether any Swedish or Danish ship was expected to sail from Europe to Bengal, or any part of the East Indies, that season.' Presently, to 'the great relief of a bruised heart,' the prudent expert, used to these furtive inquiries, brought no oral answer, but these written 'laconic, life-giving words':

'A Danish East Indiaman,
No. 10 Cannon St.'

Danish! then almost certainly bound for Calcutta and the Danish settlement along the Hooghly! Nothing could be apter. He hasted to Carey. 'No more tears,' he says, 'that night!' 'Their courage revived.' They fled to '10 Cannon St.,' under the very shadow of the cathedral, and found it the office of 'Smith & Co., Agents'—most laughably indistinctive! Betimes next morning they were back, and learned that 'Smith' was brother of the Danish ship's captain, and his home in Gower Street, whither they sped. 'Yes, his brother's ship was sailing from Copenhagen to Calcutta, was believed already on her way, was daily expected to be signalled, if the winds were favourable; would only halt, not anchor, off Dover—could scarcely be later than five days.' 'Yes, there were several unoccupied berths.' 'And prices?' '£100 for adults, £50 for children, £25 for attendants.' How 'plans that soared, to earth did fall' at that! This Danish vessel seemed to vanish like yesterday's *Oxford*. They had only £150, refunded by Captain White.

Thomas nobly proposed that Carey and Felix should be booked for the £150. He would take his chance and follow, when God should clear his way. But Carey scouted the suggestion. Besides, he must see whether his wife would go with him. He begged Thomas come and add his experienced persuasions to his own. So, that Friday

evening at 8 o'clock the two took coach again together, the guards armed with a blunderbuss and a brace of pistols. By 5 o'clock in the morning they reached Northampton, and by breakfast-time Piddington and Mrs. Carey's home. Must she be chidden that with her not-month-old babe at her breast, and her three other laddies under nine, she could not, at *a day's notice*, face the forsaking of her kindred, the five months' voyage, and all the hazard and strangeness of Bengal? She could not drink the cup.

Thomas and Carey came away, forlorner than on Ryde's foreshore. So desolate was Carey, that Thomas could not bear that this should be the end. He urged a further endeavour; which Carey forbade, as only the redoubling of sorrow for her and for himself. On the Hackleton high-road Thomas pulled up. 'I don't care what you say,' he cried, 'I 'm going back. I believe I can prevail.' But Carey would not. Re-entering the cottage, Thomas told of all the sobbing in his comrade's soul, all the constraints upon his own. 'I simply had to come back,' he said. 'I could not leave things so. For six years I have known the loneness of a sundered family. Don't doom yourselves to such a woe. I did not press you before, but now I feel impelled in love to be severe. If you refuse to go now, you 'll repent it as long as you live, you 'll repent it as long as you live.' Whereat 'she grew afraid.' At last she cried, 'I 'll go, if my sister here will go with me.' How human and how right—like Moses no longer refusing God's commission, when once he knew his brother was to share its weight! 'Tis a glimpse into that home-circle that, as she in after years told Ryland, Kitty slipped up into her bedroom to pray. 'When she came down, she was willing.'

'He maketh my feet like hinds' feet,' Thomas could have said. Before he was near enough for words, Carey understood, and his own feet were 'hinds' feet.' Not even in his love-making youth had he ever taken Piddington's hill-crest so quickly. She soon knew how he blessed her.

The next thing was to report themselves to a responsible member of the executive, and get the needed cash. 'We now,' says Thomas, 'set off for Northampton like two different men; our steps so much quicker, our hearts so

much lighter'—like the Emmaus ones returning. 'The counting of the cost, however, was still enough to damp our hopes. No less than eight fares, besides their necessary outfit; £700 at least—for the four adults, £400; the four children, at least £150; the outfit and heavy sundries another £150.' But Thomas believed he could strike vastly better terms.

Ryland had that morning received this breathless note. This bombshell had fallen:

'Kettering, *Friday, May* 24.

'My dear Ryland,

'Perhaps Carey has written to you—We are all undone—I am grieved—yet, perhaps, 'tis best—Thomas's debts and embranglements damped my pleasure before. Perhaps 'tis best he should not go—I am afraid leave will never be obtained now for Carey, or any other—and the "adventure" seems to be lost—He says nothing of the £250 for voyage—'Tis well if that be not lost—Comte must be called immediately. You write to (so and so): I to the rest.

'Yours ever,

'A. Fuller.'

Even Fuller's faith had shivered, and he had concluded the worst. Ryland was summoning the emergency committee, when Thomas and Carey were announced.

'Well, I don't know whether I 'm glad or sorry to see you,' he said.

'If you are sorry, your sorrow will be turned to joy; for all is proving for the best. We have seen Mrs. Carey; she is well recovered, and can accompany her husband, and is willing to do so, if her sister goes with her, and her sister has agreed.'

'But by what ship?'

'There 's a Danish ship expected within the next four days, and we can board her off Dover, and there 's room for us all. We must all go to London to-morrow. It 's the Lord's day, but it 's the Lord's business.'

'But how about money?'

'That 's just why we are here. We must have at least another £200.'

'£200! Impossible. I have £13 from Leighton and from Thorn. That 's all.'

'But we must have £200.'

'Oh, I just remember, there 's a bill for £200 from Fawcett from Yorkshire ; not negotiable yet, but very soon. Go to Kettering, and Fuller will advance it.'

'We 've no time for Kettering. We must be back in Piddington this morning for the packing, and in London to-morrow. There 's not a minute to lose.'

Then Ryland, conquered by this firm soul, scribbled notes to London brother-ministers, begging them advance the needed help, upon promise of early repayment. And they parted, 'never more to meet on earth.' So Fawcett saved the situation, and Carey's enkindling of him earned its opportune reward.

But even with £200 and the refunded £150, how could they meet Smith's business-terms ? Surely, Thomas was heading for a fresh and worse disappointment. Nay, he knew the thing to do. Once back in Piddington, he consulted Catharine Plackett, telling her the need, and his own secret purpose. He would forego a cabin and be Carey's attendant, with just the fare of a ship's servant, reducing his cost to £25. Would she rough it in like manner and be her sister's attendant ? She would. 'Wheresoever the gospel shall be preached, let that also which this woman did be spoken of for a memorial of her.'

Then Thomas ordered and hustled them all. Some of the furniture was sold : the rest was reserved for Fuller's disposal. And the next morning, albeit Sunday, there were the two filled chaises and the farewell ; for the boys, the ride to London ; for the sisters and the home-folk, the wrench, 'such parting as those make, whose hope to meet again is as the spider's web.'

Ryland's chits opened London purses, as Thomas's breathless story opened hearts. Friends advanced £72 more than the £200. In this tight corner of the Mission, London leaders proved most generous and prompt. With heavy pockets and light heart, Thomas repaired to 10 Cannon Street once more, astounding Smith by the family he had emboldened to the voyage and spirited to London. In faith he had done it. They had sold up home and come, though the usual business-terms were out of all question. Theirs was no business-errand, however, but a strange new enterprise for India and Christ. He implored his interest.

He could only offer 300 guineas for the eight; but only two cabins would be needed, he and Miss Plackett going as attendants of the rest, with the fare of ship's servants. Shipping offices are credited with little sentiment, but Smith was so taken by this amazing story and appeal, that without more ado he accepted 'these lowest terms ever heard of.'

The Careys, after many purchasings, were soon on the packet for Dover, to be ready for the boarding of the ship. Thomas coached once again to Portsmouth for the baggage, to take it round to Dover by boat. But, with the Channel beset with pirates, only one boatman would venture, and he asked twenty guineas; which Thomas dared not promise, though he dreaded losing his ship. At length, one faced it for nine, and 'they ran through all the pirates in the dark,' and reached Dover and the Careys 'with great gladness of heart.'

On the last day of that May-month Pearce wrote from Birmingham to his wife:

> 'Prepare, my love, to rejoice and wonder and be grateful! On the evening of the day you left I received a letter from Ryland, and what d'ye think he wrote? Why, Carey *with all his family* are gone to India!! When? How? you are ready to ask, and I cheerfully satisfy you.'

And he tells her the story, and then adds:

> 'By this time I suppose they have sailed. O what a wonder-working God is ours! Tell the whole now to others for the honour of our great Redeemer and the encouragement of His people. Three advantages are now secured: (1) The missionaries will go out more honourably, and the enemies of the Cause will not be able to reproach the Society with duplicity in transporting them under false pretences; (2) as the Danes are a neutral power, there is no fear of their being captured by the French on their way; and (3) Carey has the satisfaction of his whole family being with him, and the world has lost thereby one objection often raised against his going.'

For a whole fortnight, however, the *Krön Princessa* came not, the winds being contrary. At last, before three one morning, they were all roused in Crane Street, the ship and its frigate-escort being in the roads. By five o'clock

they were on board, but at a cost of three guineas. Thomas scribbled to London friends :

> ' *June* 13.—The ship is here—the signal made—the guns are fired—and we are going with a fine fair wind. Farewell, my dear brothers and sisters. Farewell. May the God of Jacob be ours and yours, by sea and land, for time and eternity ! Most affectionately adieu ! '

As they were borne away from Kent's white cliffs (never, except in Catharine's case, to rebehold them) they could say, ' Men never saw their native land with more joy than we left it.'

And Carey wrote in his diary that evening :

> ' *Thursday*, *June* 13.—This has been a day of gladness to my soul. I was returned, that I might take all my family with me, and enjoy all the blessings which I had surrendered to God. This " Ebenezer " I raise. I hope to be strengthened by its every remembrance.'

Along the track which Carey blazed other British and English-speaking missionary societies followed in remarkably rapid succession. The London Missionary Society first, through a few fervid souls in Bristol, together with David Bogue from Gosport, hearing the first mission-letters read from India in the summer of 1794 by Principal Ryland, which fired them to emulate and outstrip the Baptists in a more inclusive society. Fourteen months later, ' ancient bigotries were carried to blest burial,' as free churchmen, clergy, and church laymen joined hearts and hands for world-missions. The next August the *Duff* sailed down the Thames, to the cheering of thousands, for Tahiti (Carey's own early dream-isle) with the missionary party of thirty, singing :

> ' Jesus, at Thy command
> We launch into the deep.'

Scottish societies came next, in the year of the *Duff's* first sailing. Two zealous ministers of Edinburgh, Innes and Ewing, hearing in Birmingham, through Pearce, of the Bengal beginning, kindled the churches of the north. A missionary society was formed in Edinburgh, Glasgow soon following in healthful rivalry. Innes lent young Robert

Haldane the first volume of the Baptist *Periodical Accounts*. It so stirred him and his brother that they sold Airthrey for £30,000, and with Innes, Ewing, and Bogue, would have hasted to Benares, save for the absolute veto of the East India Company. Thus baulked, they gave themselves to the evangelizing of Scotland, and from the Tweed to the Orkneys religion was revived.

Under the beneficent provocation of the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society was formed in 1799, and its great career began. Also in 1799 the catholic founders of the London Missionary Society added the Religious Tract Society to their living structure; and five years later the British and Foreign Bible Society, to be the indispensable handmaid of all missions.

Meanwhile, America was feeling the new impulse, notwithstanding post-war prejudice against all that was British. Pastors John Williams of New York and Thomas Baldwin of Boston corresponded with Carey from the beginning of 1800, and sent him frequent and large help. Societies sprang up in both cities and linked themselves with him. Leaders like Professor Rogers of Philadelphia and Staughton of New Jersey—the 'Anon.' of Kettering—became impassioned advocates of the Cause.

In 1816 Methodists committed themselves to Eastern missions, and Dr. Coke saw of the long travail of his soul. The General Baptists followed suit the same year, under the goading of Pike of the 'Persuasives.'

By 1834 the Baptist Missionary Society was the first-born of fourteen British missionary societies, besides others Continental and American. As Greenhough puts it, 'the light, which Carey had kindled, spread from hill to hill like beacon-fires, till every Christian church in turn recognized the signal, and responded to the call.'

PART II

CAREY'S FORTY INDIAN YEARS

THE STORY OF HOW HE AND HIS COLLEAGUES 'BROKE WELL-NIGH EVERY PATH, WHICH HAS SINCE BECOME A HIGH-ROAD OF MISSIONARY ACTIVITY'

Marshman and Carey are amongst the five European names to be kept in India's enduring remembrance.' A Sanskrit sloka.

Marshman and Carey are names to remember early in the morning.'
A Hindu to another, whilst bathing at Serampore.

'Such a man as Carey is more to me than bishop or archbishop: he is an apostle.' John Newton.

'The longer I stayed in Bengal, the more I wondered at that man.'
T. R. Glover.

'As I bring this record of my life to a close and ask myself the question, "If you might have another life on earth, what would you do, what would you be?", I cannot help answering thus: I should certainly choose to be a missionary, to follow in the footprints of Henry Martyn, or Mackay, or Gilmour. For I see now, what I did not see at the beginning, that to be a pioneer of the gospel, and to preach Christ where He has never been known, is the greatest thing a man can do on earth.

'The ministry at home has its opportunities, its joys, its rewards, as well as its toils and abundant trials; but in the ordered hierarchy of God, in the circling ranks which Dante saw in Paradise, the apostles came first. The apostles are the missionaries: and we who are lower down in the scale—pastors, teachers, and evangelists—should eagerly recognize, and thank God for, those who are above us. We can only make up for our inferiority by frankly owning which order comes first, and by using all our opportunities and powers to send and support the pioneers.'

R. F. Horton's *Autobiography*.

XI. THE FIVE MONTHS' VOYAGE

'Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.'

SANTAYANA.

'Carey and Columbus resemble each other. Both were pioneers, yet neither was the first in his own sphere. Others crossed the Atlantic before Columbus, but their names and deeds are lost in obscurity. Others preached to the heathen world before Carey, but their contact with it was rather the accident of circumstance than the purpose of a life.'

W. Y. FULLERTON.

'The nerve of missionary endeavour is the conviction that in the Christian revelation there is something distinctive and vital, which the world cannot do without.' J. H. OLDHAM.

'To disturb and to destroy the religious beliefs, rites, and ceremonies of any people is to make an attack on the sanctuary of the soul, which can only be excused if he who delivers it has the certainty that what he offers is indeed the pearl of great price, to obtain which the surrender of the most sacred possessions cannot be regarded as too high a sacrifice.'

A. E. GARVIE.

'India was a close preserve in the hands of the East India Company. To go there without a licence from the Company was to become a poacher, and to incur the risk of being sent ignominiously home. A man without a covenant was in the Company's estimation a dangerous person; doubly dangerous such an one with a Bible.' Sir J. W. KAYE.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIVE MONTHS' VOYAGE

June 13–November 11, 1793

CAREY described the captain of the *Krön Princessa Maria* as 'a wide reader, and one of the most polite and accomplished gentlemen that ever bore the name of a sea-captain.' He was English born and bred, though naturalized as a Dane, after officership in the Danish army or navy. When he surrendered his very English name 'J. Smith,' he chose to be Captain Christmas, with its suggestions of bounty and goodwill. His half-sister was Lady Langham of Cottesbrook. He owned the ship he captained. This was his maiden voyage in the function of command.

Although uninterested in things religious, he showed the missionaries much respect. In deference to his London brother's commendation, he treated them as particularly honourable friends, refusing to hear of Mrs. Carey's sister or Thomas ranking as attendants of the rest. He gave the Careys the ship's largest cabin, half the stern width, sash-windowed and papered, with portion partitioned off for Miss Plackett; and to Thomas a best cabin. All were welcomed, like the rest, to his own table. He sent them wine in their early distresses. Twice a day he would assure himself that they wanted for nothing.

The Bay dealt so roughly with them that their mail could not be taken at the return of the convoy—Carey's third day's note running thus, 'Still sick in the Bay of Biscay. Lat. 47° N., Long. 3° W.'—a characteristic entry. Off Spain they were becalmed, and again for a week between the mainland and the Verdes. Wind, then, drove them near to Brazil, whence the South Atlantic current took them to the Cape.

They met with 'innumerable civilities' from their fellow-

voyagers. To their morning and evening worship and the Sunday services in their cabin ten or twelve gathered—only one in the ship disdainful. They formed 'a tolerable choir.' Carey delighted in their racial diverseness—Danes, Norwegians, Holsteins, Flemish, and French.

Mrs. Carey and her sister kept well, and 'the children were complete sailors, babe Jabez thriving more than if he had been on land, and becoming a stout fellow.' Between the Tropics, Carey was dangerously ill, yet planned for the far future:

> 'I am very desirous that my sons may pursue the same work, and intend to bring up one in the study of Sanskrit and another of Persian. May God give them fitting grace for the work!'

His chief distress was his own felt 'spiritlessness,' the 'inconstancy of his communion,' the 'slackness of his warfare,' though he spent much of his time in prayer. In all other free hours he studied Bengali, and Thomas said 'he came on very fast.' Carey aided him in turn in his rendering of 'Genesis' into Bengali, through his knowledge of Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. 'The goldsmith,' wrote Thomas, 'helped the carpenter, and the carpenter the goldsmith, and the work of God was done.'

That, to take advantage of the favouring wind, the captain hastened on instead of putting in at the Cape, was disappointment for Carey. He had planned to seek out some Dutch minister of the Settlement, and, with what Dutch he knew, constrain him to disclose to British Christendom and the Kettering Society South Africa's spiritual dearth.

Off Africa's southernmost cape, a midnight storm almost sank the *Krön Princessa*, which was only of 130 feet keel and 600 tons' burthen. From one plunge Carey never supposed she could rally. To his untrained sight the waves seemed 'fifty or sixty yards high!' It took eleven days to repair her damage.

Once free of this coast, they ran a straight course into the Bay of Bengal, and this time through the Tropics Carey kept fit as the rest; and 'his wife was well satisfied with their undertaking,' and looked no more astern, but hopefully forward. In the Bay of Bengal currents pulled them back a month from their almost-reached goal. The captain

feared he would be driven into Vizagapatam, but won through at length to Calcutta by November the 11th.

Five months, less two days, the voyage took. It seemed longer through their entering no harbour and landing no passenger nor mail, though, as Carey said, 'they were in Europe, Africa, South America, and Asia.' They had coasted many islands, but never put in. Through their last three months they sighted no other vessel. The natural history excitements had also been few, even for vigilant Carey,—just porpoise herds, Mother Carey's chickens, a sperm whale, and flying fish, the wings of one of which he sent to Fuller.

During the tedious last month the captain sometimes let Carey be with him on the poop. All he observed became a parable of the task before him. He wrote:

> 'For near a month we have been within two hundred miles of Bengal, but the violence of the currents sets us back from the very door. I hope I have learned the necessity of bearing up in the things of God against wind and tide. We have had our port in view all along, and every attention has been paid to solar and lunar observations, no opportunity being neglected. Oh, that I was as attentive! A ship sails within six points of the wind; if the wind blows from the N., a ship will sail E.N.E. on one tack and W.N.W. on the other; if our course therefore is N., we must go E.N.E. for a considerable time, then W.N.W.; if the wind shifts a point, advantage is immediately taken. Now this is tedious work, and, if the current be against us, we scarcely make any way; nay, sometimes, in spite of all we do, we go backwards. Yet it is absolutely necessary to keep working up, if we mean to arrive at port. So we Christians have to work against wind and currents; and we must, if we are to make our harbour.'

The peril he strove most to guard himself and his family against was the ship's spirit towards India's people. Officers and passengers alike talked of them with disdain. He knew that, unless Christ saved them from this pestilence, it would paralyze their power to serve the land of their desire. Against this sin he prayed with all his strength. They mourned that from their Sunday services, though often 'so pleasant and profitable,' they knew of no definite conversions, but solaced themselves with what the Spirit said to Ezekiel, 'Surely had I sent thee to people of a strange speech and of a hard language, they would have hearkened.'

Two other divine promises were Carey's peace: 'Lo, I am with you alway unto the end of the world' (what Livingstone called 'the word of the most honourable Gentleman'), and 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.' With this rod and this staff he felt protected and secure.

A day or two before disembarking he wrote to the Society in these oft-quoted terms:

> 'I hope you will go on and increase, and that multitudes may hear the glorious words of Truth. Africa is but a little way from England; Madagascar but a little further; South America and all the many and large islands in the Indian and Chinese seas will, I hope, not be forgotten. A large field opens on every side, and millions tormented by ignorance, superstition and idolatry, plead with every heart that loves God. Oh, that many labourers may be thrust into the Vineyard, and the Gentiles come to the knowledge of the Truth.'

Several of his Bengal letters indicate what one, written in 1825, affirms, that 'when he left England, he meant never to return.' But he little imagined that he would hold the Mission's helm for forty continuous years.

XII. THE FIRST VENTURINGS

'The English came to India first as merchants to gain wealth, then as warriors to gain land. It was only as Carey came that a nobler spirit entered, and England began to feel that her best gift to India was Christ.'

A. M. Fairbairn, in India, 1898.

'The early missionaries went to India to preach Christ to the Hindus, because they believed they needed Him; and close contact only deepened the conviction. The more they knew of Hinduism, the more they disliked it. Nor can we wonder. L'Abbé Dubois' account of South Indian Hinduism at the end of the eighteenth century shows what sort of religion they encountered. They could not but pronounce it bad. They could not fail to speak of it in severest contrast to the religion of Christ. Nor has the vastly increased knowledge of to-day led us to recede from their practical judgment. Hinduism is very different now from what it was a century ago. Reforms have changed things almost beyond recognition. Yet there is so much that is harmful in the religion, that those who know it best are still constrained to wish to see the people released from its evil influence.'

J. N. Farquhar, International Board of Missions, *July* 1914.

'When Carey came, Hindus were in a pitifully backward condition. Learning had almost ceased; ordinary education scarcely existed; spiritual religion was to be met with only in the quietest places; and a coarse idolatry with cruel and immoral rites held all the great centres of population. Mohammedanism was very orthodox and ignorant, and steadily deteriorating. The collapse of their Governments and the decline of the Muslim character had worked sad havoc in their religion. There was no living movement of thought, and no spiritual leader amongst them.'

Ibid., *Modern Religious Movements in India*, iii. 4.

'When Carey landed in India, Hinduism was in full vigour,—its customs, traditions, institutions and laws all unchanged. The country was practically untouched by any regenerative influence whatever. He had to encounter in its worst forms all the strength of the Hindu system.'

Sir W. W. Hunter.

'Although the English in India were emerging from that absolute slough of profligacy and corruption, in which they had so long been disgracefully sunk,—though knavery and extortion were no longer dominant in their offices, and rioting and drunkenness in their homes—yet there was little Christianity in Calcutta at the end of the eighteenth century.'

Sir J. W. Kaye.

CHAPTER XII

THE FIRST VENTURINGS

November 9, 1793–February 6, 1794

Thomas and Carey were the first Englishmen to voyage to our Indian Empire, indeed to Asia, for sheer love of Asia and of Christ. 'Britain's sons,' says Dr. Ogilvie, 'had gone to the East in a regular stream as soldiers, sailors, civil merchants, traders, and adventurers; but for nearly two hundred years from the formation of the East India Company no place amongst that crowd of the eastward-bound was found for a Christian missionary.' Company chaplains, of course, went thither. Dutch pastors, though with ebbing zeal, still fared to their East Indies. Noble apostles had been commissioned by Denmark's king to Tranquebar and to Tanjore,—our Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to its honour, granting them subsidy. But no British missionary ventured. Thomas and Carey were our first.

By being God-driven to India, Carey was thrust on a service more imperial than had ever visited his South Seas' dreams. Eliot and Brainerd, his enkindlers, had toiled amid rude faiths and dying races. No living lips speak the tongue into which Eliot translated the whole Bible. Moravians went, for the most part, to back-stream peoples, content to serve these least of Christ's brothers. Carey would cheerfully have done the same in Tahiti or in Africa. But with God's fiery pillar moving to India, he was called, with Thomas, to be the first of British Christians to transform the East's deep-rooted religions by grafting into their stocks the rich Evangel of Jesus. With the help of his later comrades, he was to render the Books everlasting into more and mightier Indian and Asian vernaculars than had any of their Dutch or Danish predecessors. Beyond all others he was to be God's lamplighter for the East.

Thus destined, his introduction to India was significant.

As their ship entered the Hooghly, boats drew alongside selling fish. In the midst of their chaffering, the fishers were surprised to be asked by Thomas whether they possessed or had read any Shastras—a question they till then had never met. 'Do you think we should catch and sell fish,' they said, 'if we possessed or could read Shastras? They are for the learned and the rich. We 're very poor.' Carey's ambition was to bring *God's Shastras* within reach of India's humblest, and so to promote their education, that they would be able and eager to read them.

For the last stage of their passage to Calcutta, and to escape its challenge, the missionary-outlaws, as soon as they entered the Hooghly, betook themselves to a native boat, and, for turn of tide, lay-to near a hât in full activity, and Carey heard an Indian market's hum and hubbub. He heard, too, for the first time his comrade preach to Bengalis. At an event so extraordinary the folk—even the salesfolk —forsook their marketing and listened, amazed at the freedom of the preacher's Bengali, and still more at his concernment for their good. No other sahib had ever thus addressed them. For three hours they hearkened. Carey, whilst able to follow but the least fraction of the message, was charmed with their interest and filled with hope for a people that could be held by the Gospel with such power. Hope grew, as presently they set before them on plantain-leaves curry and rice, and invited them to their villages.

One would fain know just when and how Thomas found his wife, child, and cousins; and where the twelve met, and recounted their experiences, since off Ryde the seven had been sundered.

Very soon they had to bear a sharp disappointment. Ram Ram Basu had fallen back to the worship of idols. Yet when they heard his story, they pitied more than they condemned. 'British Christians,' he said, 'had withheld themselves from him. His fellows had scorned and shunned him. When stricken with dysentery, none ministered nor gave to him. At length a kinsman offered him home, if he would bow again to idols. Hushing his conscience with remembrance of Roman Catholic image-worship, he had yielded.' So Carey compassionated him and engaged him as his pundit.

Carey had never dwelt amidst such swarms of multitudes as in Calcutta—'200,000 Asians,' he said, besides hosts of Europeans. London itself seemed less crowded.

The city was pleasant in November's cool brightness, yet made him sad—his fellow-countrymen his sorrow, their Lord's Day heedlessness filling him with distress, and confirming the proverb, that 'they had left their religion at the Cape.'

As soon as Thomas had realized on their 'venture,' they removed a tide's distance north to Bandel, the ancient famed Portuguese settlement, and there consulted good Swedish Kiernander. His eighty years had left him nearly blind, but Carey had met none so fervent for India's conversion, though it had never been his to preach in the vernaculars, his whole strength having been devoted to the Eurasian community. Yet, with all his fervour, he was very unhopeful of their success.

But the two were young and confident, and began at once to itinerate, Thomas greatly heartened by his comrade's enthusiasm. Daily they were rowed to fresh villages. That a sahib was preacher, and in fluent Bengali, with sahib companion, and a consenting pundit, was unheard-of strangeness. Wherever the three halted, the folk flocked. What they could grasp, too, of the message, deepened their surprise.

> 'Their attention,' says Carey, 'is astonishing. Every place presents a pleasing prospect of success. To see people so interested, inquisitive, and kind, yet so ignorant, is enough to stir up any with the love of Christ in their heart.
>
> 'Last Sunday Mr. Thomas preached to near two hundred in a village. They listened with great seriousness, and several followed to make further inquiries of the heavenly Way, and how they should walk therein. The encouragements are very great. I never found more satisfaction than in this undertaking. I hope in a little while to see a Church formed for God.'

The novice was sanguine. He had painfully to learn that, as George Adam Smith would have put it, 'though God had caught him young, when He could make him entirely His own, the race to whom He sent him was very old.'

As he began to realize Bengal's dense population and her

countless villages, he wrote, ' Ten thousand ministers would find scope for their powers.'

Like Paul at Athens, he was moved by the people's marked religiousness, their morning homage in the sacred river, their ' flowers, shrubs, shrines consecrated to religious uses on every roadside,' and more by what pain and cost they would face for the soul's believed profit. ' I have seen two or three already who have swung by the flesh-hooks, with the marks in their backs. One dwells in the house with us.'

Presently, he craved for a centre less Eurasian, more purely Indian than Bandel. So they visited Nadia, the birthplace of Chaitanya, India's dearest mystic, where Thomas had once sojourned. Carey judged that this home of Eastern learning would be their best school for the needed tongues, and best base for their campaigning ; for ' if this bulwark of Hinduism were once carried, the rest of the country would be laid open to the Truth.' The courteous welcome of the city's scholars made him hopeful of its capture. He planned that in that Bengal ' Oxford ' not only should Felix learn Sanskrit, and William Persian, but Peter Chinese—though Felix at the time was stricken, with his mother, with dysentery, and his life was in grave doubt.

These plans were scarcely formed when they were recalled to Calcutta—Thomas, to resume his medical practice, to quiet his creditors ; Carey, by a sudden dazzling hope. For Captain Christmas, hearing that the superintendency of Calcutta's ' Botanic ' was still vacant, interviewed the official chief, showed him a botanical monograph of Carey's, and convinced him of his fitness for the appointment. Then he communicated with Carey, who hasted to Calcutta, but found himself forestalled—Dr. Roxburgh of Madras having stepped down before him. The disappointment was tempered by the official's pledge of later remembrance, and, presently, by the warm friendship of Roxburgh, who had married a missionary's daughter.

Then he applied for grant of ' waste land ' for tillage, as from the first he had counselled. Meanwhile, he and his sick family and Ram Ram Basu were loaned, free of rent, a dilapidated garden-house of Nelu Datta, a money-lender, in Manicktolla—to-day a crowded part of Calcutta, but

then a marshy, malarial, dacoit-ridden district to the north. Yet he never forgot this mercy, and in after years well repaid it, when Nelu Datta was in need.

He had never known days so dark as when, as early as in mid-January, Thomas, the keeper of the purse, reported that their first year's income was exhausted, with no more to be looked for from England till the next autumn's 'venture.' He had pitiably miscalculated their first year's expenses; their resources had been hopelessly inadequate, and he the least-practised economist; and, for the resumption of his profession, he had rented a commodious city-house.

Who can gauge Carey's woe with his family of seven; his wife in grave dysentery; Felix's recovery still in anxious doubt; his only home the comfortless garden-house; his pundit engaged at Rs. 20 monthly; seeds and tools to be bought for the land he awaited; 12 per cent. the lowest rate for borrowed money, and no help possible from England for, at luckiest, ten months? How could he be other than 'much dejected,' and again, 'very much dejected,' 'full of perplexity about temporal things,' his 'mind much hurt,' and again 'much grieved and dejected,' and again 'very weary'? The 'city of sunshine and palaces' was bleak and lonely.

He called on David Brown, Fort William chaplain and friend of John Newton's. Through animus against Thomas, he was superior and frigid as an iceberg, nor offered him least hospitality after his five miles' walk in the sun.

The mental disorder and distress, which harrowed Mrs. Carey and her home for the next thirteen years, dates from this misery. Ill with dysentery, her first-born son still worse; unable to afford even bread; appalled at their destitution in the strange and friendless city—her brain began to give way, her kindly nature suffered change. Who shall lay her melancholy to her charge? Nothing was here for reviling; everything for compassion and tears. Missionaries' wives paid dearly in these pioneer years: Carey's wife soonest and heaviest.

Yet for him the cup was wormwood. He could not lightly borrow, like Thomas,—who little realized his anguish and his shame.

Nevertheless, these words stand in his *Journal*:

> '*Jan.* 17.—Towards evening felt the all-sufficiency of God, and the stability of His promises, which much relieved my mind. As I walked home in the night, was enabled to roll all my cares on Him.
>
> '*Jan.* 22.—"In the Mount the Lord is seen." I wish I had but more of God in my soul, and felt more submission to His Will; this would set me above all things.
>
> '*Jan.* 23.—All my friends are but One, but He is all-sufficient. Why is my soul disquieted within me? Everything is known to God, and He cares for the Mission. I rejoice in having undertaken this work; and I shall, even if I lose my life therein.
>
> '*Jan.* 25.—Bless God for a day of calm, though I mourn my heart's strange stupidity
>
> '*Jan.* 28.—Much relief in rereading Fuller's Charge to us in Leicester. (Fuller must have given him his MS.) Not being accustomed to much sympathy of late, its affection has overcome my spirits. If I be offered upon the service and sacrifice of the Faith, I joy and rejoice.'

And in a letter:

> 'When my soul can drink her fill at God's Word, I forget all.'

At last, a few acres of jungle-land opposite Debhatta in the Sundarbans were offered him, where Ram Ram Basu's uncle had been zemindar—land rent free for three years, and then rising to a maximum of eight annas a bigah in and from the seventh year—on Henckell's scheme for the settling of the Sundarbans. He might also occupy the Salt Department's bungalow at Debhatta, should it chance to be vacant. Though he knew that these forests were infested with cobras and fiercest tigers, he accepted the allotment, in reliance, he said, on Christ's promise to protect them from their power.

Weary from walking several hours in the sun on his last day in Manicktolla, he refreshed his spirit by talking of Christ to money-changers, who understood a little English, reckoning not even such soil too hard and hostile for the seed.

Ram Ram Basu and he had to be tenderly watchful over ill Felix and his sick mother through the three days of the boat-journey through the Salt Lakes and beyond—especially one night, when none dared to go a hundred yards

from their mooring for dread of the tigers. Yet he had 'sweet meditation.'

Early on the fourth morning they reached Debhatta, to find the bungalow not vacant. He would have been in sadder plight than ever, without shelter for his family or food beyond that day, had not Mr. Charles Short, the Company's Salt Assistant, been best of Samaritans. Out with his dog and gun, he was astonished at the arriving of the several English strangers, and hasted to the ghât, and invited them to his house. Nor did their missionary-errand chill his welcome, though he counted it absurd. After breakfast, he installed them as his guests, even the sick mother and Felix, and 'insisted on supplying all their wants.' He was Kipling's 'thousandth man, who will sink or swim with you in any water.'

Thus did this bachelor-Englishman lift loads from Carey's life. He made no profession of religion, still less of trust in Christ, to Carey's heartfelt pain. But he did walk by the golden rule, and proved neighbour to these stranded ones. Christ was a stranger, once more, in the persons of these His representatives that morning. This young Englishman took Him in. Nor was he permitted to go unrequited. This sixth of February was the beginning of romance.

XIII. THE SUNDARBANS SETTLER

'The Sundarbans are a land of monsters dire. The rivers swarm with hideous alligators, which we often see basking on the shores, or rather imbedded in the mud, of which the banks consist; tigers of the fiercest kind pass and repass every night over the ground where the people are at work in the day; and snakes of monstrous size and deadly poison abound. Yesterday a cobra capella, six and a half feet long and of proportionate thickness, crossed our path. We gave him chase. Rabeholm shot him.'

John Mack to Christopher Anderson, April 1832.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SUNDARBANS SETTLER

DEBHATTA AND KALUTALA

February 6–June 15, 1794

To exchange Manicktolla for Debhatta was for Carey great relief. It was a chief village on the east bank of the Jubuna, whose stream made it glad. The Salt Assistant's bungalow —its walls still stand, and are even yet known there as the 'Salt Sahib's'—was a fine brick house with semi-circular verandah, and was comfort indeed to the Careys after the dilapidated house of Nelu Datta. They were blessed, too, by the beautiful Jubuna and the cool clean breeze.

No salt works were there, the Jubuna being sweet-watered; only a salt warehouse or golah. Carey's allotment was across the river, more than a mile to the north, in Kalutala, whose name preserved the memory of Kalu Dewan, a Mohammedan saint, in reverence of whom the villagers still gather yearly at the great tamarind-tree and make their offerings, and the yield of near ricefields is distributed amongst the poor.

Identified with village life as he had been for his first twenty-eight years, he was soon more at home in Kalutala than in Calcutta, and was thankful to be villager again. His leasehold land brought many a dream to fulfilment. He could trust himself to succeed there, for he loved tillage, and the soil was fertile, and the fresh river close at hand. That others have prospered there is proven by the linked mansions of its oldest Hindu residents, who have made their wealth in Kalutala by cultivation of the land.

Like the many ryots who were taking up these Sundarban land-plots, Carey expected to support his family during the labour and cost of clearing the jungle by the sale of timber,

firewood, shell-lime from the innumerable shells (the lime the people chew with the betel-nut and the pân leaf) and wax from the wild beehives. Then the Jubuna swarmed with excellent fish ; and game—' wild hogs, deer, and fowls ' —abounded. Rice, too, was less than twelve annas a maund, and goats could be bought for six annas. The food problem would be simple.

The chief drawback was the insecurity of tenure by reason of the continual challenge of the Government on the part of the local zemindars, which had almost brought to a standstill Henckell's scheme. Then the dacoits, who infested the Sundarbans, were as fearsome as the cobras and pythons, the wild buffaloes and crocodiles, the leopards and the boars. But the tigers were *the* terror. Twenty men had been ' devoured in the Department of Debhatta ' in the previous twelve months. Indeed, Kalutala was in large part deserted, so many having fled from this fear. Any out-sleeping coolies and the children were in particular peril. Carey was no good shot, like Thomas, and could excusably have drawn back, as Mr. Short indeed advised him. But whither else could he go, without money or friends ?

It did not take him long, with coolie help, to make a sufficient first clearing,—sparing the greater trees, the peepuls and tamarinds, the sundaris (giving the forest its name) and the banyans, and, of course, the mangoes and cocoa-nuts. Soon he began to rear his bamboo and mat house, to earth-fence a garden, in whose high bank he set the quick-growing plantains for protection and fruit, and to sow in the garden lentils and mustard, onions and peas. ' I never felt myself more happy,' he wrote. He had slipped a millstone of worry. Daily he crossed and recrossed the Jubuna with a lightened heart. He enjoyed the open-air employment. The heat was more tolerable than Calcutta's. Besides, rural Bengal was the real Bengal. He felt he would soon win its speech, learn its thought and be its friend. Every day, too, meant fresh-seen plants, birds, and insects, whose ways he watched, and whose names he gathered. Best of all, in their new healthful surroundings his wife and Felix recovered, and his lads could cross the river with him in the dinghy to clear the jungle and help build the huts.

Soon a further great happiness was his. Seeing the

sahib's homestead a-building, the tiger-scared people took courage to rehabit theirs, the more as Ram Ram Basu assured them, from his four months' acquaintance with him, that 'he would be a father to them all.' Four or five hundred prepared to return. 'We shall soon,' Carey wrote, 'have three or four thousand folk near us.'

He scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry when, presently, he learned that 'he had been named to Government by one high in office as fit to send to Assam and Thibet, to make discoveries, which they had much at heart.' A botanizing quest, most likely, and wholly to his mind. He yearned to go for the sheer adventure, and that 'he might open a door for Western science and for the gospel into those countries then so remote from the knowledge of Europe.' The hazard to liberty and life, he knew, would often be extreme, especially in Thibet; he might be judged a scout, 'towards their subjugation by the English,' and his presence in their borders be avenged. But, if needed, he was ready and keen.

Meanwhile, with 'health never better,' he toiled as if his future lay all with Bengal. The Jubuna's either bank was lined with villages, not one of which had ever heard the name of Christ. The people were the most approachable, interested and gentle any stranger could desire, and the river with its many dinghies made evangelism simple. He wrote:

> 'I would not renounce my undertaking for the world. I hope the Society will *keep* its eye towards Africa and Asia. These lands are not like the wilds of America, where long labour will scarcely collect sixty to hear the Word. Here it is almost impossible to go out of the way of hundreds, and preachers are needed a thousand times more than people to preach to. Then there are all the lands of the Mahrattas, and all the Northlands to Kashmir, with *not a soul that thinks of God aright.*'

When his bamboo and mat house was well advanced, the 1st of March brought him a great surprise—not the appointment to Assam and Thibet, but an invitation from Thomas from Malda to join him in its district in positions of importance, which had presented themselves thus. On the Udnys, Thomas's best Malda friends, an unspeakable new year's sorrow had fallen, the drowning of young

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Udny at Calcutta from an upset boat in a night crossing of the Hooghly. Thomas wrote at once to the mother in Malda a letter of the tenderest consoling. Her son, George Udny, 'Commercial Resident' there, requested him to revisit them, and soon offered him the charge of an indigo 'Outwork' he was planting at Mahipaldighi. Thomas at once solicited and won for Carey another such management at Mudnabati. And this was his news, conveyed in a letter of contrite affection.

Carey was loth to leave his land-plot in the Sundarbans and the people who were returning to Kalutala, but could not doubt that Thomas's invitation was God's opening door. A fixed and liberal salary, association with a Christian employer, reassociation with Thomas, and substance to spare towards the publication of the Scriptures—what a cup running over! He instantly accepted. Yet he could not start forthwith, needing to await money from Malda towards the three hundred miles river-journey. Besides, his wife had to rally again from dysentery, which the severe heat had brought back.

Meanwhile, another surprise touched the 'Salt Sahib's' bungalow. Mr. Short loved and won the love of 'Kitty' Plackett. In truth, the place was made for love's awakening. The quiet, the river, the forests, the sunsets did it. Each filled the other's empty heart. They had both been chivalrous. Now they were richly repaid. Carey's congratulations had just one shadow, that he who had been to them so gracious knew not for himself the grace of Christ.

At April's full moontime all the Sundarban world flocked to Debhatta in the dinghies and barges, for the Krishna mêla, the Doljatra, 'the Saturnalia of India.' Not less than ten thousand, Carey says, gathered. For from the days of Gokul Ananda, whose tomb is still hallowed, it had possessed a temple, where (as to this day) Radha and Krishna are worshipped. Its little courtyard is now almost filled with the bakul, whose dainty blossoms were Krishna's delight—the tree itself Debhatta's chief landmark. In this Doljatra the images of Radha and of Krishna are carried into the open, and amidst the shoutings of the people are gently swung in cradled swings at dawn, at noon, at eve—to see which is 'great merit.' Into a bonfire is flung the

effigy of a legendary demon. The people scatter handfuls of red powder over one another, and syringe one another with the same in rival groups. Often they abandon themselves to coarse gesture, dance, and song. In their circuit of Debhatta Mr. Short allowed their dance upon his lawn, and the crowd thronged the space between the bungalow and the river. But to Carey, especially as it was Sunday, the buffoonery and the din were ' hell.'

That same month he saw there the horrid hook-swingings, which he thus describes :

> ' The man who is to swing prostrates himself before a tree, and a person makes a mark with his dusty fingers, where the hooks are to be put. Another immediately gives him a smart clap on one side of the back, and pinches up the skin hard with his thumb and fingers ; while another passes the hook through, taking hold of about an inch of the skin ; the other hook is in like manner put through the skin of the other side of the back, and the man gets up on his feet. As he rises, water is thrown in his face. He then mounts on a man's back, or on some other eminence, and the strings attached to the hooks are tied to the rope at one end of a horizontal bamboo, and the rope at the other end is held by several men, who, drawing it down, raise up the end on which the man swings, and by their running round with the rope the machine is turned. In swinging, the man describes a circle of about thirty feet diameter, and scatters herbs already offered to Siva, and, perhaps, smokes his hooka, as he whirls. I saw one swing thus for a quarter of an hour.'

To Carey it was all so repulsive yet pitiful, that he pledged his life afresh to give to India the gospel of Christ. Freed by the Mudnabati prospect from further hut-building at Kalutala, he could concentrate on his Bengali. He writes :

> ' I see that it is a very copious language, and abounding with beauties.'

A little later :

> ' The hope of soon getting the language puts fresh life into my soul. I begin to be something like a traveller, who has been almost beaten out in a violent storm ; but who, though with drenched clothes, sees the sky clearing.'

Two days after :

> ' I feel like a long-confined prisoner, whose chains are knocked off.'

A stiffer problem than the language was his own froward heart.

> ' My soul is a jungle, when it ought to be a garden.'
> ' I can scarcely tell whether I have the grace of God or no.'
> ' How shall I help India, with so little godliness myself ? '

Not that his *Journal* was all self-smiting and plaint.

> ' I can say with Habakkuk, Though the fig-tree should not blossom, yet in the Lord will I rejoice.'
> ' I trust I rest nowhere but in the soul's centre, God.'
> ' I feel a burning desire that all the world may know God.'
> ' I have never yet repented any sacrifice I have made for Him.'
> ' Mistook to-day for the Sabbath. Very glad of the mistake. It has, indeed, refreshed me.'
> ' During the approach of a severe thunderstorm this evening, I walked alone and had sweet communion with God.'
> ' Without, the sky lowering ; within, the soul's sunshine.'

In re-reading Brainerd, he says, he soonest ' caught fire,' though shamed by the ' disparity between them,'—' he so constant, I inconstant as the wind.'

Not all inconstant, however, or whence such witness as this ?

> ' When I left England, my hope of India's conversion was very strong ; but, amongst so many obstacles, it would die, unless upheld by God. Well, I have God, and His Word is true. Though the superstitions of the heathen were a thousand times stronger than they are, and the example of the Europeans a thousand times worse ; though I were deserted by all and persecuted by all, yet my faith, fixed on that sure Word, would rise above all obstructions and overcome every trial. God's Cause will triumph.'

And again :

> ' When I reflect on how God has stirred me up to the work, and wrought wonders to prepare my way, I can trust His promises and be at peace.'

At last, before dawn on May 23, they started on their long river-voyage—only Catharine (with due chaperon) remaining. She was married there in the following February, ' by Richd. Goodlad, Esq.,' the register says, ' no Chaplain in holy orders being near the place.'

The travellers were borne by wind and tide, or were rowed, up the Isamuti to Jellinghi and the Ganges ; then towed

up the Ganges itself (eight or nine miles wide, though with many shallows) to Nabobganj, and up the Mahanada to their goal—a twenty-three days' voyaging. Once in two hard days they only made four miles. At Chanduria Carey made his first vernacular preaching-attempt, but 'found himself much at a loss for words.' On June 15, with bettered health, they landed at Malda. For the next Sunday Thomas also came down from Mahipaldighi, and Carey preached in his host's, Mr. Udny's, to the town's several Europeans,—'his joy in having his tongue set at liberty again for the gospel he could hardly describe.'

'The first two English missionaries to India seemed to those who sent them forth to have disappeared for ever. For fourteen months, in those days of slow Indiamen and French privateers, no tidings of their welfare reached the poor praying people of the Midlands, who had been emboldened to begin the heroic enterprise. The convoy, which had seen the Danish vessel fairly beyond the French coast, had been unable to bring back letters on account of the weather. At last, on *July 29, 1794*, Fuller, the secretary; Pearce, Carey's beloved personal friend; Ryland in Bristol; and the congregation at Leicester received the journals of the voyage and letters, which told of the first experiences in the Balasore Roads, in Calcutta, Bandel and Nadia, just before Carey knew the worst of their pecuniary position.' . . . After the first Committee met, which heard these tidings, Fuller wrote to India thus:—

'We thank the everlasting God for having preserved you from the perils of the sea and having made your ways since prosperous. We feel something of the spirit spoken of in the prophet, "Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged." We bless you for your assiduity in learning the languages, in translating and in your every labour of love. We cheerfully confide in your wisdom, fidelity and prudence with relation to the seat of your labours, and the means to carry them into effect. If there be one place, however, which strikes us as of more importance than the rest, it is Nadia. But you must follow where the Lord opens a door for you.'

Cf. SMITH's *Carey*, v.

XIV. THE PLANTER PADRE

"'Oho you! Come here. What business do you follow?"

"I cultivate land."

"How much land have you, and what rent do you pay?"

"Sir, my rent is Rs. 50 a year, and I guess there may be about forty bigahs of land."

"Can't you tell exactly how much land you cultivate?"

"How should I know? The Mundul of the village can tell."

"What crop do you grow?"

"We sow rice and indigo and jute."

"I suppose the cultivation of indigo is very profitable."

"The cultivation of indigo is very difficult. So much ploughing and weeding and carriage: there is no end to the expense. And if any of it is stained with carrying, they will not take it."

"If there be no gain, why do you cultivate it?"

"I took Rs. 10 advance last year. Now what can I do? I will cultivate no more, when I have paid off these advances."'

CAREY's *Bengali Colloquies.*

'To be stern yet conciliating, firm yet pleasant; to know when to hold, and when to yield; to be courteous and honourable, never departing from his word once pledged; to have an intimate knowledge of his profession, and a good general knowledge of business, and much *savoir-faire*; these are some of the essential attributes of a good indigo manager.'

W. M. REID, *Indigo.*

CHAPTER XIV

THE PLANTER PADRE

MUDNABATI

June 15, 1794–January 10, 1800

Carey's first business was to get acquainted with his new industry. He was just in time to learn the art. Mr. Udny arranged for him to visit the best indigo concerns of Malda and Goamalti, that he might see the whole process for himself. For by the end of June the ryots were bringing to the factories the piled bundles of the plant. He watched these steep and ferment in the upper vats, and learned how nice a judgment was needed to know exactly when to let the dark green water run into the vats below. In these he was amused to see it beaten and aerated by instanding coolies with paddles, till it changed into an ultramarine blue —the coolies as blue as itself. He was taught to tell when this ' beating ' sufficed, and the liquid might rest, and the granulations settle, and the water be presently drawn off. Then he watched the valuable sediment cleaned, boiled, strained, pressed, slowly dried, and cut with much care into cubes, and packed in boxes or casks for Calcutta. To one who had made long and loving study of plants' practical uses the process was of deep interest, and its needed exactitude congenial to his scientific mind.

The Mahipal and Mudnabati ventures were new Outworks of George Udny's, to take advantage of the attractive concessions and prices the Honourable Company was offering to its indigo-planters, in its vigorous attempt to capture the British indigo-market from America and Spain. The equipment of both Outworks was well advanced, the two sahibs' houses, the buttressed reservoirs, and, probably, the vats being almost completed. But the boilers, furnaces, and many godowns had still to be built, and the water-lifts

Charles Short's House, Debhatta.

The River Tangan at the Mudnabati Ghât

The Reservoir-Corner of Carey's Indigo-Works.

Carey's Upper and Lower Indigo-Vats.

secured and set in order. Not an hour could be wasted, for Mr. Udny expected output that very season.

The Mahipal works were larger than the Mudnabati, having seven pairs of vats to the latter's five. Its 'tank,' too—therefore called 'dighi'—was much larger, three-quarters of a mile long, the meritorious work of a maharaja. Still, the lesser pool at Mudnabati was also a clear and beauteous sheet of water. Indeed, Carey's whole landscape at his first in-settling was a delight,—the green young rice, as far as the eye could range, growing in the all-encompassing water—only broken by the many palm-fringed tank-banks, the bamboo clusters, and the raised tree-sheltered villages—the white-clothed people flashing through the rice in their swift-punted dug-outs. When on the 3rd and 4th of August he brought his family up the Tangan to this their first own Indian home, to the just-built, two-storied pukka house, with spacious rooms and Venetian windows, he was a proud and happy man. Such a haven after the storms; such an advance on Manicktolla and Kalutala! He was happy, too, that several acres were included in the factory estate. When the rainy season was over, he would begin to make part of them a great garden. With a monthly salary of Rs. 200—worth then much more than now—he felt a Croesus after the penury of Manicktolla. The very next day (August 5) he wrote his glad story to the Home Committee and added:

> 'So I now inform the Society that I can subsist without any further monetary assistance from them. I sincerely thank them for the exertions they have made, and hope that what was intended to supply my wants may be appropriated to some other Mission. At the same time it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same near relation to the Society, as if I needed supplies from them, and to maintain with them the same correspondence.'

Then he requested that 'a few instruments of husbandry —scythes, sickles, plough-wheels, etc., should at once be sent him; and yearly an assortment of all the garden and flowering trees; also of fruit, field, and forest trees, for the lasting advantage of what he now calls his own country. He would regularly remit the cost.' 'A large door,' he says, 'is opened, and I have great hopes. If any lose caste

for the gospel, I can offer them employment.' And in his *Journal* he writes :

> ' If, after God has so wonderfully made way for us, I should be negligent, the blackest brand of infamy must lie upon my soul.'

How little his workfolk at the beginning grasped his missionary purpose is seen from their request to him, on the eve of their first indigo-making, to add an offering to theirs to Kali for good luck. He answered he would rather lose his life than sacrifice to their idol ; he was tempted to prohibit theirs, but refrained, knowing that force was no remedy.

His first season, unfortunately, proved ' very unhealthy.' ' So many were ill that he could scarcely carry on business.' He himself contracted ' a sort of fen ague,' from the malariousness of the wet rice-beels, and in October had an alarming relapse ; and then his five-year-old Peter—so gifted that his Bengali was already almost native—fell into a fever even more dangerous than his. Through a fortnight they ' fought for his life ' ; but he could not recover. Then were they lonely indeed, for, with the people's rules concerning contact with the dead—and especially with the unorthodox dead—so rigid, no Hindu nor Mohammedan could offer help for the child's burial. Not even the works' carpenters dared make the coffin : nor dared any dig the grave. At last, however, four were persuaded to share its hazard and disgrace—digging it on the tank's south side, far away from the village and from the graves of the Mohammedans. None would carry the body, though they sent seven miles for bearers. They made ready to carry and bury the swathed body themselves, and were only saved from this sorrow at the last moment by an ' outcaste ' and their ' sweeper.' The second day following, the village headman outcasted the four diggers. None were to eat, drink nor smoke with them. Though ' scarcely able to crawl,' Carey had to go out and face the fierce contention, which he could only quiet by threatening to have the headman arrested, until he had communicated with the European judge at Dinajpur.

How this remained in Carey's memory, and how he told its bitterness to his sons, is shown by a letter of Jabez to his

father twenty-five years later, when he lost his own little girl on his river-voyage to Ajmere :

> ' I have for once felt that anguish which you must have felt, my dear father, when you had to bury my brother at Mudnabati. I was told by the people on board our boat that no one would dig the grave, and I had determined to do it myself, when our cook and bearer came forward and offered to do it, and to carry the little one to burial. I assure you I could not help shedding tears of gratitude for this their kindness towards us. How bitter would it have been to us, if we had had to do everything ourselves ! None of the others refused to eat or smoke with them, but all tried every way they could to help us.'

All this woe of bereavement told heavily on Dorothy Carey. And he himself was so shaken, even after the fever had left him, that Mr. Udny sent him, in the care of Thomas, in his pinnace up the winding Tangan to the border of Bhutan, of lower latitude than now. November was ideal for the morn and evening glory of majestic Kinchinjunga. They were much refreshed,—and by their huntings, Thomas for wild buffaloes and leopards, and Carey for new plants. The frank and sturdy caste-free Bhutias greatly impressed them. They never ceased thereafter to seek to plant a Mission in their midst. The chief drawback, they knew, would be the people's nervous apprehension lest Britain designed to subdue them.

On his return, Carey had to be much in his district to secure the sufficient indigo-culture for the following season. The ryots were not readily induced ; for, as Heber says, ' the indigo-sahibs had done much to sink the English reputation in their eyes.' Only slowly did they discover that this quick-stepping, frank-spoken, cordial padre-planter was other than the wonted exploiters. It was the exploiting that was rife amongst *themselves* that made Carey's soul blaze with anger—the zemindars cheating and fleecing the ryots, the works' foremen systematically robbing the coolies. The overseer babu, whom he caught mulcting every one of the workers of a twentieth of their pay, he dismissed on the spot. He was sickened at the oppressions of the poorest that he met at every turn.

Being the only Englishman in Mudnabati, with Thomas, the next nearest, eighteen miles off, and having hundreds

of coolies and craftsmen to manage, made, he says, nearly 'a year's difference' in his acquiring the local vernaculars, Bengali and Hindustani. A chief trouble was that the district dialects differed, he said, as much from the vernaculars proper as 'Lancashire' from the King's English.

He was surprised to find his first cold season there so wintry. Ague had left him extra-sensitive. 'I wear my greatcoat all day, and yet shiver.' 'Sickness,' he adds, 'is more caused in India by the cold than by the heat.' Early in 1795 his wife fell ill again of serious dysentery, and all the strain she had lived through reacted upon her, till her brain became the haunted chamber of morbid fancies and tormenting fears. She grew the opposite of all she naturally was. Those whom she most tenderly loved, the most she turned against. Her spirit passed into a permanent gloom. 'Twas the price she paid for daring to India in those unsheltered years. None, knowing the facts, will cast stones. Pity is the only equity.

None the less it was blackness of darkness for Carey, especially before he knew its full meaning, and could meet it with unhindered compassion.

> 'This is indeed the Valley of the Shadow of Death to me,' he wrote in his *Journal* on February 3, '95, 'except that my soul is much more insensible than Bunyan's Pilgrim. Oh, what would I give for a sympathetic friend, to whom I might open my heart! But God is here, Who not only has compassion, but can save to the uttermost.'
>
> On the 5th: 'I drown my heaviness of heart by writing to England.'
>
> On the 7th: 'Oh that this day could be consigned to oblivion!'
>
> On March 14: 'Mine is a lonesome life.'

Thomas wrote presently: 'You must endeavour to consider it a disease, for the eyes of many are upon you. If you show resentment, they have ears, and others have tongues set on fire. Were I in your case, I should be violent. Blessed be God who suits our burdens to our backs. Sometimes, I pray earnestly for you, and I always feel for you. Think of Job. Think of Jesus. Only a little while, and all will be over.'

He could have borne his loneness better had home-letters reached him. But somehow, though ships of three seasons

had arrived, and his friends had been loyal, their communications had all miscarried. The silence for almost two years was as if he had been clean forgotten. From Fuller's 'ropeholders' at the mine-mouth no twitch nor tremor of the rope! At last in *May 1795* letters came. Fuller's gave news of Carey's father and sisters, and of his brother's regimental promotion; of Mrs. Carey's sisters; full tidings of the French Revolution; of his own preachings and collectings for the Mission, the surprising generosity of the churches, London's deepening interest, and the Society's new mission in Sierra Leone; of Pearce's prospered ministry at 'Cannon Street,' and of pastoral settlement and baptisms at 'Harvey Lane.' Pearce wrote that '"Harvey Lane" was without exception the most prospering church in the Association,' God having so recompensed them. The letters were living water for parched lips.

Carey's frequent business-journeyings over his district through nine months of the year, to secure the due cultivation of the indigo, and to settle ever-recurring disputes, gave him an expert's familiarity with rural North Bengal. Every detail of its fauna and flora he mastered; he kept minute records of its beasts, fish, and insects, and of its legion of birds, winning all their local names, asking thousands of questions. They might have said of him, as Landor of Browning:

> 'No man hath walked along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse.'

He says he 'learned every process of local farming, every secret of economy, and every trick of the people.' For tricksters abounded, and he had to keep his wits about him. 'Many,' he says, 'never intended to fulfil their contracts with me, and many plausible ryots belonged even to bands of dacoits.' His daily ledger of current prices and of factory happenings, which would have been rare treasure for this chapter, was most unfortunately, in comparatively recent years, destroyed.

In his second cold season he received a letter from the home treasurer, in the name of the Committee, expressive of their distress, and almost displeasure, at the business-

relations into which he and Thomas had entered. 'They earnestly caution and entreat them not to engage too deeply in the affairs of this life, lest it should damp their ardour, if not divert them from their work.' It touched Carey to the quick. Ever since the *Enquiry* days it had been with him a point of conscience that pioneer-missionaries should be soon self-supporting. Only on that basis had he volunteered for the work. He replied :

> 'To vindicate my own spirit or conduct I am very averse, it being a constant maxim with me that, if my conduct will not vindicate itself, it is not worth vindicating. We really thought we were acting in conformity with the Society's wish. True, they did not specify indigo ; but trade in timbers was suggested, and cultivation of the ground. Whether "the spirit of the missionary is swallowed up in the pursuits of the merchant" it becomes me not to say. Our labours will speak for us. I may declare that, after a bare allowance for my family, my whole income, and some months much more, goes for the purposes of the gospel, in supporting pundits and school-teachers and the like. The love of money has not prompted me to this indigo-business. I am indeed poor, and always shall be, *till the Bible is published in Bengali and Hindustani*, and the people need no further instruction.'

Fuller, through illness, had been absent from the Committee which had enjoined the sending of the admonishing letter. His presence would probably have averted the blunder, and saved Carey from sharp pain.

Had they not been providentially led into business, they must have starved,—with the first home-supplies always delayed in transit, and even wofully miscarrying. A case of cutlery, meant to realize £145 towards their second year's necessities, despatched by Thomas Potts in August 1794 to a Cripplegate warehouse, lay, by error of even so friendly an expert as Mr. Savage of India House, unshipped till April 1796. Indeed, it came very near being sold there to cover its storage ; and then, reaching Calcutta at last in *June 1797*, fetched far less than it should and would have. The Mission must have perished under such conditions, except for the godsend of the business-income.

Carey says that, 'when once the factory buildings were complete (as they were by September 1795), no line of life could have afforded him more leisure, nor more opportunity

of service.' Only through the three rain-months of the inbrought bundles, the making of the indigo, and its packing and transport, was he closely engaged at the Works. For the rest the long mornings generally sufficed, when he was at home, for business; the afternoons and evenings were his own. And this George Udny wished. Earnest Christian himself, he did not just permit Carey's missionary-toil; he prospered it with heart and will. His home was Carey's Bethany, every sojourn there a spiritual renewal; always open for the gospel on his visits, the host's urbanity and courage winning the interest of many other civilians. Carey was blessed in such employer. Over against the Company's hostility, its 'Commercial Resident' in Malda —one of the coveted positions—was the Mission's cordial friend. Thomas had thus a few years before described him: 'He is a beautiful copy of Christian temper meltable to divine things: he has an obedient ear, and is as a growing cedar, flourishing in the courts of our God.'

Every Sunday, with the factory closed, and during two or three evenings a week—except in the rains—Carey would be out in some of his two hundred villages. With no roads of any kind for miles round Mudnabati—there are none still—he had to tramp it on the ridged narrow paths between the little rice-fields. He says he often walked thus twenty miles a day. November to February was his golden opportunity. On foot or on horseback, he would cover half of his district each winter. 'Preaching the gospel,' he says, 'is the very element of my soul. Over twenty miles square I published Christ's name.'

His village was half Hindu and half Mohammedan—the lingam, the Siva shrine, and the basaltic images drawing the worship of the former; the latter gathering at a saint's tomb on the east bank of the tank, where also the Mohurram of the district was celebrated yearly. When the excited multitudes were massed for this historic commemoration, and again the Hindus for the hook-swingings, Carey could measure somewhat his missionary task.

By 1795 he could preach for nearly half an hour so as to be tolerably understood, though some would complain that he gave them 'mental trouble,' and he knew he was still in the toils of English idiom and construction, remote from

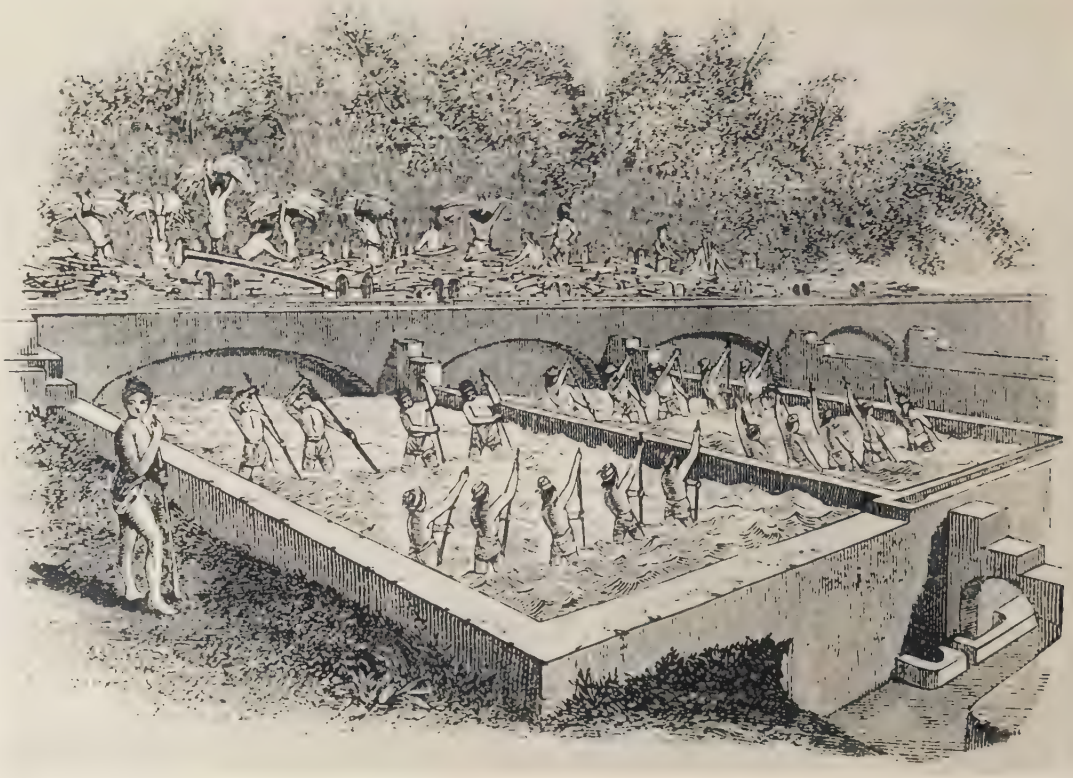
the freedom of Bengal, and from the extreme simplicity of the people's limited speech. Nevertheless, he was encouraged, seeing that as many as five hundred would often gather to Mudnabati on the Sundays, 'coming to him across the fields from every direction, even when the weather was rough and threatening,' and asking for systematic instruction, and inviting him to their villages. 'Never was a people,' he says, 'more willing to hear, yet more slow to understand.' They heard of the New Way, but followed the Old. Custom was sovereign. The past forbade least change. 'Caste,' he said, 'has cut off all motives to inquiry and exertion, and made stupid contentment the habit of their lives.' Their minds resembled their mud homesteads, devoid of pictures, ornaments, and books. 'Harmless, indifferent, vacant,' he writes, 'they plod on in the path of their forefathers; and even truths in geography, astronomy, or any other science, if out of their beaten track, make no more impression on them than the sublimer truths of religion.'

Yet he pitied more than blamed. Their superstition and servility, he would often say, came of long subservience, making him the keener to preach to these dull, passive captives. They had been so drilled, he says, to regard Brahmins as 'a sort of half-divinities,' that they attributed even the spots on sun and moon and the sea's saltness to their vexed and potent curses.

> 'Their ignorance is extreme,' he writes to Dr. Arnold, 'except with a very few learned men. They know nothing of geography nor astronomy, but are much addicted to astrology; casting nativities and observing lucky and unlucky days, which fill them with fancied troubles.'
>
> 'Oh, my friend,' he cried to Blundel, 'were you with us, you would see every corner full of idols, and at every mile-end the "high places." Such are their sacrifices that they would continually excite your compassion and abhorrence. You would feel an increase of affections, and would labour with a new ardency to establish the kingdom of Christ.'

And Thomas would write:

> '*Do not* send men of compassion here, for you will break their hearts. *Do* send men full of compassion, for many perish with cold, many for lack of bread, and millions for lack of knowledge. The other day I saw the pathway stopped up by sick



The Aerating of the Indigo-Liquid.

and wounded people, perishing with hunger in a populous neighbourhood, but none showing mercy—as though they were only *dying weeds*, *not dying men*. What a luxury it is to see helpless creatures come to your door: despair half fills their countenances, and their bodies seem half dead! But relieve them, and oh, behold their dead bodies spring into motion; down to the earth they fall in a moment, overjoyed with your gift: again they look up at you with tears of joy, and then into their hands again for fear it should be all a dream. I say, this is luxury!'

Yet, though the people were grateful and interested, they had not courage to obey. The social cost was too terrible. Thomas and Carey kept hoping the best of one and of another, but nothing ripened unto fruit. 'It is in our *hearts* to follow the new teaching,' the people would say, but from doing it they ever shrank. And the two would make answer:

'What would you think now, if we were obliged to go from home, and we bade you let off the water from a vat of indigo within half an hour, explaining to you most earnestly that if you forgot or let it steep longer, it would all be spoiled. We warn you and entreat you to take care, and then take leave. Suppose that in the due time we return and find the vat still steeping, and, of course, utterly lost. What would be the use of your saying "O sirs, it was in our hearts to do as you bade us? We were faithful servants in our hearts: therefore, excuse our lack of outer obedience."'

But, though of no Indian, the Mission did get the joy of *a* baptism at Mudnabati,—of young Samuel Powell, Thomas's cousin, who in 1793 had gone forward in the *Oxford*. Carey conducted the ordinance; then Thomas and the novitiate and he (with a fourth who soon disgraced them) kept their first Indian 'Communion,' and formed Bengal's first Baptist Church—just a grain of mustard-seed, like the Mission's beginning. At the next month's 'Communion' in Mahipal, 'Thomas set Carey's soul on fire' with a new Bengali hymn.

Of India's own sons Carey had hoped that Ram Ram Basu would be the first to desire and dare baptism. Alas! in the summer of 1796 he was proven guilty of adultery and more. Heartbroken, Carey wrote to Pearce, 'It appeared as if all was sunk and gone.' Through more than nine years this 'writer' had been teacher and colleague, first, of Thomas, then of himself; 'a scholar,' said Carey, 'of

the very best natural abilities, and a faithful counsellor.' Over none had they so yearned; for none had they so travailed. He had lived beneath their daily influence and knew their very hearts. His was the 'Ke Aro?' first and oftenest sung of their Bengali hymns.

> 'Oh who, save Jesus, can deliver us
> From the eternal darkness of sin?'

He had enabled Thomas and Carey between them to translate three-fifths of the Pentateuch, and nearly all the New Testament. In a Bengali poem of real power he had satirized the teaching and spirit of the Brahmins over against the gospel of Christ. Now he dragged the Mission in the dust, and had to be dismissed. Carey was much dejected. With this confidant failing them, of whom could they validly hope? Moreover, vexed at his dismissal, the master of Carey's native school (on which he set much store) went also, and for weeks it was closed down. Yet, after recounting to Fuller this double heaviness of grief, he wrote:

> 'We can only desert the work with our lives. We are determined to hold on, though our discouragements be a thousand times greater. We have the same ground of hope as you in England—the promise, power and faithfulness of God.'

Only he begged for more helpers. 'Should any come, I should receive them with rapture.' At the beginning of the next cold season one, utterly unexpectedly, arrived.

> 'One day,' he writes—it was October 10, 1796—'as I was sitting with my pundit (Ram Ram Basu's successor—"young, and of very musical ear and voice") at my desk on the ground floor at Mudnabati, and was searching into venerable Sanskrit, *in bolted a man* with a neighbour of mine, whom he had picked up twelve miles off; and, before I could make inquiries, I found it was a *brother-missionary*. This spoiled all my Sanskrit for that day: but it was pleasant.'

It was *John Fountain*, whose story claims special remembrance as the Mission's first recruit. Carey and he found they had much in common. Both of mid-England, of next neighbouring counties—Fountain being a Rutlander; both converted in their later teens; both Free Churchmen and Baptists by conviction, against the bias of their past; both ex-choristers, understanding and loving

music, and singing a part. Even Fountain's voluble republicanism reminded Carey of his own youthful extravagances—long since suppressed for the work's sake. Their pleasantest link was Mr. James Savage, the Society's India House counsellor. Fountain, an eager helper of his Social Mission in Shoe Lane, off Fleet Street, had so impressed him by his versatile vivacity that he offered to send him to India as a lay helper to Carey, to which Fountain eagerly agreed. Alas ! it was all frustrated by Mr. Savage's sudden death. Upon hearing of his intense disappointment, the Society gave him countenance, and help towards his passage. And such was his grit that he cheerfully *went steerage*. Hats off to him ! He was a refreshment to Carey in those lonely North Bengal years. To Fuller, distressed at the collapse of the Mission's Sierra Leone work through their missionary's political indiscreetness, he was a sore anxiety, because of his ' edge for politics,' though really it was only in home-letters he blew off his republican steam : on the field he was careful. Carey was very drawn to him, as to a true yoke-fellow.

He took him for his first week-end to see Thomas at Mahipal, where Fountain heard them both preach in Bengali and English—in Carey's case despite such throat-abscess as had killed his mother, but which Thomas lanced. In their Sunday night carousal of sacred song, Fountain was acclaimed ' the chief musician.' He got many a surprise in that first cross-country journey. ' He had thought to sit in farmers' chimney-corners, as in Rutland, and get a basin of milk. He found farmers not distinguishable from other folk ; no chimneys in Bengal ; that he was rarely asked into any houses, and that, when he was, there seemed nothing within them ! ' In his first home-letters he wrote :

> ' Mr. Thomas delights in doing good to men's bodies and souls. He has many qualities which make him the fittest person for a missionary that could anywhere be found. Mr. Carey's very being is absorbed in the Mission. His English friends need not fear that riches may alienate his heart. He does not possess them. I am persuaded that there is not a man, who has not learned to deny himself, but would prefer his Leicester situation to that here.'

It was Fountain who persuaded Carey to bathe with him

in the Tangan every day, to their great health-gain. They would swim across to its white sandiness.

The Mission itself grew another noble lay-worker that same 1796 in *Ignatius Fernandez*. Born in Portuguese Macao, opposite Hong-Kong, he had been trained for the priesthood by an Augustinian monk, and with him presently travelled to Bengal. Distressed at Rome's image-worship, especially in an idolatrous country, he declined priest's vows. After ten years of Indian clerkship, he settled as a cloth-merchant in *Dinajpur*, and built there, moreover, a large wax-candle manufactory, whose site can still be traced. Becoming possessed at length, through a *Hindu* friend, of his first Portuguese New Testament, he was spiritually awakened, and in the Mission circle in 1796 was led, at thirty-eight, into true Christian discipleship. Thenceforth, he was their comrade, devoting his substance to their work, and building in his compound a pukka preaching-hall for Indians and Europeans. He gave at once to Thomas and Carey £40 for books, and Carey sent home for 'works of good philosophy and divinity, not in antiquated language!' In a few years he became an honorary missionary, and made Dinajpur a most active outpost; and, before his death at seventy-three, had won a host of trophies for Christ.

Carey was thankful for his wax candles. He had often had only the little dim mustard-oil lamps of the people to aid his studies night by night.

Reporting his conversion to Pearce, he would fain have sent similar Indian tidings: but he put it to him and the home churches whether such success could justly be looked for under conditions so adverse.

> 'Only imagine England to be in the situation of Bengal; *without public roads*, inns, or other convenience for travel; without a post, save for the letters of the nobility; without the boon of printing; and absorbed in the monkish superstition of the eleventh century—that in this situation *two or three men* arrive from Greenland to evangelize the English, and settle at Newcastle—that they are under the necessity to labour for their living, and to spend much time in translating the Scriptures, and you will be able to form some idea of our case.'

And Thomas wrote:

> 'I would fain tell you of our successful labours, of souls

converted by thousands. But it may be seven years, and seven added to these, before you hear of what you wish. Remember that when Joseph was sent to save millions, it was seven years before *one* was saved by his mission, and then they *were* saved by the millions.'

In the spring of 1797 he and Carey made their second journey to Bhutan. Carey's piquant account to Fuller, with a few details inwoven from his letters to others, is here slightly compressed.

'The Zinkaff's kindness was very conspicuous. He gave us pieces of bacon, a foot long, and so stale as to be smelt at a great distance. The Bhutia tea, mixed with ghî and salt, we in vain tried to swallow. The people look like amazing stout English waggoners, very weather-beaten: their dress a sort of waggoner's smock frock. The women, tolerably white, are clad in a petticoat, and a cloth fastened from the shoulders to the waist, so as to form a monstrous pouch over the breasts, in which pocket they keep everything.

'Heralded by music, we were escorted to the town of the Suba, the Viceroy of the hills—the Zinkaff stopping every mile or so, to drink spirits. His restive horse made the procession both amusing and a peril. The townswomen, so different from the secluded Hindu wives, came out to meet us; and, presently, the whole place, two or three thousand strong, joined in. With much courtesy, Sri Naya, the Suba, received us in front of his house, giving us white and red scarves in the name of the Grand Lama and himself. Then he led us up into his hall of audience, and we sat with him on the red-covered curtained dais, whilst the people crowded the benches under the long latticed windows. Shields and helmets hung above these windows; bows, arrows, and matchlocks below them.

'His generosity was astonishing. Did we but cast our eyes on any object, he presented us with one at once. Thus he gave us each a sword, shield, and helmet; also a cup of beautiful firwood. He examined with the closest curiosity the compass and mirror we gave him. In eating, he imitated our manners so exactly that he appeared as if he had spent his life with Europeans, though he had never seen any before. We ate his food, though I own the remembrance of the Zinkaff's bacon made me sparing. Then we talked long about Bhutan and the Gospel, and he called us lamas, teachers of souls.

'Next day, in our tent, he gave us further public proof of his friendship. We exchanged Rs. 5 and five pieces of betel nut. Having chewed betel for the first time in our lives, we embraced thrice in the Eastern manner, and then in the English way shook hands. Then he made each of us a gift of a blanket and a cloth richly gold-broidered, which I am sending to Ryland: it

might make a pulpit-cushion. But, on return to his house, we had a contrary reception and cross-examination from the pompous and jealous Vakil, which so angered the Suba, that, but for our entreatings, it would have ended in blows.

'They have a written language, and many books of astrology and religion. In their houses is a thumb-size image of the Grand Lama; but regarded only, I think, as a *representative* of God. The Suba said "there is a greater object of worship seen only by the mind."

'After the scene with the Vakil, we were not without cogitations that night, which we quieted by prayer. But we enjoyed our excursion, and glory in having declared Christ's Name where before it was never heard. We are full of hope for the near founding of a Bhutan Mission. We are each promised a mûnshi.'

Max Müller used to say that 'the study of *Sanskrit* and its literature was the best means of making any man, who was to spend five-and-twenty years of his life in India, feel at home among Indians, a fellow-worker amongst them, and not an alien among aliens.' From his second Mudnabati year Carey set himself to this language, which Ram Ram Basu extolled as almost divine. It was India's hall-mark of culture, the franchise of her real aristocracy; the tongue wherein her scriptures and classics were all enshrined; the speech which unlocked her very soul; the mother and queen of her many vernaculars. To conquer this was to lay open a dozen derivatives; to take this stronghold was to win a multifold domain. Many caskets of silver lay in this casket of gold. But illiterate little Mudnabati seemed no place for its acquiring. Yet Carey met sometimes in the district scholars inheriting the famed culture of ancient Gour, one of whom gave him introduction to Judge H. T. Colebrooke, of near Benares. Macdonell, Oxford's Sanskrit professor, calls his 'a great name,' and describes him as 'a man of extraordinary industry, combined with rare clearness of intellect and sobriety of judgment—the first to handle the Sanskrit language and literature on scientific principles.' He had just translated from the Sanskrit Sir William Jones's *Digest of Hindu Law*, and was to prove to Ram Mohan Roy how profound a Sanskrit mastery a European could acquire. Carey's acquaintance with him ripened into a close friendship and collaboration—linguistic, collegiate, and botanic.

To this early grappling with Sanskrit Carey added the study of *Hindustani*, so that by 1796 he could tell Ryland :

> ' I have acquired so much of the Hindustani as to converse in it and preach for some time intelligibly. It is the current language of the West from Rajmahal to Delhi and beyond. With this I can be understood nearly all over Hindustan.'

He was clearly preparing for no confined Indian service. Into *Bengali* he completed his translation of the New Testament by the spring of 1797. ' Matthew,' ' Mark,' ' Luke ' (i.-x.), and ' James ' had been the work of Thomas, though with his revising. The rest was all his own. He could tell Fuller that :

> ' Whereas in any land there are only two obstacles to God's work—the sinfulness of man's heart, and the lack of the Scriptures—this latter God has here begun to remove ; for the New Testament is now translated into Bengali. Its treasure will be greater than diamonds.'

He felt ' the exceeding responsibleness,' he said, ' of such translating, mistakes at the fountain-head contaminating all the streams in proportion to their perniciousness.' His method had been this :

> ' My pundit judges of my translation's style and syntax : I of its faithfulness. He reads the translation to me, and I judge by his accent and emphasis whether he fully understands. If he fails, I suspect my rendering—even though it is not easy for an ordinary reader to lay the emphasis properly in reading Bengali, which, except for the full stop, has no punctuation.'

But how should he get the Scriptures *printed* even when translated ? When he supposed that the needed punches must come from England, and each at a guinea, he was alarmed at the formidable cost—£4400 for a ten thousand edition of the New Testament ! But in December 1797 he learned that India's first commercial letter-foundry for vernacular types was just established in Calcutta, and a few months later that a press, recently landed from England, was for sale there for £46. With such glow did he talk of how this press would serve the Mission, that Mr. Udny, always keen for the circulation of the Scriptures, undertook to make it his own gift. So, at length, in the next September it was announced as at the Mudnabati ghât. Excited as

they were, ' they refrained from fetching it, being Sunday ; but they retired and thanked God.' When the people saw it presently set up, and Carey and Fountain so earnestly busy with it, they innocently called it ' the sahibs' idol ' ; whereas, in truth, it was meant to disestablish the idols. Till the Scriptures were printed and circulated, their progress could only be slow. Carey wrote :

> ' We have been labouring here four years in an overgrown wilderness. We have been breaking up the ground, rooting out the rank and most poisonous weeds, and sowing the good seed. Only a little return as yet appeareth, but the wise husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience over it.'

Lest the home-folk should chide their bare harvest, he asks :

> ' What could three ministers do even in England, supposing it now dark and rude as when Caesar discovered it ; supposing them, also, to have the language to learn, before they could converse with any ; and then to have the Scriptures to translate and write out with their own hands ; and this done, to have no other means of making the Scriptures known but by preaching,—with printing almost totally unknown, and only here and there one able to write ? This, brothers, is our case. May it speed your prompt help. Staying at home is become sinful for many, and will be more so.'

Confessedly their hands were pitiably empty, with no reaped Indian sheaf, with no assured conversions from among their pundits and inquirers. One had proved himself a fraud ; one was guilty of adultery; one ' of sweet temper, and apt in the expression of his ideas, seemed to have forgotten all of which he had once pleasingly conversed ' ; and so on. At Mudnabati only two remained as Carey's 'gleams of hope,' and of these one had many monetary distresses ! A ridiculous mouse out of mountainous labour ! ' Their inquirers were like grass upon the housetops, which withereth before it groweth up ; wherewith the mower filleth not his hands, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.' Carey owned to Pearce and to Blundel in 1799 his bitter disappointment.

> ' I am almost grown callous, and am tempted to preach as if their hearts were invulnerable. But this dishonours the grace

and power of God, who has promised to be with His ministers to the end; and it destroys all energy, and makes preaching stupidly formal.'

Oftenest he scourged less the people than himself:

'Such another dead soul scarcely exists.'
'My crime is spiritual stupidity.'
'I am, perhaps, the most phlegmatic, cold, supine creature that ever possessed the grace of Christ.'
'I have no love. O God, make me a true Christian!'
'If God uses me, none need despair.'
'My soul is like the prophet's "heath of the desert, which withereth ere its beauty appeareth."'
'I spoke to Mohammedans to-day, but I feel to be as bad as they.'
'I am not one of those who are "strong and do exploits." Indeed, I dread lest I may dishonour the Mission.'

And to John Newton in December 1799:

'I know God can use weak instruments, but I often question whether it would be for His honour to work by such as me. It might too much sanction guilty sloth, if I were to meet with eminent blessing.'

Yet, 'whether blessing was granted or denied, he was resolved to live and die in the work, never forsaking it but with liberty or life.' To Pearce he wrote:

'I would not abandon the Mission for all the fellowships and finest spheres in England. My greatest calamity would be separation from this service. May I be useful in laying the foundations of Christ's Church in India, I desire no greater reward, nor can conceive higher honour. The work, to which God has set His hands, will infallibly prosper. Christ has begun to besiege this ancient and strong fortress, and will assuredly carry it. It is not His way to desert what He has once undertaken.'

There was, they felt, 'a moving of the Spirit over the face of the waters, though as yet no particular act of creation.' Carey told Ryland:

'If, like David, I am only to gather materials, and another to build the House, my joy shall not be less.'

And the Society:

'I hope you will not be discouraged by our little positive success, but rather regard it as a call to double exertion, and to

send us more men. Hindustan *must* be amongst the "all nations," which shall call Him blessed.'

How measureless was Hindustan's need he felt, as never before, in the spring of 1799, when at Noaserai one evening, thirty miles from Calcutta, he saw with his own eyes widow-burning. He had been to the city to see Charles Short, upon whom a grave illness had fallen. He himself must tell the Sati facts.

'We saw a number of people assembled on the river-side. I asked for what they were met, and they told me to burn the body of a dead man. I inquired if his wife would die with him; they answered yes, and pointed to her. She was standing by the pile of large billets of wood, on the top of which lay her husband's dead body. Her nearest relative stood by her; and near her was a basket of sweetmeats. I asked if this was her choice, or if she were brought to it by any improper influence. They answered that it was perfectly voluntary. I talked till reasoning was of no use, and then began to exclaim with all my might against what they were doing, telling them it was shocking murder. They told me it was a great act of holiness, and added in a very surly manner, that, if I did not like to see it, I might go further off, and desired me to do so. I said I would not go, that I was determined to stay and see the murder, against which I should certainly bear witness at the tribunal of God. I exhorted the widow not to throw away her life; to fear nothing, for no evil would follow her refusal to be burned. But in the most calm manner she mounted the pile, and danced on it with her hands extended, as if in the utmost tranquillity of spirit. Previous to this, the relative, whose office it was to set fire to the pile, led her six times round it—thrice at a time. As she went round, she scattered the sweetmeats amongst the people, who ate them as a very holy thing. This being ended, she lay down beside the corpse, and put one arm under its neck, and the other over it, when a quantity of dry cocoa-leaves and other substances were heaped over them to a considerable height, and then ghî was poured on the top. Two bamboos were then put over them, and held fast down, and fire put to the pile, which immediately blazed very fiercely, owing to the dry and combustible materials of which it was composed. No sooner was the fire kindled than all the people set up a great shout of joy, invoking Siva. It was impossible to have heard the woman, had she groaned, or even cried aloud, on account of the shoutings of the people, and again it was impossible for her to stir or struggle, by reason of the bamboos held down on her, like the levers of a press. We made much objection to their use of these, insisting that it was undue force, to prevent her getting up when the fire burned. But they declared it was

only to keep the fire from falling down. We could not bear to see more, and left them, exclaiming loudly against the murder, and filled with horror at what we had seen.'

His spirit was in anguish in that flame. His brain burned with her body. He vowed, like Lincoln later concerning the auction of slave-women, 'to hit this accursed thing hard, if God should spare him.' Such wicked ignorance of God made him sigh for more helpers. His voice seemed mocked in India's wilderness. What a solace the following May surprise, a door of hope in his Valley of Achor!

'Ewood Hall, Halifax,
October 1798.

'Dear Mr. Carey,

'I know not whether you will remember a young man, a printer, walking with you from Rippon's Chapel one Sunday, and conversing with you on your journey to India. But that person is coming to see you, and writes this letter. His services were accepted by the Society on the 16th. It was a happy meeting. The missionary spirit was all alive. Pearce set the whole "Meeting" in a flame. Had missionaries been needed, we might have had a cargo immediately. Sometime in the spring I hope to embark *with the others*. It is in my heart to live and die with you, to spend and be spent with you.

'I trust I shall have your prayers for a safe journey to you, and be refreshed by your presence. May God make me faithful unto death, giving me patience, fortitude and zeal for the great undertaking.

'Yours affectionately,
'W. Ward.'

That very May, Mr. Udny decided to abandon Mudnabati at the year-end. The previous season had been a disastrous failure. Writing in its July, Carey had said:

'All my attention is required to repair what I can of the ravages of a very calamitous flood, which has just swept away all this year's hopes. About ten days ago I went all over this neighbourhood, and the prospects were charming. The fields were covered with rice, hemp, indigo, cucumbers, and gourds. On Friday last I went over the same parts in a boat, when not a vestige of anything could be seen. All was a level plain of water from two to twenty feet deep. The rivers have made two large lakes, three miles wide and fifty miles long.'

The prospects for the 1799 season were not much brighter. Only this time the curse was drought, which 'burnt the crops and dried up the tanks, and left the people only

offensive puddles for their drinking.' Carey says 'the whole district was smitten with such pestilence, as had scarcely ever been known before, six or seven dying weekly in every little village.' Of Fountain's life they almost despaired.

Carey considered removal to Bhutan. But, in order to pursue the employment for which he held a further three years' licence, and to provide the shelter of a business-standing for the newcomers as his partners, and to establish a Mission-Settlement on Moravian lines, he secured, with the Rs. 3000 he had saved, an indigo plant at Khidurpur, twelve miles north, and across the Tangan, on elevated ground, removed from the area of frequent inundation. Hearing in early November that *three, if not four, families* should be well on their way to him, he hastened his preparations for the reception of them there. Rough signs of these buildings are still visible.

Word soon arrived that *four* families had come—*the Marshmans, Brunsdons, Grants, and Ward*; that, though landing at Danish Serampore, they had been instantly ordered back by the British authorities, as soon as it was known that they were a missionary party; but that Colonel Bie, just reinstated at nearly seventy as Serampore's governor, had, in response to a commendation from the Danish consul in London, fearlessly pledged them asylum and defence. They besought Carey's guidance. Committed, as he was, up to the hilt to Khidurpur, by his large plans and expenditure, he begged them to press through to him. Presently, Ward arrived in Mudnabati to discuss the whole problem; of which his diary (here with bracketed annotations) shall tell.

> '*Sunday, December* 1, 1799, *Mudnabati*.—This morning we left the boat, and walked a mile and a half to Carey's house. I felt very unusual sensations, as I drew near, after a voyage of fifteen thousand miles, and a tedious river-passage! If Fuller, Ryland, Morris, or Sutcliff had been here! The sight of the house increased my perturbations. At length I saw Carey! He is very little changed from what I recollected, rather stouter than when in England, and, blessed be God, *a young man still*. [Young, as when they had met in Southwark when he was in all the glow of his forthgoing: young, spite of his six years' stress, his spiritual disappointments, and his home-care.] He lives in a small village, in a large brick house, two-storied, with Venetian windows and mat doors. [Carey says they kept their doors

open night and day, spite of the crocodile, whose home was in the tank ten yards off.] Fountain lives in a [bamboo and mat] bungalow a quarter of a mile away. Mrs. Carey is wholly deranged. Their four boys talk Bengali fluently. [Carey often said they had been his own best language-help.] Felix is 14 or 15. We arrived in time for the Bengali morning-worship. Carey preached at 11.0 in the Hall [a ground-floor room of his house]. I was much moved by the singing. There is a Mission-school of about thirty. [Carey says " they were of all castes from the highest to the lowest, and of ages from 5 to 20." At first they had had to give them some little payment for attendance, but later they came freely. Several were orphans, whom Fountain and Carey maintained.]

Carey was shocked to learn that Grant lay already buried at Serampore from fever, leaving two orphans, having, as Ward said, ' finished his course just as the rest were binding on their sandals ' ; then, that the British authorities flatly refused to admit the newcomers into the Company's territory, and again ordered them home, despite the mediations of Colebrooke and Roxburgh ; but that Governor Bie, taught by glorious Schwartz the worth of Protestant Missions, had flung wide to them the gates of Serampore —where they could establish schools, print the Scriptures, and preach without challenge. The haven was attractive, though there would be much to jettison first. The sheer money-loss would not be less than £500. Carey told Fuller :

' It was all so affecting to my mind that I scarcely remember having felt more on any occasion soever. No one could gauge the conflict of this trial but myself.'

Yet the next morning his decision was taken. Ward writes :

' *Monday, December* 2.—Carey has made up his mind to leave all, and follow our Saviour to Serampore. Indeed, whilst He has opened a door there to us, He has shut all others.'

The divine leading was soon manifest. Almost at once George Udny was promoted to Calcutta. His Malda successor, strongly hostile to missions, would have embarrassed all their work. Lord Mornington, too, for reasons of State, had just forbidden any press in British Bengal beyond Calcutta, which would have vetoed even their printing of the Scriptures in Khidurpur.

Printer Ward, in vivid recollection of Carey's Southwark conversation, was keen to see what Scriptures were ready for the press. Behold, except for a few Old Testament chapters, *the whole Bible was translated into Bengali*, in Carey's neat penmanship, in thousands of sheets! Fountain had drafted portions of the Old Testament Histories, as Thomas had of Genesis, Matthew, Mark, Luke i.-x., and James. Their revision and the translation of the rest was Carey's own. In his five and a half Mudnabati years he had broken the back of his first great translation-work!

The sick mourned his going. He had picked up from Thomas a good deal of first aid. His Mudnabati home, Ward said, was 'a kind of dispensatory.' 'People came almost daily from miles round for medicine and advice.'

But, whilst hundreds thus sought relief for the body, no Indian had let his Message bring him salvation of soul. Not even in those days of farewell did any thus rejoice him. He was like a woman craving for child, but knowing no motherhood.

Europeans of the district, whom he had discipled or enkindled, had to be his makeshift. He took Ward to see them. In Dinajpur,—great-hearted merchant Fernandez, Judge Parr, Assistant-Collector Webb, and especially 'Register' Cunninghame, whose conversion Carey counted 'their greatest event,' his being 'a soul beyond the common,' and 'such his maturity of judgment that when he spoke, none answered again.' In his new Christian joy he had sent Carey a love-gift of £25 for having led him into the light In Malda,—the Udnys and John Ellerton, indigo-planter, who had established North Bengal's first Christian school, and had begun his translation of the New Testament into the vernacular, which by 1818 was complete. In Goamalti, on the fringe of ancient Gour,—Henry Creighton and William Grant, in indigo also, and, moreover, the establishers of Christian schools. Carey was solaced to leave such northern representatives and comrades behind him. 'They would not let the light spread there go out.'

But what of Thomas? Unfortunately, ere there was any thought of Serampore, he had been discouraged and had abandoned the Mahipal management, to Mr. Udny's vexation. His relation even to the Mission became vague.

With wife and daughter he moved hither, thither, never in one stay. Now living in a boat, now in a bamboo hut; now in Nadia, now in Birbhum; now preacher, now sugar-refiner and distiller, and now again indigo-venturer! A rolling stone: a warm heart, a wayward judgment and will!

When with Carey's and Fountain's belongings and the printing press, and a multitude of plants for Roxburgh and for Serampore, the boats were at length loaded, Carey joined Ward and Powell on a day's sport, though himself gunless. 'He never shoots,' writes Ward. From a boy he watched, rather than took, wild life. What pleased him more was to cross the Ganges to introduce Ward to the Santals of the Rajmahals, for he had grown very interested in all that he had seen and heard of these sturdy hill-tribes, so different from the Aryans of the plains. No caste, nor priests; simple animists, and hunters, with bows and arrows; able to talk Hindustani, and prepared to welcome a teacher. 'I longed to stay there,' wrote Ward, 'to tell these social and untutored heathen the Good News from heaven. I had a strong persuasion that our Saviour's wounds would melt their hearts.'

On the first morning of 1800, after tender farewells, they all left Malda for their down-river run to Serampore, which they reached on Friday the 10th. Carey's apprenticeship was over. His new leadership was to begin.

'*February* 29,1804. Went this evening to Mudnabati. A man accompanied me who had worked for Carey, who showed me his house, the works, and little Peter's tomb. He told me how on the Sundays they were wont to sit in the Hall and hear Carey preach. The mundul of the village came and a number of others, whose looks, when I mentioned Carey, bespoke the feelings of their hearts. They said they remembered the word he had spoken to them, and it did their hearts good. I heard of several who could read, and who wanted books, who had been taught in Mudnabati and Goamalti.'

J. Chamberlain's *Diary.*

'It was curious to observe how little the villagers knew about the great man, who had lived here. The utmost the oldest inhabitant of the neighbourhood could tell us was that he had heard that the Planter Sahib, who had lived there, was "a good man, and his name was Kerani Sahib," *i.e.* "the writing Sahib." Of his fame as a Sanskrit scholar and translator, and the father of modern missions, they knew nothing. They were not a little surprised when we told them his name was known and venerated all over the world. The title "a good man," however, is very suggestive, and one Carey would have valued more than all his honours.'

T. R. Edwards, Mudnabati. July 1894.

'Last Lord's Day I read your first letter from India from my pulpit. It made the lame leap as an hart, and caused the tongue of the dumb to sing. The following evening a crowd of Christians came to testify their joy and gratitude, and you may assure yourselves that you have the prayers of thousands of God's Israel.

'Fifty-eight have joined "Harvey Lane," since you left. I was present last week at the morning meeting of the Association at Kettering. It would have done your heart good to have heard how almost all the churches and ministers declare themselves revived in consequence of the Mission.'

Pearce to Carey. August 1794 and June 1795.

'To-day in the Malda and Dinajpur districts, where the Santals are increasingly settling, hundreds of them are confessing themselves Christ's. At Baptul, a market near Mudnabati, I saw them buying gospels from their own kinsmen with great zest. They are industrious, clean, clever and musical—and archers from earliest boyhood. Padre Edmeades told me of a European, who visited his Mission compound in Dinajpur, and who coveted two mangoes on the top of magnificent trees of Fernandez' planting. "What would you say," he replied, "if one of my schoolboys brought them down for you!" "How could they possibly?" he answered. "Why not with an arrow?" he said. "See now," said the European, "I'll give ten rupees to any boy that gets those down in twenty aimings." So a Santal boy was called. He strolled round the wide tree for the best point of vantage, and then the first aim brought the fruits down, and won the ten rupees—to the amazement of his challenger. Within five miles of Carey's Khidurpur, fifteen Santals—men and their wives—have just (January 1923) been baptized. "The wounds of Christ," as Ward expected, "have melted their hearts."'

S. P. C.

XV. THE SERAMPORE BEGINNING

'Don't print too many encomiums upon us. The Moravians do not so. I cannot get out of my mind a public show, whilst I read the *Periodical Accounts*. "Very fine missionaries on view here. Walk in and see." I cannot think this can excite public confidence, or produce the least good.'

WARD to FULLER.

'In the whole History of Missions we know no grander chapter than Serampore.' Dr. GEO. SMITH.

'The Jews might as well forget Jerusalem as the Baptists Serampore.'

'The three at Serampore were of that type of self-made men so often to be met in English history, men of insatiable appetite for learning, and of practical ability, dismayed by no difficulties, and whose industry and patience knew no bounds. Carey especially was a man of heroic diligence. Each acted as a complement to the others so perfectly and harmoniously that their living together tripled their work-power. They had one household in common in Serampore until death, and stood by one another inseparably in weal and woe, during years of severe trial.' RICHTER.

'The triumvirate of Serampore formed the base of a battle-line for all Asia.' Dr. H. C. MABIE.

'Only as our young men are inspired by such examples as your Serampore pioneers, can we hope to realize Seeley's prophecy, that "England's Indian achievement, whilst her strongest, may also prove her greatest."' LORD CARMICHAEL, Governor of Bengal. December 4, 1915.

'Thank you, Moravians. If ever I am a missionary worth a straw, I shall owe it, under God, to you.' MARSHMAN.

In Spangenberg's God-blest Moravian 'Economy' in the States, 'the fireman felt his post as sacred as if he were guarding the Ark of the Covenant. 'In commune oramus, laboramus, patimur, gaudeamus' was their watchword, and 'the death of Christ Jesus was the diamond in the golden ring of their gospel.'

'There was a boy who used to carry parcels from a bookseller to his customers. Every day he trudged through the streets heavy-laden. One day, going to the house of a great duke with Clarendon's *History of England*, three folios, his shoulders were so tired that, as he passed through Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey, he laid down his load, and sobbed at the thought that he had nothing more in life to look forward to than being a bookseller's porter. But, looking up at the building which towered above him, he bethought him of the high truths and brave souls there enshrined. Brushing away his tears, he replaced the load on his shoulders, and walked on with a light heart, resolved to work his hardest, and to bide his time. His time at last came; for *Joshua Marshman* became one of the noblest and most learned of our English Missionaries.'

DEAN STANLEY.

'Unto me, who am less than the least of all our saints, may this grace be given, that I should *print* for the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ.' WARD'S *Diary*, on the outward voyage.

CHAPTER XV

THE SERAMPORE BEGINNING

January 10, 1800–March 5, 1801

Khidurpur would have been out of the world : Serampore was on a highway, at a mainstream. Withdrawn from Calcutta, and secure from those who would have thwarted the work ; yet only two hours' distance. ' A populous, well-ordered, healthful, and beautiful town,' on the verge of its most prosperous years. Denmark's Bengal port ; its Hooghly wide as the Gravesend Thames ; its ghâts and roadstead busy with ships of Denmark and the world, ' as many as two hundred big boats in full sail passing by in a tide.' Its residents polyglot—' Danes, Germans, French, English, Portuguese, Armenians, Greeks, Sikhs, Mussulmans, and Hindus,' Carey says : and Barrackpore, its *vis-à-vis*, the suburban resort and military station of India's Governor-General, whose regal boat came and went at the week-ends, with golden eagle and tiger head. Here the Mission found a city of refuge, yet impact on the world. Its line went out into all the earth. Governor Bie often brought with him to the Mission Services visitors from far. With these, and others, even in ' Serampore's ' first year, Carey frequently preached to many nations—on November 16, for example, to Norwegians, Danes, Americans, Malays, a Malabar, and, of course, a Scotsman. The site was strategic.

Yet it demanded double courage to plant the Mission there. ' The district was overwhelmingly Hindu, and Brahmin influence specially strong. Next to Puri it was the provincial seat of Jagannath,' whose Car festivals are still famous and thronged.

Moreover, an attempt had already been made to establish a Mission there, but had been abandoned as failure. In

1777, loyal to the last plannings and biddings of Zinzendorf, and in comradeship with others bound for other centres of the East, Moravian missionaries had settled at Serampore —Karl Friedrich Schmidt and Johannes Grassman—one of whom was a doctor. They acquired the Bengali speech, and compiled a Bengali-Moravian vocabulary; but the closer they drew to their Mission-task, the more formidable they found it. Though the town was under a Danish and Protestant flag, only four families were Protestant—the rest Hindu or Mohammedan, Greek Church Armenian, or Roman Catholic—and all so entrenched in their beliefs, and the Hindus so tenacious of caste, that 'preaching seemed ploughing upon rock.' When, after fifteen years' effort, they could count only one dubious convert, the Mission was relinquished in 1792, the very year of the B.M.S. founding. So Carey and his colleagues gave battle just where his Moravian heroes had been foiled. He the more understood, what his own North Bengal years had taught him, how grim would be the struggle he invoked.

Nevertheless, he still believed in the Moravian plan of communal settlements as best assuring economy, efficiency and fraternity; and set himself to fuse the six families. Never so happy as with many about him, he hailed the change from his long northern loneness, accentuated as it had been by the melancholy of his ill wife. Not that he ignored the strain on human nature of this clubbing together. Even on the newcomers' voyage, made so pleasant by Captain Wickes (father to each and grandfather to the children) there had been 'womanish frictions.' In Carey's first Serampore week, before the Mission house was bought, two of the men had come even to blows, and in the presence of Bengalis. Hope of a fused family seemed doomed; especially in the climate of Bengal.

> 'I tremble,' wrote Ward, 'almost before we begin to live together. So much depends on a man's disinterestedness, forbearance, meekness and self-denial. One man of the wrong temper could make our house a hell. Much wisdom will be necessary. It is but here and there that one makes conscience of strangling thoughts, and of esteeming others better than himself. Only few are fit to live in such a Settlement as ours is to be, where selfish passions must be crushed, and the love of Christ swallow up all else.'

Indeed, so great was their concern, that they sued from the Home Committee local authority to exclude any who might prove intractable.

Yet the Fellowship was fused, and was sustained by these first Covenanters in every case till death,—which, whilst claiming Fountain and Brunsdon within few months, withheld itself from Ward, Carey, and Marshman for 23, 34, and 37 years. The threefold cord was never broken, though many would fain have cut or torn it apart.

In the formative months, with Thomas at a distance, Carey was the one expert. To him they looked: on him they leaned. The more, as they marked his courteous sway, confirming the assurance of the Home Committee, that 'they would find him far from that temper, which would make it burdensome to follow his advice.'

In one particular he departed from Moravian precedent. Bishop Spangenberg had laid it down in his *Instructions*—the accepted text-book of Moravian Missions, published in English in 1788—that 'each Settlement should appoint a Head or Housefather, to whom the rest should in love be subject.' Carey deliberately planned otherwise. Foregoing his own claim to headship or housefathership, he founded 'Serampore' on equality for each, pre-eminence for none; rule by majority, submission to that rule; allocation of function by collective vote; superintendence by each in monthly rotation, including purchase of supplies, presidency of the table, keeping of accounts, direction of the servants, the interviewing of callers, and the conduct of the weekly English Service. And the bold stroke paid. This democratic basis of the Mission and the family was a secret of its strength. He would have them call no man master, least of all himself. 'One was their Master, even Christ.'

A chief function of Spangenberg's 'Housefather' was 'to suppress dissensions, if possible, at their first appearance, or to compose them, should they break out.' This also Carey committed to the Christian wisdom of the Five.

> 'We have a meeting every Saturday evening,' he writes, 'to regulate family concerns, and settle any difference that may have arisen in the week. Should any be hurt in their minds, and not mention it then, they would meet with little pity afterwards, and, indeed, would be guilty of a crime.'

This open treatment so succeeded that, towards the second year-end, he could declare, 'We have not had a complaint for several months. Should one be made, it is sure to be amicably settled.' He tells us how from the beginning he solemnly, secretly, bound himself to be never the conscious occasion of friction.

The Settlement's salvation lay in the mutual forbiddance of trading and of labour for personal gain, in the pooling of all earnings, the apportionment of frugal pay to each family according to its needs, and the consecration of the whole surplus to the Mission's expansion. Here they strictly followed Moravian precedent, smothering all covetous impulse ere its birth.

Allocation of function settled itself. Publication of the Scriptures was the business most urgent. Preparation of the clear copy and correction of the proof was the joint solicitude of Carey and Fountain. Expert Ward was to print, helped by Brunsdon and Felix. To make money towards its heavy cost, the Marshmans opened boys' and girls' boarding schools—soon the best in Bengal—of which wealthy Europeans took thankful advantage. As Colonel Laurie says, 'Everybody sent a son to Serampore.' These boarders and the missionaries' children helped to keep the Settlement in lively humanness and moral health.

In his colleagues Carey found deep joy.

> 'All have their hearts entirely in the work. Ward is the very man we needed. I have much pleasure in him, and expect much from him. Marshman is a prodigy of diligence and prudence. Learning the language is mere play to him. He has acquired in four months as much as I did in eight.'

Thankful beyond words he was, too, for Hannah Marshman, whose unruffled temper, 'extraordinary prudence,' devoutness and zeal made her the Settlement's true mother, the Mission's saving health.

Soon after they moved into the Mission house by the river, Thomas came on a visit from Birbhum, completing their circle and heating their zeal. He and Carey had not met for a couple of years. The town was thronged for the Ganga mêla, and the newcomers could sample their illimit-

able task. 'Under Pearce's Kettering sermon, and surrounded by Christians, the Millennium,' said Ward, 'seemed very near. How far it recedes in the presence of these uncountable idolaters!' The crowds were soon vaster, to watch the swingings by the flesh-hooks—a barbarity and frenzy against which Carey and Thomas hurled their whole indignant strength.

They kept Thursday, April 24, 1800, as Thanksgiving Day for the completion of their buildings. A sunrise prayer-session; a morning church meeting, with Carey called to the pastorate, and with all rehearsing their conversions; the afternoon given to the shaping of an address to Governor Bie, and an 'animated' evening sermon by Carey on 'rejoicing in hope,' for 'hope was a joy to him' in spite of Moravian failure and his own six and a half years of Indian disappointment. To perfect the day, came home-letters, with tidings of Scotland's enthusiasm for the Mission, and the Haldanes' sale of 'Airthrey' for £30,000, as a love-gift to their Lord.

Colonel Bie presently wrote to Andrew Fuller: 'I am happy in possessing these,—as I shall be, if their numbers increase. This world yields plenty of mould, whereof earthen vessels are made, but little dust that gold cometh from.'

Few, however, viewed then as did he,—most Europeans mocking them as mad. 'Many sneer at us,' wrote Carey, 'but we are preparing materials for God's temple in this country, and in Him is our confidence.' To keep in vital touch with Him he made a sanctuary-arbour in the walled garden, which was called his 'bower.' Here at sunrise and before tea and after supper (when the moon saved him from snake-fear) he daily meditated and prayed, and the Book, which he ceaselessly translated for others, became his own 'hidden manna.'

He counted himself most fortunate, within two months of reaching Serampore, in getting into communication with Panchanan, the skilled old Indian smith, who had learned punch-cutting and type-making in Hugli under Charles Wilkins himself, India's Caxton. Joyfully he engaged him and Manohar, his nephew, for the Mission. By May, Carey pulled the first page of the Bengali New Testament, and

View up the River Hooghly from Serampore.

The Mission Church, Serampore, which in Carey's day was the Mission House for the common meals and the daily worship. The Judsons sojourned in a room here. Immediately in front, in the Hooghly, Krishna Pal was baptized.

for nine months thenceforward Ward, Brunsdon, Felix, and an Indian compositor kept at his heels.

> 'They pursue me,' he said, 'as hounds a deer. The labour is tenfold what it would be in England—printing, writing, and spelling in Bengali being all such a new thing. We have in a manner to fix the orthography, and my pundit changes his opinion so frequently. Still I venture to say that our MSS. are much correcter than any of their own.'

They gloried in their toil. 'To give a New Testament to men who never saw one before, who have been reading fictions as God's Word, this is our privilege. Few will know its value immediately; but sometime, to many, a leaf, even a verse, will be more precious than a load of hay.'

Often Carey was hard put to it for fit Bengali words. For '*cross*,' for example—a word so cardinal in the Christian vocabulary—there was no Bengali equivalent. He made shift at first with the Bengali for 'picket,' and 'Matthew' and 'Mark' were thus printed: but, much dissatisfied, he substituted the Portuguese 'cruz,' ere these gospels were issued.

He was not just indoors, however, superintending the Scripture printing, but was without, scattering the divine seed. Grassman and Schmidt had found preaching 'ploughing upon rock': Carey had still faith in its penetrating power. From his first Sunday he was Christ's 'herald on the highway'; often thrice in a day, and in the cool months a fourth time. Fridays were soon added to Sundays for these preachings—at the dhobis' quarters and in Rishra; and always with leaflets.

'Friend, can you read?' they would say. 'No, sahib.' 'Have you any in your family that can?' 'No.' 'Any in your village?' 'Yes, one.' 'Then give him this, and bid him read it to you and your neighbours. It tells you the way of salvation, how your sins can be forgiven, and how you can be blest in life and death.' They mostly received these with astonishment and trembling.

Hearers constantly increased, but none dared link themselves with them. 'The Brahmins,' they said, 'must embrace the faith first.' These Brahmins were surprised at the little Englishman's knowledge of their Shastras—Shastras which not one in hundreds of themselves had so

much as seen. At first they crossed swords with him ; but soon were mostly more discreet. Sometimes they invited him to their villages, or met him on some temple steps, and talked with him till dark. Oft they declared their religion and his own essentially the same, and that all must be saved by the faith of their own race ; he would ask whether a rupee and a pice were the same, and which they would choose upon offer. Sometimes they confessed there was no salvation in their gods or debtahs, and they would accept a Christian hymn, though not in the presence of the river. Sometimes they protested that the mere reading of a Christian Scripture would break their caste, or that it was a sin to be taught by an inferior ! Often they demanded a sign, to authenticate his message. They would draw off any fellow-Brahmins who might be listening, or they would threaten Carey and the people with their curse. 'And, remember, our curses bite home.' Now and then they even hired lewd youths to mock his person, preaching and prayers, and to hiss him from amongst them.

Satire had to be his frequent weapon. 'You think you 'll be saved by the incessant naming of your god or debtah ? A parrot's holiness and yours is one.' 'The Ganges make you holy ? Why, it is infested with thieves ! And, see, it flows past Calcutta's jail, which is filled with Brahmins, whom it can neither make honest nor release ! ' 'You look on the paita ; God looks on the heart.' 'As soon expect mangoes on brambles as holy living from sinful hearts ! ' 'What, sin as necessitated as goodness, seeing that God has made hell and heaven ? There 's a jail in Serampore, but you needn't commit robberies to fill it.' 'Self-indulgence only obedience to nature ? A doctor orders you medicine in strictly measured doses. You treble the dose and die. Is the doctor responsible ? ' 'You, sir, especially holy—a debtah in the making ? Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit ? There is more hope of a fool than of him. You 'll be meek enough, when God calls you to account.' 'See, say you, the protective power of our idol ? It has just sheltered a snake. I break the snake's back : what strength has your stone image to save it ? ' Oftenest they defended image-worship by the sheer custom of the country. 'Then, perhaps,

cheating and lying are good; they are unquestionably a custom amongst Bengalis.' A fakir, loudly boasting to have transmuted a pitcher of water into milk, he invited to dine with him. 'You need not fear, even should the food be "forbidden." Who can change water into milk can change forbidden food into lawful.' Asked why he was thus rough with Brahmins, he would say: 'I am like one finding his neighbour asleep with his house on fire. I fetch him hard thumps to warn him of danger and promote his escape.'

He trusted less, however, to these 'hard thumps' than to the story of Christ's Passion. As early as May 1800, Ward writes:

> 'Carey and I went to a village this morning. Our congregation was noisy; but, whilst he was relating the sufferings and death of Christ, they were all attention. This is more and more his theme' (instead of his aforetime frequent appeal to fear).

Ward sometimes saw even Brahmins weep under this love-news, and Carey himself in tears. 'There *is* a Ganga that can take away sin,' he would say, 'but it is not the Ganges.' 'Why did not God strike dead the slayers of His Son? His forbearance is the gospel's wonder and glory.' He pitied the multitudes, who rejected Christ's simplicity for Hinduism's 'hard labour.' 'I hire a boat and bid you take me down to Calcutta. Instead, you pull up the stiff river to Nadia. You toil to no purpose, and against my bidding and will.' 'And what fruit have you for your hard following of your religion? You expect it in another life? From Christ we have fruit now as well as then. Missing it now, how can you ensure it then?' Robert Hall would never now have challenged his preaching as lacking similitudes. He had acquired the Oriental mind.

Although, through the months ere his colleagues could take their share of the preaching, he sought with such blent irony and tenderness to win men to the Truth, there was no reliable response. One even asked what she should *eat* to be saved. Another ruined his illustration of contrite prayer by saying that 'if *he* petitioned Serampore's

governor for pardon, he would look very sorry, but would tell every self-excusing *lie* he could invent.' Ward speaks for them all on July 27 :

> ' We are often much disheartened, though we try to keep up each other's spirits. At present it is a dead calm ; not one whisper, " What must I do to be saved ? " '

' Make us your carpenters or smiths,' said many, ' and we are willing : but your religion we do not want.' ' You would not take a coin from me without ringing it,' said Carey ; ' of the way of Salvation you take no trouble to inquire.' Schmidt and Grassman seemed right, ' Preaching at Serampore was ploughing upon rock.' Chaplain Brown bade them conclude that ' God's time for the conversion of Bengal had not yet come.' ' You have lost Grant and Fountain ; you have faithfully laboured—with no Indian success. Apostles, rejected in one place, went to another.' Even the people taunted them,—' If God commissioned you, why are two of you already dead ? '

Carey's own indictments were ugly in the October of 1800 in his first letter to John Williams, chief Baptist minister of New York. Perhaps, depression made him severe.

> ' No people can have more surrendered their reason. In business they are not deficient, but in religion they seem without understanding. But a people can hardly be better than their gods. They have made themselves idols after their own hearts. Hindus have not the fierceness of American Indians, but this is abundantly made up for by cunning and deceit. Moral rectitude makes no part of their religious system ; no wonder, therefore, they are immersed in impurity.'

And to another correspondent :

> ' Never was such a combination of false principles as here In other heathen lands conscience may often be appealed to with effect. Here God's law is erased thence, and idolatrous ceremony is engraven in its stead. The multitudes pay a thousandfold more deference to the Brahmins than the people did to the priests in the Papacy's darkest days. And all are bound to their present state by caste, in breaking whose chains a man must endure to be renounced and abhorred by his wife, children, and friends. Every tie that twines round the heart of a husband, father, and neighbour must be torn and broken, ere a man can give himself to Christ.'

Yet he said to John Williams:

> 'I have no doubt but God will establish His Name in this country. Our labours may be only those of pioneers, but Truth will certainly prevail, and this kingdom amongst the others see the salvation of God.'

As Ward put it, 'He *must* reign, till Satan has not an inch of territory.' But Carey confesses 'he was often almost dried up by discouragement, and was tempted to go to his work like a soldier expecting defeat.' They would frequently say, as they walked through the streets together, 'Oh, if we had but one Christian Hindu with whom we could freely converse!' Their depressions, of course, measured the height of their aim, as Cromwell's dejections were 'the inverted mirror of his greatness.' Had they been satisfied with an indirect Christian influence, they would have escaped their travail. Solicitude for conversions cost them their tears.

The long drought began to break in this October. Marshman and Ward attempted their first vernacular preachings. Felix grew gentle under the cherishings of Ward. 'From being a tiger,' says Marshman, 'he was transformed into a lamb.' October 20 was both his and Ward's birthday. They spent it together in the quiet and in prayer, and the next day, at fifteen, Felix preached his first message. 'Ward never heard one better fitted for India.' From that day he was for months their boy-preacher—oft to just a few in retired places, sometimes to crowds at Serampore's Red Cotton tree or the new Pagoda. Then William, too, three years younger, with more than his brother's self-will (they had lacked a mother's due care) took—thanks to Ward again—the same track.

Thomas also was with them for a while, a rushing wind, a tongue of fire,—with *Fakira*, a widowed workman from Birbhum, who for a year had sought the Truth. Rather than learn no more of Christ, he had remained (although so poor) in Thomas's sugar-refinery, at a third of his first pay. On Tuesday, November 25, before the members of the Mission, he told his experience, confessed himself Christ's, and solicited baptism. 'They sprang to their feet and sang the doxology with new emotion.' His baptism was fixed for the Sunday after his return from the country, whither

he needed to go to fetch his child. Alas! he was never seen nor heard of again. Perhaps, his courage collapsed; likelier, his relatives detained him by force, or put him out of the way. The cup of joy was dashed from the Mission.

On one of those November days Thomas disguised himself as an Indian, deceiving his own colleagues, to go eavesdropping like Gideon. Engaging Brahmins in talk, he asked if any in that district minded God.

'Yes, a few sahibs who have come hither.'

'Are they good people?'

'Yes, and they speak of one, Jesus Christ.'

'And who is he?'

'They call him "Son of God." Some say that, after a while, Hindus, Mohammedans, and sahibs will be all of this religion.'

Thomas could assure his comrades that they were building better than they knew.

Another day, meeting a carpenter, who was also a guru, he asked where was the nearest great school of the Brahmins. On being told, he said, 'Can I get there in an hour? 'Nay,' replied the carpenter, ''tis a long day's journey thither'—as Thomas, of course, well knew. Then the deft catechist told of Christ's school, and of how quickly it could be entered, through His costly redemption.

This was not *Krishna Pal's* first encounter of the gospel. Years before he had heard it from Johannes Grassman, for whom he sometimes did carpentry. From John Fountain, too, much later, in the first month of this year. But from neither in a way so fervent and direct. As a youth of nineteen, after an illness, he had become a chela of Ram Charan Pal of Ghospara, who had taught him many mantras: this first,—'O moon-bright Lord, I breathe, speak, and walk at Thy pleasure. Thou art ever with me, Bread of my life.' Now, at thirty-five, he was himself guru, teaching mantras to others: yet with little peace, because sin was unremedied. So he fain would know more of these new Christian gurus.

He needed other help from them soon. For on November 25, at his morning bathe and homage, he slipped and fell on the ghât, and put out his shoulder. Reaching home in dreadful pain, he sent to the Mission for the doctor-padre,

of whose presence there he had now learned. Thomas hasted the half-mile to his help (with Marshman and Carey) and recognized the carpenter he had directed to Christ's school; whereat a great hope leapt within him. Against a tree they set his shoulder, and then left him to ponder this saying, 'A father chastises a child whom he loves.' That afternoon Thomas and Marshman returned, and gave him and his neighbours in rhythmic Bengali this printed gayatri, to be their daily devotional chant, which 'Thomas expounded with unusual enlargement of spirit':

> 'Sin confessing, sin forsaking,
> Christ's righteousness embracing,
> The soul is free.'

And this he began to receive as more thorough than the mantras of Ram Charan Pal—the Mission's skilled mercy to his broken body making him tender and trustful of soul. The next morning, as he was still in much pain, he was taken by Carey to the Mission for relief. Soon he was resorting thither daily for spiritual instruction, both Ward and Felix leading him further along the way of salvation. All that he learned he taught Rasamayi his wife and Jaymani her sister. On Sunday, December 7, 'neighbours listened to Carey's message with great attention, though trembling with the cold.' 'So new and different grew the Mission,' said Ward, 'that the country itself wore a fresh aspect.' None cherished the inquirers more than Felix, out of his own new love for Christ.

At length, on Monday, December 22, Thomas asked Krishna whether he understood what he had learned. He replied that 'the Lord Jesus Christ had given His very life for the salvation of sinners, and that he and his friend Gokul did unfeignedly believe this.' 'Then you are our brothers,' said Thomas. 'Come, and in love let us eat together,'—for 'Serampore' was resolved to eschew the compromise of Ziegenbalg and Schwartz, and boldly to require of every convert the abandonment of caste. Gokul and Krishna consenting, they sat down with the Mission families and ate with them, having first withdrawn into a quiet place for prayer. A Eucharist indeed! The Master was once more made known to men in the breaking of bread! In the

evening Rasamayi and Jaymani also joined them, and the rapture was complete.

> 'Thus is the door of faith opened again to the Gentiles,' cried Ward. 'Who shall shut it? Thus is the chain of caste broken. Who shall mend it?'

Their testimonies were most assuring. 'Christ's words have blessed our minds. He has removed our sins. He is all to us. The love that died for us is wonderful. Our hearts are nailed to His Cross. Henceforth, debtahs are nothing: a Brahmin's curse or blessing is nothing.' Their baptism was fixed for the next Sunday. Thomas was delirious with wonder. He had waited fifteen years for this joy. Carey himself had almost abandoned its hope.

> 'Sing, soul, sing,' exclaimed Thomas. 'Sing aloud! Unutterable is my gladness. If thou canst, my soul, sing through thy tears a song of fifteen years. The fifteen years seem fifteen moments now. One poor fox throws down Sanballat's wall. It seems to me the joy will never cease. O angels, see! Oh, this is bliss!'

The joy-bells rang in the Mission. Hell's wolves compassed and bayed round Krishna's home. At dawn they haled him before a magistrate, who sent them to the Governor. 'This man,' they shouted, 'has eaten with Europeans, and has become one.' 'Nay,' answered the valiant old Governor, as soon as he learned the facts, 'he has become a Christian, not European, and he has done well. I will answer all demands against him. I forbid you to harm him.' They withdrew from the Governor's presence, but could not be quieted. Some had already snatched from Krishna his eldest little daughter, as contracted months before for marriage to a Hindu neighbour. Hundreds mobbed and mocked him, shouting 'Feringhi.' Carey met Rasamayi frightened and sobbing in the road, and wept with her—which she never forgot, nor the words of his soothing, 'Fidelity to Christ has brought you to this trouble. He 'll treasure your tears in His bottle, and will never forsake you.' They would all, however, have been murdered that night had not the Governor learned of the plot, and sent a guard to protect them.

Then kinsfolk and neighbours plied all pleas, taunts,

threats to break their baptismal purpose ; till on the Sunday Krishna alone was still ready to go forward—the rest begging more time. Just the one stood intrepid, and in spite of their hissings, ' Krishna, the devil's own ; in hell 's your throne.' He only smiled and gave the reason for his confidence.

Of the historic baptism, Ward's is the best account. We add a few words in parentheses.

' *Sunday, December* 28, 1800.—After our English Service, at which I preached on baptism, we went to the riverside, immediately opposite our gate (*i.e.* in front of the present Mission Church) when the Governor, a number of Europeans and Portuguese, and many Hindus and Mohammedans attended. (Carey says it was nearly one o'clock, the tide compelling this lateness). We sang in Bengali, " Jesus, and shall it ever be ? " Carey then spoke in Bengali, particularly declaring that we did not think the water sacred, but water only, and that the one from amongst them about to be baptized professed by this act to put off all sins and all debtahs, and to put on Christ. After prayer, he went down the bank into the water, taking Felix (the son of his heart) in his right hand, and baptized him. Then Krishna went down and was baptized, the words in Bengali. All was silence. The (brave old) Governor could not restrain his tears, and almost every one seemed struck with the solemnity of this new ordinance. I never saw in the most orderly congregation in England anything more impressive. " Ye gods of stone and clay, did ye not tremble, when in the Triune Name one soul shook you from his feet as dust ? " When Krishna came from dressing—a quick thing here—a Danish lady took him by the hand, and thanked him from her heart. (We shall hear much of her.) Brunsdon was ill, but watched all from a palanquin. Thomas, alas, was confined in the school, raving mad ! (The bruised reed was broken under stress of the blessedness. Carey's wife, too, had no power to share her son's and husband's joy.) In the afternoon we kept the Lord's Supper in Bengali for the first time. " How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts ! " Krishna said he was full of praise. Felix and I accompanied him to his home. We talked with unusual feeling to the women (and to Krishna's relatives there from Chandernagore and Calcutta). About nine o'clock Krishna came joyfully to the Mission to tell us that they again wished for baptism. Blessed day ! (What a thrilling last Sunday of the year !)

' Christ set them in the ecstasy
Of His great jubilee ;
He gave them dancing heart and shining face,
And lips filled full of grace
And pleasure, as the rivers and sea.'

Carey says he was charged with ' having desecrated the Ganga,' but he knew that his own soul's gladness only echoed heaven's. That Felix led for the first time that evening ' Serampore's ' family-worship added another deep happiness.

Krishna (unless it was Fakira) was the Peter with whom Christ began to build his Bengal Church, against which no gates of Hades should prevail. ' He was only one, but a continent was coming behind him.' As Marshman put it, 'The conversion and transformation of one Hindu was like a decisive experiment in natural philosophy, of universal application. The divine grace which changed one Indian's heart, could obviously change a hundred thousand.' Xavier had baptized the unregenerate in hordes, and it was nothing. Krishna was the firstfruits of Bengal and of North India.

He openly accompanied the preachers, no loathing of his fellows nor rage of his guru shaking his soul. His Brahmin-landlord evicted him : another robbed him of part-paid-for land. But ' as the world was his Saviour's, he had no doubt of getting where to lay his head. Christ never let His poorest be as poor as Himself.'

Jaymani in a fortnight was baptized, the first Bengali woman to brave this confession. Asked how many rupees it brought her, she replied, ' I have obtained great riches indeed, and in Jesus a treasure beyond the world's wealth.' Every evening ill Brunsdon went to read with them. ' Before he could stammer out the New Testament words, they caught the meaning.' ' They never felt the cold when learning of Jesus.' Jaymani called her heart ' a book, wherein was written everything she had heard of the Saviour.' She so emboldened her sister Rasamayi that by the end of February she dared baptism too, with Annada, a chamar's *widow*—Bengal's first to know the mercy and comfort of Christ.

' We count these,' wrote Marshman, ' more precious than most beautiful gems. They are also pillars by the wayside to remind us of our Master's fidelity.' Carey would have baptized his son William with Jaymani, assured of his sincereness, and not afraid to baptize a boy of twelve ; but a colleague counselled postponement towards deeper experience.

Blest almost as Krishna's baptism-day was Thursday, March 5, 1801, when they laid on the Communion table the bound Bengali New Testament, as holiest of shewbread. It was *the first people's book* ever printed in Bengali, the fruit of seven and a half years of Carey's toil. He was now close on forty. He pulled the last page on February 7. Through the nine months of its printing Ward had not known an hour's sickness. He writes in his *Journal*:

> '*March* 5.—This evening we had Thanksgiving for the finishing of the New Testament. Carey spoke in English and Bengali, and the rest of us prayed. A comfortable meeting.'

And for India an evening historic! Marshman gives Carey's text, 'Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly,' and his own composed hymn:

'Hail, precious Book divine!
Illumined by thy rays,
We rise from death and sin,
And tune a Saviour's praise:
The shades of error, dark as night,
Vanish before thy radiant light!

'Now shall the Hindus learn
The glories of our King:
Nor to blind gurus turn,
Nor idol praises sing;
Diffusing heavenly light around,
This Book their Shastras shall confound.

'Deign, gracious Saviour, deign,
To smile upon Thy Word;
Let millions now obtain
Salvation from the Lord:
Nor let its growing conquests stay,
Till earth exult to own Thy sway.'

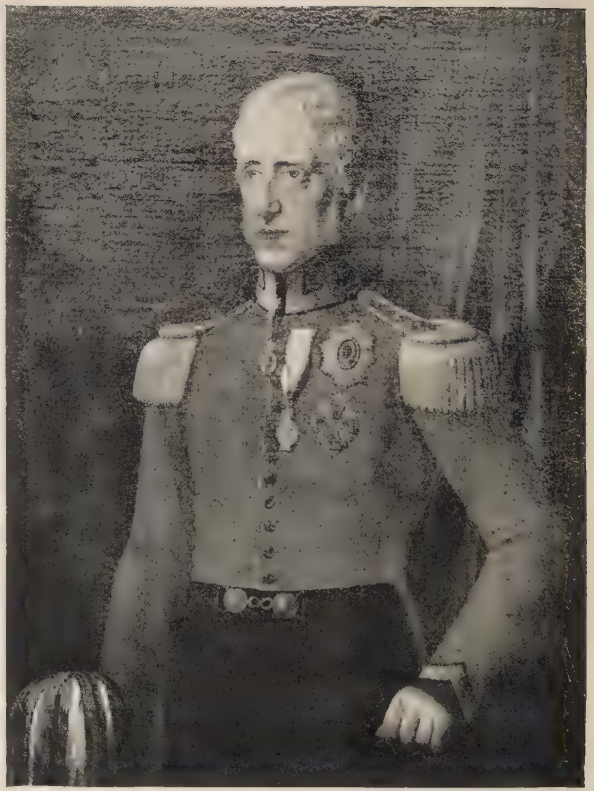
That Krishna, Jaymani, Rasamayi, and Annada were with them, with the Word of Christ already richly dwelling in their hearts, and Krishna sharing in the leadership of prayer, crowned their rejoicing.

With the hundred copies of the Book despatched to Ryland for home-distribution, Carey sent a case of Indian butterflies of his setting!

Fuller took care to send one of these New Testaments to Earl Spencer, of Carey's own county, to enrich his incomparable library and array of Bibles. The Earl congratulated Edmund Carey on the achievement of his son, and sent £50 to Serampore towards the translation of the Old Testament, and instructed that a copy of the New Testament should be presented to the King, as by his own request. So upon a morning a Mr. Bowyer, a skilled engraver of London, and a warm friend of the Mission, was received at Windsor, and presented the gift, and expressed the hope that 'the King might live to see New Testament principles prevail throughout his Eastern Dominions.' A lord-in-waiting whispered an uncomfortable fear that the communication should have come, if at all, through the Board of Directors; but the King replied that this was a thing beyond the Company's jurisdiction, and to Mr. Bowyer said, 'I am greatly pleased that any of my subjects should be employed in this manner.' A copy was also sent to the King of Denmark.

This first Bengali New Testament has been described as 'the first stroke of the axe levelled at the banyan-tree of India's superstition.'

H. T. COLEBROOKE



FREDERICK VI. OF DENMARK, AND OF SERAMPORE

'Years after, when the Mission extended to Dacca, there were found several villages of Hindu-born peasants, who had given up idol-worship, were renowned for their truthfulness, and, as searching for a true teacher come from God, called themselves "Satyagurus." They traced their faith to a much-worn Book kept in a box in one of their villages. None could say whence it came. All they knew was that they had possessed it many years. It was Carey's first Bengali New Testament.'

SMITH's *Carey*, x. 188.

'Men talk of making history; but of all history-makers none equal those who give men in their mother-tongue the Word of God.'

London Review on 'Serampore,' 1859.

'Immediately after the letters, announcing the conversion either of Krishna Pal or of the first Brahmin, reached Fuller, he was touring Scotland for the Mission, and preached on 'O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things; His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory. The Lord hath made known His salvation; His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.' He prefaced his sermon with his news. The effect was wonderful. The large assembly was overwhelmed with joy, to feel that barriers to the world's conversion, which they had feared might be insuperable, had been broken.' Dr. F. W. GOTCH.

'Dearly loved in the Lord,

The joy of our hearts was great, when the news of your conversion reached us. In you we see the firstfruits of Hindustan, the travail of our Redeemer's soul, and a rich return for our imperfect labours, to which the love of Christ constrained us. Now, we beseech you, stand fast in the Lord.

To unite with the Church below is to be akin to that which is above. Satan divides men from God and one another. The gospel makes us one. You were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord. Walk as children of light. Put off all that is evil; put on Christ's new man. Abhor every kind of idolatry. Lay your account with persecutions. This was the Master's lot, and must be yours. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation. Let your chaste and holy conversation, your uprightness and gentleness, your firm adherence to the truth continue to refresh us. Pray and strive for the salvation of your fellow countrymen. Recommend to them the gospel by your long-suffering and love.'

A. FULLER. Part of the Society's Letter to Krishna, Jaymani, etc., Leicester, Aug. 19, 1801.

'The Serampore we visit differs widely from Carey's. Then "the town was well-ordered and beautiful," the neat Danes taking pride in their Bengal outpost. Whatever threatened public health or contravened public order, even on private estates, was summarily dealt with. For the inspector went his fortnightly round, and with municipal workmen (after a single unobeyed warning) righted the mischiefs without more ado, sending the account to each offender. The population was much less than to-day's; yet was it no "sleepy hollow,"—witness the surviving fine buildings on the river-front. An official map of the seventeen-sixties credits it with "a large bazar." The place was live with shipping of the world. Then the novel sound of machinery could be heard from Ward's

long paper-mill and printing-works, folk coming from far to see the magic *steam-engine*. But no such throb and hum, of course, as from to-day's crowded jute-looms. T. R. Glover imagined Paul extremely interested in these jute-mills, as the up-to-date development of a craft kin to his own. None the less, we may bemoan—as the professor would any similar industrialization of the Cambridge haunts of learning—the shortsightedness which sold to the Jute Company such acres of mission-property. One has to think away all these millsheds, chimneys, offices, sahibs' house-flats and jute-barges to capture the sense of the seclusion and spaciousness of the historic "Serampore," and of the range of its activities. The only buildings, associated with the Mission, which survive from Carey's time, are Marshman's and Carey's houses; the Mission Church, which was the original Mission House; the College; the Danish Church; the Governor's house and gateway; the Jail gate; "Aldeen," and Henry Martyn's hideously restored and plastered "Pagoda."'

S. P. C.

Dr. J. T. Vanderkemp was pioneer L.M.S. Missionary to South Africa, 1798.

'Very dear fellow-helper Vanderkemp,

The news of your going to the Cape a little before some of us left England to join this Mission caused us to rejoice that God was sending His glorious gospel to Africa's dark tribes. You and your colleagues are called to a most arduous but important work. You may meet with many discouragements, and may have to face many trials: you may labour long with no sign of success: many apparent firstfruits may be blasted, or for long may seem so. Yet be not weary; you shall reap in due time, if ye faint not. He is faithful who has promised, and will stand by His servants to the end of the world.

'Cold reason alone would suggest that a world so beautiful and in many ways so plainly under the government of God, cannot for ever be the theatre of oppression, sedition, slavery and war, and would incite us to hasten the reign of righteousness and peace. Nevertheless, we have little sure hope of this being accomplished, till we read the divine promises, and consider the pledge of their fulfilment in the death of our adorable Redeemer. Then firm rock is felt beneath our feet, and we *know* that the earth shall be filled with God's glory, as the waters cover the seas.

'Seven years have passed since we, who have been here the longest, came first to this country to publish the gospel. Throughout, the faithfulness of God has been our stay and our encouragement:—our *only* encouragement till this last year, save for His mercy in our family and the conversion of some Europeans, to whom we had access. But now God has begun to add Indians themselves to His Church. We baptized two some little time ago, and have very lively hopes of three more. Which gives fresh vigour to our spirits,—though, had we not been blessed with even this success, we should have waited *still* upon God, assured that all things are under the rule of an infinite wisdom.

'Experience has taught us that God's ways are best, and that our little plans are often frustrated in great mercy. As, for instance, in the matter of our settling *here*. Far to the north of this we *were* settled, and to that place every heart was bound, when our colleagues arrived in this country. Not till we could choose no longer, and even then with the utmost reluctance, did we bring ourselves to relinquish what we had begun in Mudnabati: we only painfully complied with dire necessity. But now we see that the divine Hand was in it, and are convinced that this is the very place where we ought and are best advantaged to be. Therefore, dear friend, be sure that, even when you are most disturbed, disappointed and

discouraged,—whilst God leads, you can never go astray. Be strong in Him and in the power of His might. Make mention of His righteousness —even of His only.

'We shall greatly esteem a letter from you or from any of your colleagues—telling us where is the seat of your labour, what your success, your difficulties and your prospects. We long to know you intimately, that we may the more sympathize with you affectionately, and rejoice with you in a more lively strain, and pray for you more heartily. We wish you to do the same with us. Let us by such mutual communications cement a union between Asia and Africa.

'Very affectionately yours in the bonds of the gospel,

W. Carey.
Joshua Marshman.
W. Ward.
D. Brunsdon.
Felix Carey.

'Serampore, Bengal, *Feb.* 14, 1801.'

[The letter (here slightly abridged) is Carey's, though it is signed by all.]

XVI. THE FORT WILLIAM PROFESSOR

'No longer were young men, fresh from Eton or Harrow, to be flung loose upon the surface of Indian life, to acquire, as best they could, without any formal training or scholastic discipline, the knowledge that was to fit them to become judges and ambassadors and ministers of finance. Earnestly and assiduously had Lord Wellesley addressed himself to the great work of improving the administrative machinery of the Anglo-Indian Government. And foremost amongst his projects was the establishment of a College for young Indian administrators, under efficient direction and control.'

Sir J. W. Kaye, *Life of Lord Metcalfe.*

'No sooner did Lord Wellesley find himself freed from "the uncongenial bonds of war" in the south than he devoted himself to various measures of internal administration with an ardour seldom equalled. The Company's civil servants, although they produced a few men of first-rate ability, had sunk into lowest depths of ignorance and vice. The Service had its origin in a mercantile staff, well-versed in the mysteries of the counting-house; and its training, since the Factory had grown into an Empire, had not been sufficient for the more important duties now devolving upon it. The system, which Burke had reprobated fifteen years before, was still unchanged, and lads of fifteen to eighteen were being sent out to India, before their education could be finished, with no opportunity nor inducement on their arrival to complete it. At the close of three or four years' residence, the young civilians, endowed with an affluent income and unchecked authority, had not only lost the fruits of their English studies, and gained no useful knowledge of Asiatic literature or business, but were abandoned to pursue their own inclination without guidance or control.'

Hist. of Bengali Literature, 1800-1825, Dr. Susil Kumar De, Calcutta University.

'If the Court of Directors should abolish this Institution, it is my fixed and unalterable resolution to propose to Parliament, immediately after my return to England, a law for its restitution. For I *know* it to be absolutely requisite for the good government of these possessions. So convinced am I of its necessity, that I am determined to devote the remainder of my political life (if needs be) to establishing it, as the greatest benefit which can be imparted to India's public service, and as the best security for the welfare of our Indian subjects.'

Wellesley to Lord Dartmouth, Aug. 5, 1802.

'Carey was the centre of the learned Bengalis, whom his zeal attracted around him. The impetus which he gave to Bengali learning, is to be measured not merely by his productions and his educational labours, but by the influence he exerted and the example he set.'

Dr. Susil Kumar De, *Hist. of Bengali Literature.*

'I must acknowledge that whatever has been done towards the revival of the Bengali language and its improvement must be attributed to Dr. Carey and his colleagues.'

Ram Komal Sen, Secretary to the Asiatic Society, 1830.

'Carey was the pioneer of the revived interest in the Vernaculars.'

Sir Rabindranath Tagore to me, 1921.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FORT WILLIAM PROFESSOR

CALCUTTA

April 8, 1801–May 31, 1830

Modest as Carey was, he was pleasantly excited in that dawn, which Marshman thus describes :

> ' *Wednesday, April* 8, 1801.—This morning Carey came to me in great haste, almost before I was awake. He had received a note from our very good friend Rev. David Brown concerning a matter of great moment, to which an immediate answer must be given. " He wishes to propose him as Professor of Bengali in the new College. Would he give his consent ? " Going over to C.'s room, I found Ward summoned in the same earnest manner. We laid our heads together with the gravity of a conclave of Cardinals. After discussing the subject pretty liberally, we agreed that, as it came unsought, and might in easily-imagined circumstances be of essential service to the Mission, we would consent, leaving it to God to fulfil or frustrate, as was best—there being yet much uncertainty in the business.'

Carey himself was burdened with a sense of his ' inability to fulfil such an engagement with propriety,' but both Provost Brown and Vice-Provost Buchanan insisted that ' two or three deists or atheists excepted, no other in Bengal was qualified, and that regard for the moral welfare of the students precluded the nomination of these.' ' They claimed to be better judges of his ability than himself.' Since the position might protect and prosper the Mission, ' he at length consented to nomination, though with fear and trembling.' The next Sunday the Vice-Provost and Governor Bie brought eagerly to the Mission the news of his appointment.

It pleased him that, though his Lordship the Governor-General had been told that he had been a Nonconformist

missionary in Bengal for more than seven years, he still approved his nomination. To override the difficulty of a Nonconformist being professor in a Government College, he was named 'Tutor.' 'Being thus appointed,' he wrote to Sutcliff, 'our English friends may now be at ease respecting our safety.' 'Yet for my own part,' he told Principal Ryland, 'I am almost sunk under the prospect, having never known college discipline. My ignorance of the way of conducting collegiate exercises is a great weight on my mind. Give me your counsel and your prayers.'

This Fort William College had just been founded by Proconsul Wellesley in the second year of his sway, for the young 'writers' of the Company, who had hitherto been given scarcely more than the equipment of commercial clerks, and for whom a worthier discipline had long been overdue. It opened with a hundred students from the three Presidencies of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, with brilliant Gilchrist as its Principal. Wellesley proposed to build for it a worthy home at Garden Reach. For the time being it was housed to the south of Dalhousie Square: later in Lall Bazar, in a building which Carey found 'insufferably hot and noisy'; and later again, in the Military Paymaster-General's. The students, if not living with relatives, occupied the old Writers' Buildings across the square, two in a house. For four years Carey was given two rooms in the College, and there was common table for the professors—concessions afterwards, for economy, withdrawn. The day after his appointment, at Rs. 500 a month, Carey sent £20 to his father, 'who must suffer much in this war-time dearth'; £20 toward his nephew Peter's apprenticing, and £10 to his invalid sister. For the rest, he lived exactly as before—his salary reckoned the Mission's, except that a modest allowance was made him for 'decent apparel.'

His first care was to choose pundits—a chief at Rs. 200 a month, a second at Rs. 100, and six others at Rs. 40. For his chief he appointed Mrityunjay, 'one of India's best Sanskrit scholars.' As one of his lesser pundits he re-engaged Ram Ram Basu, to open a new career to him, in spite of the past, and to avail himself of his unquestionable gifts.

For his classes on two, and soon three, days a week, he

needed to go up to the city each Tuesday, returning by Friday evenings, crossing each time the unbridged Hooghly —the regular goings and comings profiting his health.

A chief trouble was the lack of vernacular text-books and tools. Halhed's *Grammar* (1778) was almost out of print. Forster's *Vocabulary* was only English-Bengali. No Bengali literary prose-work was at hand, though he had seen certain MSS. in Nadia. He goaded his pundits to produce text-books, himself in his first year leading the way with a Bengali *Grammar* and *Colloquies*. The *Grammar* was, of course, based on Halhed's; yet, according to Dr. S. K. De, was 'an original contribution to the study of the language.' Professor H. H. Wilson of Oxford describes the *Colloquies* as 'a lively picture of the manners and notions of the people of Bengal.' The picture is too 'lively' for some, who criticize Carey's inclusion of quarrelling women's rough 'Billingsgate,' especially considering his missionary calling. But, as Professor De says, 'had Carey listened to his missionary scruples, his picture would have been unnatural or imperfect.' In this same first year Mrityunjay and Golak Nath (another of his pundits) published excellent Bengali translations from the Sanskrit, whilst Ram Ram Basu produced a graphic history of Raja Pratapaditya, the hero of the Sundarbans. These were the beginning of modern Bengali literature.

The students were in their later teens, and from Britain's aristocracy—Metcalfe and Bayley, in Carey's first classes, fresh from Eton. Of his first forty-five men, twenty-one rose to be judges, with nine of the Court of Appeal. Metcalfe and Bayley became Provisional Governors-General, Plowden Secretary to the Board of Trade, Morton Deputy Accountant-General, Barwell Comptroller of the Treasury, Fraser and others Commissioners of the Revenue, Pakenham Secretary to the Governor-General, and Siddons Postmaster-General. He might well solicit Ryland's counsel and prayers.

The morning after his first return from college duty, Felix roused them all very early in high excitement. The British flag, he said, was flying on the Danish Government Buildings. They soon learned that, whilst Serampore slept, a British detachment from Barrackpore had taken posses-

sion and hoisted the ensign ' without firing a shot or beating a drum.' The people flew to the Mission with their children and chattels, till all was found to be quiet. The missionaries were summoned, with the town's civilians, before the British Commissioner, and were assured of their freedom to pursue their callings as before.

> ' Now,' says Marshman, ' we could unravel the providence in respect to Carey. We could recall our uneasiness eight months back, when such questions as these were being asked, " What press is that at Serampore ? Ought it not to be forbidden ? " The tokens of divine care over us are almost as visible as over Israel in the wilderness.'

With the restoration of European peace the next year, Serampore was given back to the Danes.

Before Carey's first term ended, he was appointed to teach Sanskrit as well as Bengali. The examination week in February 1802, Ward says, was ' comfortable for him,' his men having made ' good Bengali progress.' At the annual disputations in the throne room of Wellesley's just-built Government House in 1803, ' they came off with great honour,' debating in Bengali before the Provisional Governor and the learned of Calcutta that ' Asiatics were capable of as high a civilization as any nation of the West ' ; for which Carey had coached them. On Thursday, September 20, 1804, in the presence of Lord Wellesley and his brother (the future Duke of Wellington), the Supreme Court judges, the Supreme Council, an envoy from Bagdad, and the city's literati, Carey was required to address the assembly in Sanskrit, the first such public European attempting. In the course of his speech he said :

> ' The institution of this College will help to break down the barrier of our ignorance of India's languages, which has long opposed the influence of our principles and laws, and has despoiled our Administration of its energy and effect. " Sanskrit learning," say the Brahmins, " is an extensive forest abounding in varied and beautiful foliage, in flowers and delicate fruits." But it has hitherto been surrounded by a thick and thorny fence. Scholars like Sir Wm. Jones and Chas. Wilkins have here and there broken the fence. This College, by the wisdom of Lord Wellesley, will make a highway through the wood.'

When the Hindustani class had discussed Sanskrit as India's mother-speech, and the Persian class the poet

Hafiz, Carey's men debated 'the utility of translating the Sanskrit classics into India's popular tongues.'

As late as in 1815 he used to say, 'I cannot tell how to account for it, but I always feel on these Annual Disputations in Government House a load, which to me is highly oppressive.'

'Marathi' was soon added to Carey's tutorial responsibilities, and in 1805 the Marquis congratulated him and his pundit Vidyanath on the progress of their first five students in this tongue.

He had been Bengali tutor only nine months, when Lord Wellesley instituted an inquiry into the religious murders of the Hindus, especially the horrors at the Isle of Saugor, where the sea and the Hooghly branch of the Ganges meet. Wives often vowed to Ganga one child, if she would grant them two. The doomed infants were pushed down the mud-banks, either to drown or be devoured by crocodiles and sharks. Carey wrote to Fuller early in 1802 :

> 'As teacher in Bengali, I have received an order from the Vice-President to make every possible inquiry into the number, nature and reasons of these murders, and to make a full report to Government. You may be sure I shall do it with great readiness.'

He gathered in a month full up-to-date information, resulting, along with the reports of others, in the Government's immediate illegalizing of the horrors — except Sati. To the bliss of 'Serampore,' when they went preaching during Saugor's puja in 1804, not a babe was sacrificed to the river. The innocents had found ransom at last.

Distressed at the excepting of Sati, Carey sent that year careful investigators to every village within thirty miles of Calcutta, to learn how many widows had been immolated there in the previous twelve months, and their ages (they were sometimes mere girls) and the children they had left doubly-orphaned behind them. *Four hundred and thirty-eight* was the damning total in this specific area alone, the toll of a single year's superstition, cruelty, and waste. The victims were India's pearls, souls capable of an infinite chivalry. 'Serampore' implored the Government's forbiddance. With George Udny on the Supreme Council,

an ardent abolitionist, they hoped to prevail. But Lord Wellesley's reign was ending. With a swarm of critics in London and Calcutta, he feared to risk so challenged a reform, though he did not fail to leave on record his own approving judgment. The Mission never ceased to lodge its protests, nor to publish the detailed death-rolls; but not for another quarter of a century were the Hindu widows redeemed.

Carey was too occupied in his first tutorial year for *preachings* in Calcutta, but strove all he knew to win his students and their Civil Service friends to Christ. Before the end of his first term, he had a few men round him for spiritual talk, men like Lang, and like brilliant Byam Martin, whose new religious fervour perplexed the wife of the Chief Justice. 'I never converse with him,' said Carey, 'without the liveliest pleasure.' Gifted and rich young Cunninghame, converted under Carey's Dinajpur urgings, was now stationed near Calcutta, and often joined these youths in Carey's rooms, and won into their midst from his own office, King, who had seemed so unlikely. Cunninghame had just published a cogent Christian Evidence treatise, and could help Carey to establish their Christian thinkings. He presently, however, sailed home, under Carey's impelling, to free the slaves on his newly-inherited West Indian estates.

> 'We have heard,' Carey wrote to John Williams in November 1803, 'that the Jamaican House of Assembly has prohibited the education of the negroes, and their religious meetings—a most lamentable decision. We must wrestle in prayer for their deliverance. Certainly God's hand will fall heavily on those Isles (*i.e.* the British) whose trade is maintained by robbery and cruelty. When He maketh inquisition for blood, He will not forget the sighing of the poor and needy. Yet may their oppressors be rather converted than destroyed!'

The minutes and correspondence of the College Council make its history vivid throughout Carey's long service. We can watch the fight of the founder with the London directors, their decision to strangle it almost as soon as it was born, his defiant insistence on its preservation, but their eventual curtailment of its scope to Bengal. The moods, too, of the students we can follow, now, through

whole terms and more, insubordinate and indifferent, and then again loyal and keen ; the ever-vexed problem of the slackers—expulsion, detention, Mofussil appointment on low pay, being all experimented ; their debts ; their ' expensive entertainments, which they compelled one another to maintain ' ; their practical jokings from their windows in ' Tank Square ' (now ' Dalhousie '), and particularly at the Monument Corner (Holwell's—the ' Black Hole ')—shooting crows with pistols, catapulting passers-by, and annoying processions ; the excuses and transient repentances of the ' carpeted ' ; and the keenness of the military men from the Fort, admitted from 1812 to the classes.

Carey grows very actual in these secretarial folios. With his subjects and classes increasing, he asks and gets, from August 1806, equal pay with the Hindustani professor —Rs. 1000 a month (£1500 a year), plus the full title of ' Professor.' He mourns, what long experience confirmed, that ' though the far greater part of the Junior Civil Service are men of good abilities, they are of such indolent habits, or so inclined to pleasure, as to need perpetual incentives to study or to self-restraint.' Yet he refuses ' to treat them as boys in a grammar school.' He abominates their having to declare their debts, and steadily disbelieves that the debt-evil worsens. He saves Oakley from expulsion by a generous word. He remonstrates with Kennedy for boxing his pundit's ears (!), and gets this note from the pundit : ' People engage in service to *support* life. Being doubtful what will happen on my next going to Mr. K., I am much afraid. Let there, therefore, be a gracious order for me to attend some other gentleman ' (!). He delights in Henry Sargent for having done four books of the *Aeneid* into Bengali, but more for ' his greater achievement of subduing himself, and breaking the chains of indolent habit ' : and in stammering Claud Monckton and in Lewin Anderson, who had respectively rendered into Bengali the *Tempest* and *Telemachus*. ' Schalch is one of our brightest ornaments, few having left the College with a better knowledge of Bengali.' Udny should ' study more and worry less.' ' Duntze has so completely absented himself from lectures as to put it out of my power to admonish him, without

requiring his special attendance for this purpose.' 'Barton has been distinguished by marked aversion to study, a neglect of preparation, and an endeavour to escape before the lectures are concluded.' 'Bird has so shuffling a habit that his proficiency is no more than two months since.' Henry Smith, suspected of cheating in his written Bengali examination, protested his innocence and was given a second chance.

> 'I chose,' says Carey, 'one of the easiest exercises in the appointed book. He sat over it till 12.0, and then requested me for another less difficult. This I chose, but in about half an hour, he wished another. *I then gave him the choice of the whole book*, and after some time he fixed on one to attempt. But I am constrained to say that, except for the title and one or two loose ideas of the story, his translation bears scarcely any resemblance to the original. His English into Bengali is worse.'

He says he 'did all he could to make his classes agreeable. When correcting their errors, he called as little attention to the fact as possible.' For the Bengali into English, the class translation was always extempore, from his own *Colloquies* or *Stories*, from Ram Ram Basu's *Pratapaditya* or Mrityunjay's *Fables*, or from Kasi Ram Das's Bengali verse-translation of the *Mahabharata*, which 'Serampore' had printed in pocket volumes as early as 1802. When Bengali newspapers began to be published, he often utilized these. Every time he was out for livingness. For the English into Bengali the juniors brought prepared work: of the seniors he demanded translation on the spot, with only help from himself. It was usually, he says, some story from the *Arabian Nights*, or a passage from Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, 'chosen for its short and well-defined sentences, its appeal to their understanding, and because most of them were looking towards the judicial branch of the Service.'

For a few terms in the midst of his professorship his Bengali classes were almost deserted. Persian being compulsory, and another vernacular necessary, the men chose Hindustani, because its vocabulary most resembled the Persian. Upon representation to the College Council, the handicap was removed, and his classes became normal.

It is pleasant to hear him defending the tongue he so ardently loved.

> 'Bengali is the language of the extensive Province, which holds the seat of the British Government, and which is the centre of the commerce of the East. It is the language constantly spoken by its inhabitants in their domestic intercourse and business, the great majority of whom can converse in no other. It must, therefore, be a painful thing that only a few servants of the Government should be found able to read or speak it.
>
> 'Its structure is such that it abundantly uses words requiring much care for their right formation, and which yet yield it its peculiar perspicuity and elegance. Its multitude of inflexions and its syntax present difficulties, which few, who have not laid the foundation in their college years, will later care to encounter, however much they may be conscious of their lack of the knowledge. Convinced as I am that the Bengali is intrinsically superior to all other spoken Indian languages, and second in utility to none, I cannot consent to what degrades it in the College.'

By 1818 he alone of the professors had been there from the foundation; by 1825 the next senior was his junior in service by twelve years, and the rest by at least twenty. Through the whole three decades of its teaching-life he served it, and then alone of its professors was pensioned.

Of his first eight pundits, Ram Ram Basu worked with him till death in 1813, and then was succeeded by Narūttam Basu, his son; Mrityunjay, till in 1818 appointed pundit of the Supreme Court, when Golak Nath stepped into his college place, and Mrityunjay's son, Ram Jaya, became Carey's second chief. 'He possessed,' Carey said, 'in an eminent degree those abilities and that extensive education, for which his father was almost unrivalled.' Rajib Lochan served throughout Carey's twenty-nine years; four others, till pensioned a year or two before himself—one suffering from paralysis, and one 'having developed such a nasal utterance as to be disagreeable to the students, and unemployable!'

The College professors were also its and the Government's literary advisers in the languages they taught. Thus nothing was published with their patronage, through thirty years, in Bengali, Marathi, and Sanskrit without Carey's endorsement. The keys of this kingdom were his.

He sought, however, to be not just adviser and censor, but literary inspirer. 'His College rooms,' says Dr. De, 'became the centre of literary activity. The best intellects

and scholars of the country met in friendly intercourse at "Fort William," and Carey drew around him a band of enthusiastic writers bent on removing the poverty of their vernaculars.' Sixteen works his own pundits published, being mostly Bengali translations from the Sanskrit or the Persian—stories, fables, the 'Hitopadesa,' works on jurisprudence, illustrative essays, and the first Bengali prose-rendering of the beloved 'Gita.' But three of the sixteen were original, and the beginnings of modern Bengali literature —Ram Ram Basu's *Raja Pratapaditya*, the story of Jessore's daring challenger of Akbar, whose subdual cost the Emperor the serious output of his military strength; Rajib Lochan's *Maharaja Krishna Chandra Charitra* (from whom he himself claimed descent), who took Clive's part in Plassey, and then in Nadia became an ardent royal patron of learning and music; and Mrityunjay's *Chronicles of India's Kings*. These three gave something like distinction to Carey's pundit-circle.

He himself in these 'Fort William' years went patiently forward with his linguistic spade-work. Not that this was his preference, but that for the opening of India's vernaculars to others this was the initial and immediate necessity. Therefore, he did not disdain to be what Johnson with so much feeling called 'the drudge and slave of science.' He produced six grammars—more than once being the first breaker of the ground—Bengali, Sanskrit, Marathi, Panjabi, Telugu, and Kanarese; and even a Bhutia by toilsome editing (with J. C. Marshman) of Missionary Schroeter's notes. Three dictionaries he compiled — Bengali, Marathi, and Sanskrit, as well as a Bhutia vocabulary. The Marathi proved of twice the expected extensiveness. The Bengali, with its eighty thousand words, hived the toil of thirty years, and 'deserves,' says Dr. De, 'all the praise it has received, for the much it did to stimulate the cause of literature, and being for long the standard work.' Professor H. H. Wilson of Oxford says, 'Local terms are here rendered with the correctness which Carey's knowledge of the people's manners and his long domestication amongst them enabled him to attain; and his scientific acquirements and familiarity with natural history qualified him to employ, and not infrequently to devise, characteristic terms for the animal and vegetable products of the East.' In his *Colloquies* and

Garland of Indian Stories he trod a wider field of much human interest and humour, both books showing in how modern a spirit he dealt with his class-work.

In closest alliance with the College was the Asiatic Society, of Sir William Jones's founding. Carey was admitted to its membership in 1806, and met there Calcutta's most Catholic 'Intellectuals.' For the first ten years he only missed eight of its fifty-six meetings, and served on its 'Committee of Papers' from the beginning till within a year of his death. It was before this Society and the College Council alike that in 1805 he laid his project of publishing (with the help of his 'Serampore' colleagues) a series of Indian classics, with text, English translation, and notes, to make the Western world partakers of India's literary riches, after the manner of Sir William Jones and of Charles Wilkins, the first English translators of the 'Sakuntala' (the finest Sanskrit drama), and of the 'Hitopadesa' and the 'Gita.' Both bodies strongly approved his scheme, and undertook its financing. The Society's president, the Chief Justice, communicated its prospectus to the learned Societies of Europe, whose interest in the long-sealed literature of India Sir William Jones had so recently aroused. Carey and Marshman began with the 'Ramayana'—the epic which mirrors India's soul—and hoped to thus offer to the English-reading world in nine or ten volumes this Eastern 'Iliad.' But when by 1810 they had issued three volumes, besides translating two representative books of the 'Sankya' philosophy, pressure of other work thrust aside for a time this purely literary labour; and then a catastrophe, of which a later chapter tells, forbade its resumption. To Andrew Fuller in far insular Britain, and exclusively absorbed in the religious interests of the Mission, the 'Ramayana' was 'that piece of lumber'; of the whole thing he was impatient. But Carey's grief over its polytheistic aspects and influence could not blind him to its human interest, its racial revealings and its literary power.

During these same years Ward—keen and catholic as his colleagues—published in four considerable volumes *A View of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindus*, with translations from their principal writings, 'which for half a century was a standard authority.'

XVII. THE INDIAN STORIES

These forty examples of Indian humour and wisdom are the most interesting of Carey's *Garland of Stories*, his 'Itihasmala.' That they were his own gathering and telling, and not just brought together by one or more of his pundits, skilled Bengalis assure me, who detect the sahib's style. The Rev. B. A. Nag of the Students' Hostel, Calcutta, translated most of them to me, and another friend the rest, and I then re-rendered them tersely. Carey's original book has long been out of print. These selections are here presented in English for the first time. I include them in this biography as a very actual disclosure of the man.

CHAPTER XVII

THE INDIAN STORIES

1811

Once a gander, Raktachanchu, came to a forest in Maghadha, where lived a family of cranes.

'Whence have you come?' they asked.

'From a delightful stream in the south.'

'What attractions could it offer such as us?'

'Oh, the stream is sweet as nectar; the lotuses look like gold; the banks are bright with perpetual blooms; the steps of the ghâts are brilliant with precious stones!'

'Any snails there?'

'No, no snails.'

At which they burst into derisive laughter.

Two desperadoes had frightened and robbed many people, but at length were arrested and brought before the court. The king ordered his kotwal to behead the scoundrels, and one was beheaded on the spot. The other told the kotwal that, if he perished, a wonder-working secret would die with him—which he, therefore, wished to communicate to the king before his execution. Questioned in the king's presence, he said, 'O King, I can grow golden rice. Only, a goldsmith first must make me golden seeds.' When these were fashioned and produced, he said they must be sown by one who had never committed any theft. Therefore he pressed the king himself to sow them in the royal garden. But the king demurred, saying, 'When a boy, I took money of my father's, which I never repaid. I may not sow the seeds.' The queen made also some similar confession. Nor could any of the courtiers fulfil the requisite condition. 'Why then should I be put to death,' the malefactor pleaded, 'seeing that all are guilty of a like transgression?'

And for this sagacity he was released.

A frog, crossing a road, was nearly scared out of its life on seeing an elephant approaching. Unable to flee, it hid trembling under a leaf, till after the elephant had passed. But, presently, overhearing some one say, 'How huge an elephant must have gone this way, to have left in the path such deep depressions!' the frog stepped out, and, with ridiculous vanity, said, 'We quadrupeds are wont to leave such footprints.'

By the contentious tongue of his mother a son was driven to suicide, for which self-destruction he was changed into an evil spirit. Meeting his younger brother, he said, 'I will possess the soul of the richest merchant's daughter in the kingdom, then give you power to cast my evil spirit out, so that her father may richly reward you, and perhaps give her to you to wife. Only, if I ever catch you casting me out from any other, I 'll destroy you.' Then the younger did deliver the maiden from his brother's demon-spell, and won her in marriage, and his fame spread far. Many relatives of other possessed ones sought his succour, but he feared to help them, lest his brother was their evil spirit, and he should incur his wrath. Just once he yielded, and, alas! it was his brother's spirit he expelled. 'Did I not warn you,' cried the spirit, 'if a second time you cast me out?' Then the younger answered, 'Take care, mother was with me last week, and as dreadful as ever, and she 's looking for you!' Whereat his brother fled.

Once a jackal told a tiger that another tiger from the north had sent a message that he must either vacate his jungle or fight. 'Then, of course, I 'll fight,' said the tiger. 'Go, give him my reply.' But his chief minister advised him first to make sure that the facts were as the jackal had stated. 'Nay,' said the tiger, 'for my honour I will fight.' Then the minister replied, 'Suppose I told you that a crow had bitten off one of your ears, would you not feel, to see if you had really lost it?' Under this reasonable logic he made inquiry concerning the challenge from the north, and lo! it was all baseless, and a malevolent rumour.

Twelve months after a gambler had sold his house and

well to another, and had received full payment, he sent in a bill to the purchaser for Rs. 365. Asked by the court to explain, he said it was for the water which had run off his land into the defendant's well, and that he had priced this at a rupee a day. Then the defendant put in an exactly equivalent counter-claim. 'For if the water,' he said, 'has been the claimant's, it has been stored in my well, the charge for whose storage must be a rupee a day.' So the accounts were declared balanced.

Two rogues were making for a royal town. One rested, whilst the other walked on, after extracting from his mate a promise to signify his assent to whatsoever he might shout to him from afar. Having reached the palace, he offered the king a Brahmin servant for Rs. 80. 'But will he consent?' asked the king. 'Let us go and see,' said the trickster.' Within earshot, he cried aloud the terms to his companion, who rose and answered, 'Yes, I agree. I agree.' So the king clinched the bargain. Then the rogue went back with the money, and told his mate that, by his own declared consent, he was sold into the king's bond-service. But, instead of being vexed he said, 'Ah well! I shall know how to be free when I wish.' So he entered the king's household, and was appointed to superintend the purchase of all foods for the pujas. For several months he stayed and was content. Then, when resolved to be free, he daily thrice did namaz in the royal garden, where he knew he was observed. As soon as it was reported to the king, he sent for him in much concern and demanded an explanation. 'I simply practise every day the rites of my religion,' said the servant. 'Are you then Mohammedan?' inquired the king. 'Yes, indeed!' the rogue answered. 'Alas!' cried the king, 'then we have all lost caste. But here are Rs. 1000: get away, and for heaven's sake be silent.'

A rat, coming into possession of a rupee, grew vain and contentious, molesting all that came its way, even the king's elephant. 'This rat must have money,' said the king, 'or it would never be thus insolent. Let its hole be searched and cleared.' When this was done, and its rupee

had vanished, the rat ceased its arrogance, and was sensible once more.

'What is the sweetest thing in the world?' King Pratapsinha asked Sudhir, his minister. 'Words,' he replied. But the king did not agree. Soon after, Sudhir invited the king to breakfast in his home. The meal was designedly simple, but Sudhir's talk was so courteous and pleasing that the king was well content. Again upon a day he invited him to his table, which now was laden with dainties and confections. Only Sudhir himself was mysteriously silent, at which the king was wroth. 'But have I not offered you the choice luxuries of India?' said Sudhir. 'What is there then amiss?' 'Your silence,' said Pratapsinha. 'Now then, perhaps, Your Majesty will agree,' answered his minister, 'that life's chief sweetnesses are words.'

'The eldest of four married sons was starting on a long journey, and remembered that he had packed no needles in his baggage. 'It 's well I thought of this in time,' he said, 'for sometimes a needle might be worth Rs. 10 to a man.' A brother's wife, who overheard, said to herself, 'I had no idea that needles were so valuable. I must collect them.' And she did. One day she said to her husband, 'What's the good of our living this joint family life any longer? Why not make a separate home of our own?' 'That 's all very well,' he replied, 'but where's the separate income to be drawn from?' 'Oh,' she said, 'I 've got lots of money. I 've saved Rs. 5000.' 'Have you indeed?' he asked. 'Why didn't you tell me before? But where is your money, forsooth?' Then she produced her needles. 'You foolish woman!' he said.

A yogi told a Brahmin that he was on his way to meet God. 'Then tell Him,' cried the Brahmin, 'of the wretched poverty of my wife, my son, and myself, and implore His deliverance.' Which the yogi promised and did. And God said, 'If each shall wish, immediately after bathing, their desires shall be granted.' Upon hearing from the yogi this good news, the wife hasted to bathe and to wish

for youth and beauty, rich adornment and raiment. And these were hers by an instant transformation. So fair and affluent she looked that she was coveted by a Mohammedan, who had her seized and set beside him in his carriage. At this calamity the son ran to his bath and wished that his mother might change into a pig ; for then the Mohammedan would spurn and thrust her from beside him. Which also came to pass. The Brahmin, in anguish, bathed and wished, ' Oh, let us be as we were ! ' and thereafter murmured at his poverty no more.

A jackal made the cubs of an absent tiger and tigress share with him their food. When the tiger returned and saw the jackal eating in his den, he roared, ' I 'll kill you.' ' Ah, well, well, we 'll see,' said the jackal, ' we 'll see who kills whom.' And he danced and made loud merriment. ' I want the whole forest to see,' he cried, ' who kills whom.' At this extraordinary elation the tigress grew alarmed, and warned the tiger from destroying one who seemed possessed of some unwonted charm. So the bluff of the jackal saved him.

A Kashmir Brahmin had taught his four sons many branches of knowledge, and in happiness they all dwelt together. One thing they craved, however,—viz. the power to quicken the dead. Seeing a Sannyasi apparently re-animate a beast, they begged to be let live with him, to acquire his secret. And he taught them incantations, by which the oldest might bring dead bones together ; the next, clothe them with flesh and blood ; the next, cover them with skin and hair ; and the fourth, inbreathe life. Coming one day on the scattered bones of an elephant, each recited his mantra—and the bones came together, and were clothed with flesh, and were covered with skin and hair, and then sprang into livingness. Too great a livingness indeed ! For the elephant at once attacked them and trampled them to death.

King Dayasindhu established a market with this strange stipulation, that he should always buy whate'er remained unsold. A man once brought for sale an image he had

fashioned of the Goddess of Ill Fortune, for which he asked Rs. 1000. None bought it, of course, for fear of disaster. So it fell to the purchase of the king, who was urged to refuse it. But, for fealty to his covenant, he bought. Then Lakshmi, Goddess of Good Fortune, forsook the palace, soon followed by Peace. Religion herself made preparation for withdrawal. 'Thou must not go,' cried the king. 'It was for thy sake, *i.e.* for the honour of pledged troth, I purchased the image.' Convinced, Religion stayed. Nor did Peace remain long absent, dependent on Religion as she knew herself to be. And, ere long, Good Fortune humbly returned, the confessed companion of Religion and of Peace.

A devout Brahmin asked an alms at the house of a cobbler. The cobbler's mayna cried crossly, 'Be off, you hypocrite! you thief!' Timid and vexed the Brahmin moved away. At a sage's he next begged. 'Come in, man of God, come in,' said the sage's mayna. 'This house is blessed by your presence.' Then the Brahmin told how he had been insulted by the bird of the cobbler. 'And yet,' said the mayna, 'we are from one nest. Only he has learned to talk like his master; I like mine.'

A Brahmin's son was robbed near his homestead. Yet, when the robbers were being tried, he sued for mercy to be shown them, because they had only robbed, not slain, his son. Thus every event can be diversely regarded. From the same breast a child sucks milk; a leech draws blood.

A thief once stole a jack-fruit from a widow's tree. When she complained to the king, he summoned the village before him and questioned them all. When all denied the theft, he bade them stand in rows, and, presently, exclaimed to the woman, 'Oh, see that jack-tree shooting out of the head of him who stole your fruit!' Whereat the culprit felt his head and stood revealed, and was compelled to pay twice the fruit's price to the widow.

Money was stolen from a Brahmin's clean dhoti, left on the bank of a tank wherein he bathed. Without a word to

others, he reported what had happened to the governor, who had the tank policed. Then he bade a chowkidar strike with an axe, where the dhoti had been lying. 'That 's no way to find money,' cried the culprit. 'Who spoke of money?' said the governor. 'You must have stolen it. Pay it back, or go to jail.'

Cried a caged tiger to a passer-by, 'Friend, you are old, and seem merciful and pious. Open this cage and set me free.' 'Nay, are you not tiger and I man—the food you most covet? If I release you, you 'll destroy me.' 'How could you think me so unjust? I swear that you shall take no harm.' So the old man released him. Then said the tiger, 'I m only animal, knowing no law save hunger. I 'm sorry, but I 'm compelled to eat you.' Against this shameless violation of his word the wayfarer protested, till to a jackal they agreed to put their case. 'This is far from easy to determine,' said the jackal. 'First, I must see precisely in what place and plight the tiger was, before he was released.' And he led them back to the cage, which at his bidding the tiger re-entered. In a moment the jackal shut its door, and mocked the old man for having ever set it open.

One who pressed oil out of mustard-seed treated cruelly the ox that drove his mill. Said the ox to his rough master, 'In a previous birth I owed, but never paid, thee Rs. 50; for which sin I am now thine ox. But the king's chief elephant owed me Rs. 1000. Go and tell the king that I challenge it to a fighting. If it wins, thou must be the king's servant; but if I win, as I shall, the king must pay thee the Rs. 1000.' All this was told the king, who only mocked. Yet he arranged for the fight for its fun. But, as soon as the elephant met the ox, he recognized his former creditor and was afraid, nor could be coaxed to the combat. This being judged proof of his guilt, the king paid the Rs. 1000 to the ox's owner, who thenceforth treated it with mercy and respect.

A lion and lioness, having long lamented that they had no cub, adopted a motherless pup, and gave it to eat of

what they left of their victims. But at last a cub was theirs, and the dog and the cub grew together. One day the dog saw the cub spring at the throat of a deer, in a way he did not know, and drink its blood. That night he complained to the lioness, ' Mother, you have treated me unfairly. My younger brother can do more than I.' ' Child,' she said, ' we have taught you all you could learn.'

Two thieves made off one night from a palace with rich spoil. But a third, as cunning, saw them, and ran ahead to the ghât, where he was persuaded they would hide their treasure, till they could take it across the river in the next night's dark. Three corpses were there, to be carried away by the tide. So he laid himself beside them, and feigned to be as dead as they. The thieves, therefore, found what looked like four dead bodies; but, to make sure, they prodded them all with a spear. It was as much as their rival could do to keep silent and rigid. So, thinking themselves secure, they hid their plunder, and then rowed into the dark across the stream. Quickly possessing himself of their treasure, their outwitter went and found lodging in the nearest town, and there remained indoors for several days—in part for hiding, though also from the misery of his wounds. As soon as the thieves found themselves worsted, they also betook themselves to the nearest town, where they gave themselves out to be expert physicians. Thankful to learn of such, their rival sought their skill. Soon assured of his identity, they ventured to disclose their own, and proposed the sharing of the treasure, to which he readily agreed.

A king, Dhanapati, could repeat whatever he heard once; Budhapati, his minister, whatever he heard twice; and Vidyapati, his pundit, whatever he heard thrice. At length the king offered a lakh of rupees to whoso should recite to him something he had never heard before. But, at each competitor's attempt, the king, able to repeat at once what had just been spoken, seemed to prove it nothing new. His minister could also then repeat it, and then the pundit in like manner—all appearing to establish the contention that the thing was well known. So the competitors

were worsted. At last, one dared this saying as his novelty, 'Your father borrowed of me a lakh of rupees, which he instructs you to pay me.' Now was the king on the horns of a dilemma. To repeat the saying would be like admitting the debt. To declare it unheard before was to confess the contestant victorious. He could only reward him for his skill.

Said Akbar to Birbar, his chief minister, 'Which is greater, to be Hindu or Mohammedan?' 'That is a question, Your Majesty, which I would rather not answer. But try and convert a low-caste Hindu into a Mohammedan, and see.' So Akbar summoned before him Hindu sweepers —India's lowest castes—and required them to become Mohammedan. 'We are innocent folk,' cried they. 'What have we done that this evil should befall us?' Then Akbar reflected, 'If this is the judgment of the lowest Hindu castes, then to be Hindu must be more than to be Mohammedan.' So he enjoined his minister to make him one. 'It will need time,' said Birbar. One day the emperor found him standing by, whilst men washed his donkey. 'Why do you this?' he asked. 'To make him a horse,' answered Birbar. 'Absurd!' cried the king. 'Who ever heard of an ass becoming a horse, and least of all by just a washing?' Then answered his minister, 'And who shall change a Mohammedan into a Hindu, and least of all by mere ritual?'

A moneylender called Dhana Datta had a friend and fellow-casteman Hari Datta, as poor as he was rich. One day he said to him, 'I will loan you a lakh of rupees, that you may buy and deal in gold. The capital will be mine, the profit yours.' Gratefully did Hari Datta take the money from his friend, and bought gold, and stored it in a chest in his kinsman's strong room, himself keeping the key. But little by little he removed the gold in secret, till all was subducted, and its space he filled with copper pice. At length, he told his friend that the market was favourable for reselling, and asked him to bid his servants remove the gold in their presence to the bazar. Upon the chest being opened, he professed to be astonished and indignant at the

sight of the copper. Dhana Datta cast no blame upon him, but appeared to attribute the metamorphosis to inexplicable fate. Weeks later, he invited Hari to bring to him his son, and at their arriving, Dhana Datta led the lad into the women's quarters, that his wife, he said, might look upon his face. On return, he was alone, and evaded his kinsman's anxious inquiries. At close of day he took him to a room where a monkey was kept. 'There is your son,' he said, 'he is sadly changed, and I 'm very distressed: but the change is just his hapless fate. You must make the best of it.' 'Who ever heard,' cried Hari Datta, angered and anguished, 'of a lad becoming a monkey? The thing is impossible.' 'If gold can become copper,' said Dhana Datta, 'why not a boy an ape?' The rogue regained his son, but not till he had restored all his friend's gold, which he had treacherously stolen.

A ryot captured a thief who had just been stealing from a village. 'I shall take you,' he cried, 'to the king.' 'You 'll rue it,' said the thief, 'for I 'll bring you into trouble.' Yet to the king he took him and charged him with the theft. 'It 's just the other way,' said the thief. 'It was he who stole, and I who snatched his spoil from him.' In default of witnesses the king could only punish both. He had them fastened to dead bodies, which were waiting to be burned: but meanwhile set officers to hide and hearken to their talk. 'Didn't I tell you that I 'd bring you to trouble?' said the culprit. 'I 'm to be burned, because I 'm a thief; but you for being a busybody and letting your tongue wag.' The officers reported to the king, who punished the thief, and released and rewarded the innocent.

Many pundits dwelt in the court of King Dharmapala of Abanti. Once a rakshas came and challenged them with a riddle, which unless in seven days truly answered, the whole court should be destroyed,—'What is softer than butter?' Dissatisfied with every suggested answer of his pundits, the king awaited the rakshas' reappearance with terror and dismay. One pundit, however, kept silence. On the fateful day, when all the others' solutions were rejected,

he made the following reply: 'The heart of the merciful is softer than butter; for, whereas butter melts under heat applied to itself, the heart of the compassionate melts at the heats and distresses of others.' With this wise answer the court and its king were saved.

A greedy man and a wicked man did puja together. They were promised that each should have what he prayed for, provided that his fellow received it twofold. 'If I ask for a lakh of rupees,' said the greedy one, 'my mate will get two lakhs.' So he chose to be silent. 'Let me lose one eye,' said the wicked. And he did, but his fellow was totally blinded.

A leopard's cub and a tiger's were nourished together, and daily received a loaf to divide equally between them. One evening the tiger-cub complained that the leopard had broken it unfairly. So a lion offered his help, and bit off from the leopard-cub's portion the surplus. Then the tiger-cub's portion was the more, and needed the lion's subtraction, and then the leopard-cub's again, and so on, till, by his repeated adjustings, the whole loaf vanished, and neither of the cubs had eaten. 'Clearly,' they said to each other, 'it won't pay us to quarrel.' [An echo of Aesop.]

A Brahmin, possessed of great treasure, fastened it nightly round his waist. And this got known. One night a thief dug through the house-plinth into his room, and lay hidden. But he was seen by the Brahmin. That night dacoits, bent on this same plunder, rushed into the village and frightened the people with their shouts. Then the Brahmin escaped with his gold through the thief's hole; and the thief crouched in a corner. Soon the dacoits broke in, and finding no Brahmin, demanded of his wife where he hid. 'Can't you see him in that corner?' she answered. And, whilst they belaboured the thief, she escaped.

It fretted the beasts of the jungle that the lion took of them such yearly toll. But the hare assured them that they had only to be united to be free, and offered to help them. Then to the lion he ventured and did homage. 'O King,'

he cried, ‘ oft have I heard of thy Majesty, but I have never seen thee until now. I do not belong to thy sovereign realm, but to the lesser, yet potent, kingdom of the jackal. If thou wouldst deign to walk with me some day, I would make his kingdom thine.’ And the pleased lion promised. Then the hare sped back to the other beasts of the jungle, and told them what had passed, and bade them dig a pit and cover it with bamboos and grass, and set a throne thereon carefully. When all was complete, he led the lion thither, and showed him the jackal’s vacant throne, and offered it to him. Leaping instantly to it, the lion fell into the deep-dug pit. Then all the beasts emerged from their places of hiding and made loud exultation, and bade him reign down in the pit alone.

A merchant once presented attar of roses to a king in his court’s presence. In lifting his finger from the costly perfume to his nostrils, the king let fall a drop, which he stooped to recover. Having reflected through the night on his unkingly parsimony, next day he had a lakh’s worth of attar sprinkled over his courtiers. ‘ Your Majesty,’ said an ambassador, ‘ to-day’s extravagance cannot cancel yesterday’s thrift ; for word of it has been already sent to our courts.’

A foolish weaver lived at Santipur with his equally stupid wife. One day he brought from the market three fish, insisting that for his trouble in fetching them he should have two. But she contended that the two must be hers for her trouble of cooking. And over this they wrangled long. At last they agreed that whoso spoke first should have the one. So he turned to his loom and she to her housework. Days thus passed with no syllable uttered, till both were almost lifeless with hunger. Indeed, a dozen of their neighbours thought them dead, and carried them to the burning ghât. Yet not even when laid on the pyres did either speak. But when the weaver’s pyre was to be lit, he cried, ‘ I will eat *one* ’—at which his twelve neighbours fled from the threat of the ghost. Counting one another, presently, to see whether one had been eaten, each found one missing, for each failed to count himself. Whereupon

they set up lamentation, whose reason a wayfarer asked. On being told, he hugely laughed, and promised to restore the one eaten ; and did so by counting them aright.

Birds in a sandal-tree were in very great peril. 'See!' said the dove to her mate, 'below, a fowler aims at us his arrow : above us is a hawk. Only heaven's mercy can save us!' At that moment a snake bit the fowler, and he swooned, and his arrow flew forth and struck the hawk.

A hare, chased by a tiger, ran into a jackal's hole. The jackal would have killed it, had not the hare cried, 'Uncle, I bring you great news from the king of the jungle. He is purposed to abdicate and to appoint you to his throne.' The delighted jackal asked how soon he should be thus exalted. 'To-day,' replied the hare. 'You must come with me at once into his presence.' 'Let us run then together,' said the jackal. 'Nay,' said the hare. 'You are my uncle. You must go first. And, besides, I have much else from the king to tell you. You must go backwards that you may hear it.' The jackal did willingly as the hare instructed. But, as soon as it reached the hill-crest, the tiger caught it and killed it. The hare ran back into the jackal's hole.

A king had a small tank dug in his courtyard, and resolved to fill it not with water but with milk. So he promised reward to all who, on a given night, through certain outer conduits, should pour a kalshi of milk into the tank. Yet on the morrow the tank was full of water, and no trace of milk. For each had judged that, if his was a kalshi of water, it would be undetected in a tank of milk. So each had poured water, and the king was indignant, and none could get reward.

King Pratapaditya once told his court-wit, Maheswar, of his queer dream. 'I dreamed,' he said, 'that we tumbled from the terrace into vats. Only mine was full of curds, but yours of filth.' 'This is most strange, my lord,' replied Maheswar, 'for I, too, dreamed the same. Only I dreamed more—that, when we got out of the vats, Your Majesty licked my person, and I Your Majesty's.'

A notorious robber had, through many years, stolen horses and cattle and much treasure. At length repenting, he became a Sannyasi, and persuaded other Sannyasis to let him share their asram. But, behold! morning by morning they found their belongings shifted to strange and secret places. When they remonstrated with him, he said, 'My heart is changed, and I am a true Sannyasi: but my old ways so cling to me, that I do these things, scarcely knowing.'

A coolie was carrying a jar of ghî for a sepoy for four annas. 'With these four annas,' he said to himself, 'I shall buy a moorgi. From the sale of its eggs I shall some day buy a cow: from the profits of its milk I shall buy a horse: and from the gains of its hirings I shall buy an elephant. Then I shall be a big man, and shall marry and have children. And when they call me to meals, I shall decline to come at once, and shall shake my head at them.' And lo! he suited the action to the thought, and the jar fell and was broken. The ghî was all spilt, and the sepoy's cane struck sharply across his shoulders.

Once a ryot caught twenty-four little fish and brought them to his wife. At the end of his day's labour, she set before him one. 'What 's the meaning of this?' he said. 'Where are the rest?' And she answered: 'Eight leapt back into the water; eight the kites snatched; two I exchanged for fuel; four I gave to our neighbours; one I ate to test the cooking; and the twenty-fourth is before you; and if you 're a man, you 'll divide it between us.' Overwhelmed by this arithmetic, he acquiesced.

Raktachanchu, red beak.
Kotwal, chief of police.
Namaz, Mohammedan worship.
Puja, Hindu worship.
Yogi, an ascetic who, by meditation and physical disciplines, seeks communion with God.
Mantra, incantation.
Dayasindhu, sea of kindness.
Mayna, a talking bird.
Dhoti, a Hindu's lower garment.
Chowkidar, policeman.
Rakshas, a monster.
Kalshi, a large jar.
Sannyasi, an ascetic.
Asram, a kind of monastery.
Moorgi, fowl.

XVIII. THE ASTOUNDING ADVANCE

'Deus habet horas et moras'—His glorious seasons after His bewildering delays.

'The love and friendship of God, as seen through the sons of God, is what India most needs.'

'The one hope of saving Pimlico is that somebody should love it. If there arose a man who loved Pimlico, then it would rise into ivory towers and golden pinnacles.' G. K. Chesterton.

'The Church is the friendly Fellowship of the Divine Life, the "Body" of the living Lord, reincarnating His gracious ministry and—like Himself—praying, transfigured, broken and given, to feed the hungry hearts of men, and lift them by the holy friendliness of its companionship into the fellowship of God.' Principal Henderson.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ASTOUNDING ADVANCE

1801-1803

Krishna Pal paid heavily for his Christian allegiance, especially in the distress of Golap, his eldest child, who, though now only thirteen, had been contracted by her parents in their pre-Christian days to a certain Mohan for future marriage. When she learned the love of Christ, she revolted from this marriage-bond with one who was an ardent idolater. 'Why should this poison be given her? Could not her father save her?' But he was legally helpless.

One April morn in 1801, Mohan with others seized her when she was fetching water. Tying a cloth over her mouth, they hustled her over by-paths and fields the fourteen miles to Calcutta. Her father they savagely beat. In Calcutta, still driven, she told the police, 'I am not willing to go with this man. I have heard of the grace of Christ, and have chosen to follow Him.' On the morrow she repeated this to a magistrate, who would fain have broken her yoke, but could only pledge her protection. Left in the hands of the idolaters, she refused herself to her husband, vowing that 'live or die, she would be Christ's.' Nor could he break her will. Presently, Carey exhorted her to endure the indissoluble marriage, and by patience win Mohan to the Faith. He even dared with reconciling purpose into Mohan's home, till from the crowd's angry onset he only narrowly escaped.

Krishna's meekness throughout was miracle, with his natural temper so fiery. Christ's grace subdued him, and was his tireless theme. Europeans and Armenians reviled him not less than Hindus. A Dane taunted him: patiently he reminded her of the sufferings of Christ. Two upbraiding sahibs he silenced with talk of Christ's matchlessness. 'If you knew Christ's love as well as His Name,' he said

to an angry Portuguese, 'you could restrain your passion.' Close to his home he built a preaching-shed, where he talked with his neighbours. He gathered lads about him to be taught with his own children. He composed to Bengali tunes hymns soon sung everywhere—the spirit of the most-famed one breathing in them all :

> 'O thou my soul, forget no more
> The Friend, who all thy misery bore.'

Speaking Hindustani as well as Bengali, he craved to be sent even to Allahabad and Benares with the Message of the Cross, saying 'he would go to the end of the world for the gospel.' 'We think,' said Carey, 'of putting him out at compound interest, of encouraging his gifts to the utmost, that he may preach to his countrymen, as he is growing singularly free from Hindu prejudice and error.'

> 'I followed the Hindu worship,' he would oftenest say. 'I bathed in the Ganges. I worshipped dumb idols. I prostrated myself times without number, at my guru's feet. I gave my gifts to the priests. I visited holy places. I kept repeating the name of my guardian deity. But it brought me little good, little relief from my sin. Then I heard of Jesus Christ, that He became flesh and dwelt among us, and was as one that served, and even for our ransom gave His life. What love, I thought, is this ? And here I made my rest. Now, say if such love was ever shown by our gods. Did Durga or Kali or Krishna die for sinners ? And think. Whilst gurus put their feet upon their prostrate chelas, Christ washed His disciples' feet. Was ever such lowlihood ? '

Jaymani and Annada became like-minded with him, wooing for Christ their women neighbours, and in Chandernagore the three sisters of Krishna. Jaymani said, 'The gospel has long been planted in Europe ; now a sapling is transplanted in Bengal, and is beginning to yield fruit. I want to taste it abundantly, that I may tell all its sweetness to others.' To Rasamayi 'one line of the gospels was more than all the legends of the Mahabharata.' Gokul, who, after breaking his caste with Krishna, had receded from baptism, now braved its ordeal. And his wife, Kamal, who had sworn to die sooner than eat with a Christian, was conquered by the love in the Mission and at Krishna's, and was added to the Church, in spite of a bitter social boycott—

their landlord stripping the thatch from their roof, which he had been paid to repair, and leaving them only a hovel, wherein to shelter from the monsoonal rains. 'Better than Christ's lot,' they answered, 'with not where to lay His head.'

The Mission devoted its best strength to this home-group of Krishna's through 1801, Carey hasting back on the Fridays to teach them. Every free Sunday-hour was made theirs, and the Bengali preachings were in Krishna's unwalled hut. The whole home became Christian—father, mother, aunt, the nearest friends and the children—Anandamayi surprising them with her quick reading of the New Testament, and Keshori able to say 'I am a little child, but my soul is not little.' Colonel Bie sent for them to Government House and was surprised at their reading and their hymns. The greatest pleasure the Mission could offer Chamberlain, their new recruit, on his arrival, was an evening's singing in this transformed Indian home,—most of the hymns being of Krishna's composing.

This home became the base of all advance—advance very wonderful after the long awaitings. Krishna's teaching of lads with his own children became the nucleus of the free school. Most of the inquirers in the next two years were brought forward in their first Christian impressions through this household, which broke the distance between the Mission and themselves. To these they could open their minds, when shy of the padres. Their guests were many, who would smoke, talk, and eat with them far into the night,—the Mission making them an allowance toward these simple hospitalities.

When Krishna and Gokul broke their caste, many marvelled, but most carried it high. 'What great thing is it that a joiner or distiller breaks caste? Have any Brahmins or Kyasts believed?' But on New Year's Sunday, 1802, Carey baptized a Kyast, Pitambar Singh, a 'Writer.' He was sixty, had travelled far for peace of soul, had outgrown idolatry and forsaken the gurus. Lighting on a 'Serampore' pamphlet, he found tidings of preachers from far with 'news of instant salvation for penitent sinners.' 'This is what I have been seeking,' he cried. 'This is the way.' Noting whence the tract came, he journeyed the

thirty miles to Serampore. Soon, under constraint of the Mission's graciousness, he fetched his belongings and returned. 'Krishna found him a man after his own heart.' At Christmas he broke his caste, and ate with the Mission and with Krishna. Bengal had never before seen a Kyast and a joiner dwell as equals together. The day he put on Christ, Carey wrote, 'I trust a spark is struck, which will never be extinguished. The fire is kindled for which Christ expressed a strong desire.'

That month Syam Das, also of Kyast rank (till degraded by inferior marriage) gave his whole mind to the Saviour, 'the Father and Mother of the sinful.' Then Kamalakanta, a Kulin Brahmin, *i.e.* a Brahmin of the purest and most honoured blood, 'drank in the gospel,' and, though not yet daring baptism, broke caste, ate often at the Mission and at Krishna's—'loved to get other Brahmins under Carey's knockdown blows,' brought his son for Christian training, became a teacher in the Mission's free school, and gave Carey his 'paita.' When Hindus saw this Kulin Brahmin and Krishna walking together, they cried, 'What will this joiner do? Will he destroy the caste of us all? Is this highest-caste Brahmin to be an outcaste?'

Early in 1803 another Kulin Brahmin, young Krishna Prasad, a native of Nadia, came from Debhatta on the Christ-quest, and believed, and *first of these highest-borns*, these bluest bloods, was baptized. At the Lord's Supper, in abjuration of his pride, he received the cup from the lips of Krishna Pal. Boldly he confessed Christ amongst his cultured Calcutta companions, even when they smashed his hookah, and pelted him—a Kulin Brahmin—with dung! 'Insults and stripes,' he said, 'are sweet to me for Christ.'

In that April he was wedded to Krishna's Anandamayi—a Kulin Brahmin to a carpenter's child! 'Under a tree near his house Krishna gathered the company. Carey conducted the service, and the couple signed the covenant,—the first time a Hindu woman had done this. The missionaries all signed as witnesses, and were happier men that day than proud fathers attesting a flattering alliance. That night they all partook of the wedding supper. The repast began with a hymn of Krishna's; then the Brahmin bridegroom, the European missionaries, the Sudra father-in-law,

and the Sudra bride feasted together. To England nothing very wonderful; to India a portent.'

The day before this wedding another noble young Kyast, Ram Ratan, had braved the baptismal confession, with Carey's William—his faithful walk the Mission's joy. And by July, Bhairab Chandra, again a Kulin Brahmin, of nineteen, 'had his mind so penetrated with the gospel' that he left his every comfort and brilliant prospect for Christ. Carey wrote, 'God is laying the foundation of His temple in India.' And Ward: 'God is famishing the gods of the country, and making His own Name glorious.'

> 'What hath God wrought?' Carey wrote to John Williams in the summer of 1802. 'Eighteen months ago we should have been in raptures to have seen one Hindu eat with us; now it is sometimes difficult to find room for all who come. Nine Hindus have been baptized, of whom seven walk so as to be an honour to the gospel. We expect to baptize a *Mussulman* and another Hindu, before Captain Hague leaves us.'

But how the cobra could hate and hiss, strike and poison, they also, of course, discovered. A Brahmin threatened to spit in Carey's face. Barbers disdained to shave native Christians; traders to serve them. Fakira was more than probably put away. Syam Das was murdered within nine months of baptism. Ram Dahn was decoyed home on the pretext of his mother being snake-bitten, and never permitted to return. Pitambar Mitra, a Kyast, was drugged by his vexed father, and from joy in Christ, with his brave baptized wife Draupadi, fell into melancholy that nothing could relieve. Kasi Nath was flogged by his neighbours, till in fear he recanted.

Yet almost more heartbreaking were the stumblings of Krishna and of his whole home-circle. They pierced the Mission through with many sorrows. Its very devotion to them made them heady. Krishna had to come under rebuke for undue fierceness with Brahmins, harshness towards Gokul, injustice to Pitambar Singh, rudeness to Marshman, and once a grave misordering of his home; Rasamayi and Jaymani, for indiscreetness, tale-bearing and strife. Even Golap, for untruthfulness and immodesty; and Anandamayi, for a letter that wrought grievous harm. Gokul, too, for sustained bitterness towards Krishna Pal,

an assault on Pitambar Singh, long abstention from worship, and ' hard words about Christ,' after Carey's remonstrance.

> ' How discouraged we sometimes are,' says Ward, ' by their accusations, quarrels and apparent untruths ! Truly a missionary's hardest work is not travel in a hot climate ! '

They understood Paul's heartaches over Corinth, Christ's sighs over the Twelve. Ward wrote after a passion-storm of Krishna Pal's, ' Carey got no sleep again last night.' As pastor, his burden was heaviest.

> ' Compared with Europeans,' he would say, ' they are a larger sort of children. We are obliged to encourage, strengthen, counteract, disapprove, advise, teach, and yet all so as to retain their warm affection. We have much to exercise our patience from the uncultivated state of their minds ; but, also, much to rejoice us in respect to their conduct and their acquisition of evangelical knowledge. Even when viewed at their worst, we can truly call them the excellent of Bengal.'

Annada, for example, in token of contrition, sweeping, of her own will, Krishna Pal's veranda—a lowest-caste service —and with smallpox in the house ; Rasamayi and Jaymani, weeping night and day over their realized transgressions ; and Gokul declaring he would die, if unrestored to Communion. ' We can bear others to mock us, throw dung at us,—what not ; but not to have you vexed with us,' they would say. By Christmas 1803 all (save one) were back in the fellowship, humbled not hardened, the tenderer for their trespasses : Felix and William, too, after sadly-deserved reproofs.

Gokul had ' fallen on sleep.' Tranquil he lay through his two months' illness, the wild beast he had once been now dovelike. Refusing all native charms, all incantations to debtahs, he stayed himself on Christ. Even Hindus cried, ' May our end be as Gokul's ! ' Nor were they less impressed by his widow's tender calm.

His burial in the Mission's just-bought God's acre was a further revelation to its hundreds of witnesses. Krishna Pal, greatly forgiving, had made at his own cost the coffin. After singing, the body was carried on the shoulders of Marshman and Krishna Pal, Felix and William, *Peeru, their first Mohammedan convert* (I wish we knew more of

him), and a Christian Brahmin—an amazing abandonment of caste. Hitherto, the only Indian bearers of the Christian dead had been 'doms,' degraded half-castes. 'The crowd was much struck,' says Marshman, 'by the reverent love Christians show, even in death, to one another.'

From early in 1802 Carey gave his three Calcutta weekly evenings to gatherings for prayer, and to preachings, especially to the so-called 'Portuguese,' the half-caste descendants of the early Portuguese adventurers, 'disowned now by their fathers' race, and outcasts from their mothers' kindred, more ignorant than the heathen and universally despised.' That was for him a Sunday morning of peculiar joy, when Bhairab Chandra, the Kulin Brahmin, did not scorn baptism with 'John,' the illiterate outcaste, Carey's first 'Portuguese' convert. 'He had much liberty,' Ward writes, 'and chose very apt figures.'

He still had to be doctor at the week-ends, as before at Mudnabati. Widow Grant describes 'the maimed, halt, and blind suing his mercy—some to have their wounds dressed, some with the ends of their fingers and toes eaten off by leprosy. He gives them medicine for their bodies, and the best of medicine for their souls.'

To train their gifted converts for the work of evangelists, the leaders associated them with themselves on extensive itinerations, Carey taking Pitambar Singh to Sukh Sagar, and Krishna Pal to Jessore; Ward taking Krishna Pal to Debhatta, and Krishna Prasad and Ram Ratan as far as Mudnabati and Dinajpur. Pitambar was intellectually the most virile, always appealing to men's rational experience. He was the first to dare preaching in a bazar alone. At the Debhatta of Carey's earlier seed-sowing, the eagerness for pamphlets passed all bounds; they could not meet a tithe of the demand. At Mudnabati, the people talked much of 'Carey's flower-trees and book-making and good doctrine.' Siva Nath, one of his former scholars, was advanced enough to read to the village the New Testament, which Ward left in his hands. Almost wherever the preachers journeyed, they were prospered by the Mission's favourable fame.

Four Europeans died in these three years within the Mission-circle—Brunsdon and Thomas, Charles Short and Samuel Powell. Brunsdon would have made a good

linguist and preacher, but was unsuited to the climate of Bengal. Thomas never quite recovered from the over-excitement of Krishna Pal's conversion. When he died of ague in October 1801, Carey likened him to Simon Peter, that erratic but splendid child of impulse, and gloried that he had been the first Englishman so to care for the souls of Bengalis as to learn to preach the gospel in their tongue, and to translate for them books of the Bible, and to be their gratuitous physician. Charles Short, the Good Samaritan of Debhatta, after voyage to England with his wife for his health, was compelled to return, but never had strength to recover. To the end—March 1802—he kept close to Carey. Samuel Powell, who had grown fervidly missionary, died unexpectedly in Dinajpur in the malarial September of this same 1802, and was buried alongside of Fountain and Thomas. But all four were permitted to see the auspicious beginnings of the Mission's advance.

'Serampore, *Oct.* 12, 1802.

'To the Brethren of the Church of our Saviour Jesus Christ, our souls' beloved, my affectionately embracing representation. The love of God, the gospel of Jesus Christ, was made known by holy brother Thomas. In that day our minds were filled with joy. Then judging, we understood that we were dwelling in darkness. Through the door of manifestation we came to know that sin confessing, sin forsaking, Christ's righteousness embracing, salvation would be obtained. By light springing up in the heart we knew that sinners, becoming repentant, through the sufferings of Christ, obtain salvation. In this rejoicing, and in Christ's love believing, I obtained mercy. Now it is in my mind continually to dwell in the love of Christ: this is the desire of my soul. Do you pour down your love upon us, that, as the chatak, we may be satisfied,—the bird that opens its bill, when it rains, and catches the drops from the clouds. I will tell to the world that Christ hath saved me. I will proclaim His love with rejoicing. Christ, the world to save, gave His own soul! Such love was never heard; for enemies Christ gave His own soul! Such compassion, where shall we get? For the sake of saving sinners He forsook the happiness of heaven. I will constantly stay near Him. I will dwell in the town of joy. In the Holy Spirit I will live; yet in Christ's sorrow I will be sorrowful. But *Christ will save the world*—I will meditate continually on this! In Christ not taking refuge, there is no other way of life. I was indeed a sinner, praise not knowing. This is the representation of Christ's servant. Krishna.'

Chorus—'That One who gave up His own life,
Sinners to redeem,
O my soul, do not forget Him.

'1. Never again forget. Make this the essence (core).
Jesus, the (true) Brahma. For salvation His is the Name.

'2. Forsake, leave far behind all other works:
Keep Christ's love-wealth in your heart.

'3. Truth, grace and forgiveness all boundless:
Jesus by His own blood delivers the sinner.

'4. I say it again and again: He is the (true) Saint and Friend.
It is the Name of Jesus that takes me across.'

Krishna Pal's well-known hymn,
quite literally translated. W. Carey, Nov. 10, 1922.

WARD

MARSHMAN

XIX. THE INCREASING PURPOSE

'Let us try to understand the relief and satisfaction with which the master in Christ's parable of "The Talents" hails the discovery of quality, character and energy in the men who have had the wit to watch and venture and achieve, men sturdily and successfully identified with their master, and to whom he gives as their best reward work on a larger and more splendid scale.' T. R. Glover, *The Pilgrim*: 'The Talents.'

'Never have men addressed themselves to the holy work of evangelization in a purer spirit nor with more earnestness of purpose; and yet at the same time with sounder good practical sense and steadier perseverance in the adaptation of all legitimate means to the great end they set before them. They expected no miracles to be wrought on their behalf. They knew that much toil was necessary for even scanty success, and they never spared themselves. They gave up everything to the one object of their lives. Most thrifty in their own expenditure, casting everything into a common stock, they were glad, by any fitting labour, to realize this world's wealth, that they might devote it to the costly requirements of printing the Scriptures in the native tongues. They believed that only by sowing these broadcast, could the conversion of India on any great scale be accomplished.' Sir J. W. Kaye.

'Give me men to match my mountains,
Give me men to match my plains;
Men with empires in their purpose,
Men with eras in their brains.'

'I am more than ever anxious to know no man after his sect, as an independent, episcopalian, presbyterian, methodist or baptist. Every one who wears the image of Christ, and brings beauty and fertility into the spiritual desert around him, is my "brother and sister and mother." Let us conscientiously profess our own convictions; but let us love the man of our own sect but little, who possesses little of the image of Christ; whilst we love him exceedingly, in whom we see much of Christ, though some of his opinions are contrary to our own. So shall we know we are passed from death unto life, and sectarian quarrels will cease.' Ward.

'The frowning Providence was big with mercy. Had the seat of the Mission not been removed to Serampore, the professorship in the College, the English schools and the printing press as means of large pecuniary help would not have been obtained. What threatened the extinction o. the Mission was the very source of its prosperity: for this removal led to the appointment of my beloved colleague to the professorship in the College of Fort William, and this put him in possession, so far as it was necessary to his plans, of all the learning of India. Learned men from every part crowded to Calcutta, seeking employment in the new College, and the senior Sanskrit pundit in the College, who attended Carey constantly in the discharge of his college duties, informed him from time to time of the arrival of some learned native now from Benares, then from Kashmir, then from the Punjab; and thus in succession from the different provinces of India, who were, of course, introduced to Carey. The Doctor here saw all India coming to pour its treasures at his feet, nor could he fail to recognize the Hand, which thus brought him help from afar.'

Ward to an Edinburgh friend, *May* 10, 1820.

CHAPTER XIX

THE INCREASING PURPOSE

1803–August 1806

Those were divine days for Carey when he woke to the missionary possibilities of his position in the College of Fort William. He was brought into comradeship there with not only Bengal's most learned Europeans, but with many of India's ablest pundits of the diverse vernaculars. Fifty of these received college appointment, a dozen under himself. Of the many others who from time to time came thither seeking employment, Mrityunjay discovered the worthiest and introduced them to him.

Then it was borne in on him that through this array of multilingual Indian scholars he might develop and multiply his own powers indefinitely, and *translate the Word of God into all the chief tongues of the land.*

His earliest ambition, of course, had been to give the Scriptures in increasingly accurate versions to Bengal; to which a sister-hope was soon added, of producing a Hindi version. As far back as the winter of 1795, we found him declaring that 'he would always be poor till the Bible was published in Bengali and in Hindustani,'—by which he meant Hindi.

But now he heard a Voice, 'Thou shalt see greater things than these.' His Nottingham sermon came again to him. 'Enlarge thy tent. Stretch forth thy curtains. Lengthen thy cords. Expect greater things from God. Attempt greater things for God. Dare a bolder programme. Dwell in an ampler world. Launch out into the deep. God is able to do for and through you exceeding abundantly above all your past asking or thinking. Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full. Hitherto you have asked a mere nothing in My Name. *Much* fruit the Husbandman

designs from your branches. Aim to give God's Word to India, not simply to Bengal and to the nearer Hindustan.'

The Voice rang through him. The vision was almost blinding. He who had traded with one talent, and was hoping at the best for two, seemed suddenly entrusted with ten.

He never was so thankful for his colleagues, who received his communications and enthusiasms with no silence, slackness, cross-purposing, scorn, nor fear, but were swiftly of one will with him, seeing what he saw, believing his belief—as instant and jubilant. They were persuaded that this was not just their excited extravagance, but Christ's providence and purpose. Once again, where three were gathered and agreed in the Name, He was burningly in the midst. 'To be alive was bliss: to feel young was very heaven.'

Of course they knew it meant for each of them a fuller cup and deeper baptism of service and of sacrifice—especially for Carey, who would need to become a thorough master of these many vernaculars. To simply delegate the translation-work to scholarly pundits, without his own superintendence and revision, would be out of the question; for the task was supremely spiritual, demanding the direction of a trained and fervid Christian mind. The finer shades of meaning he would need to supply. But the task was not impossible—considering his familiarity with Sanskrit; and its very magnitude was inspiring.

Marshman, too, undertook to speed his own Sanskrit; and Ward to get the diverse types prepared, which for most of the tongues had never as yet been fashioned, and to win such acquaintance with the vernaculars as would fit him to superintend the printing of the versions with due care. They blessed God for their earnings,—the College salary, the profits from the boarding schools, and the proceeds of the press—rejoicing that they were able to offer thus willingly towards the engagement of pundits and the printings of the Book.

They made beginning in this widened translation-work with Hindi. Carey was at that time 'only a poor hand at it,' as Ward said, although he had claimed, as early as 1796, to be able 'to converse in it and preach intelligibly.'

Now he made it his especial study, and, with Vidyanath's help, who was of good understanding in this language, he made by the end of 1803 the first draft of the 'Epistles' —Marshman and Ward preparing themselves to render the 'Gospels.'

At the same time he set himself to Marathi and Oriya—both again Sanskritic. Orissa was India's most revered though idolatrous province. He desired with great desire to put into its hands the Word of God.

Having through many months tested his possible pace, he wrote thus to Fuller at the end of 1803 :

> 'If we are given *another fifteen years*, we hope to translate and print the Bible in *all the chief languages of Hindustan*. We have fixed our eyes on this goal. The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.'

Their faith that this was indeed 'the zeal of God' was presently confirmed by the formation just at this time in the homeland of the Bible Society, whose first communication with India crossed the following letter of Carey to Fuller in 1804. He says :

> 'We are engaged in translating the Scriptures into Bengali, Hindustani (*i.e.* Hindi) Persian, Marathi and Oriya, and we intend to add more. Perhaps so many advantages for rendering the Bible into the Eastern tongues will never again meet in any one situation, viz. :
>
> '1. The possibility of obtaining native scholars from these countries.
>
> '2. A sufficiency of means, with moderate English help—say £1000 a year.
>
> '3. A printing-office.
>
> '4. A good library of critical writings, and
>
> '5. A habit of translating, and a disposition to do it.
>
> 'Should our health be preserved, it may be accomplished *in fifteen years*.'

They were filled with most joyous assurance when, at this very year-end, they learned of the newborn Bible Society's appeal to Chaplains Brown and Buchanan to join with themselves in promoting and securing Bible translation! A deepening sense of the difference Christ made heated their zeal.

> 'Oh you do not know,' they wrote, 'a hundredth part of the mercy of your birth. Nor will you, till you come and live here,

where men choose blind gods of stone before the ever-living Jehovah. Then you will indeed bless God for your Christian education, your Scriptures and Sabbath. The very stars would reprove us, if we held our peace.'

Whilst prosecuting this new work, Carey had also to revise the old. From his now closer familiarity with Bengali, and association with pundits of more strength and independence, he learned that his Bengali New Testament was grievously 'English' in style and idiom, in the use and order of its words. Moreover, after his second Mudnabati pundit's death at this time, he had reason to suspect that he had been not seldom deliberately misled by him, for the designed frustration of his work. From midsummer 1803 he set himself to his version's drastic re-rendering, scarcely leaving a sentence unaltered, and, to Marshman's surprise, throwing whole former pages aside. Yet that version cannot have been all unskilled, for Krishna Das, one of their ablest preachers (of whom we shall hear presently) in his daily devotions long preferred its accustomed wording to the later more accurate edition. At the centenary of the first version, Luke xv. was read in this earliest of Carey's renderings: it sounded quaint (the language itself has much changed) but was felt to be forceful and graphic. Still, the revision marked an unmistakable advance.

Soon Carey realized that the surest path to his multilingual goal lay in translating the Scriptures straight into Sanskrit. To do this faithfully would be halfway to translating them into its Indian and Asian daughter-tongues. All his pundits knew Sanskrit. If he could put a Sanskrit Bible into their hands, they could make thence first-draft translations into their own vernaculars. He would catch many birds in the one net. Moreover, this would, as nothing else, win the Bible an entrance into India's cultured circles, and recognized rank there. For, as he said:

'Sanskrit was the vehicle by which the learned shared their literary information; the depository of their records, and of all the science they possessed. It had, too, a sacred character, as the tongue in which were treasured the stories of their theology, the rites of their religion, the exploits of their gods. To translate the Scriptures thereinto would be to deposit them in the country's archives, and to secure for them a degree of reverence in the Indian people's eyes,'

He felt he could produce such a version with Mrityunjay's help, one of the greatest Sanskritists of the East—whom, by the way, he often astonished.

> 'What kind of body has Carey Sahib?' he asked Ward once. 'I cannot understand him. He never seems hungry nor tired, and never leaves a thing, till it 's finished.'

Events corroborated Carey's judgment. When once the Sanskrit citadel was taken, and Scripture enthroned therein (after four years the New Testament, and a further fourteen the Old), the conquest of vernaculars was swift. And it did give Truth access to India's academic circles. A pundit, for example, was presented with Carey's Sanskrit New Testament. 'Had you offered me your sacred book,' he said, 'in any modern tongue or vernacular, I should have spurned it, as I should milk from a vessel of dogskin. But this I receive with delight.'

How packed Carey's days had to be, his diary, reported under pressure to an intimate home-friend, suffices to show. For example:

Thursday, June 12, 1806:

> '5.45-10.0.—Heb. chapter. Prayer. Beng. Family Worship. Persian with Mûnshi. Hindustani. Bkfast. "Ramayana" with Skt. Pundit.
> '10.0-1.30.—College.
> '1.30-6.0.—Dinner. Beng. "Isaiah" proofs. Skt. "Matthew" with Mrityunjay.
> '6.0-7.0.—Tea. Telugu with Pundit. Visitor from England.
> '7.0-9.0.—Prepared, and preached Eng. sermon to about 40. Got £60 from a Judge present for our Calcutta Chapel.
> '9.0-11.0.—Beng. "Ezekiel" revision. Letter to Ryland. Gk. Test. chapter.'

Note that he was studying Persian and Telugu. No wonder he wrote thus to his sisters:

> 'I shall never more see either of you on earth, and, considering the work before me here, and the loud calls on my powers, had I a thousand bodies strong as this, I dare not entertain a thought of seeing England. I do not know, indeed, how I could bear an English winter.'

The 'Calcutta Chapel,' of which the above diary tells, was to be built in 'Lall Bazar,' where sailors of a dozen races jostled—rightly called, as some said, 'Lall Bazar,'

pronounced 'Loll,' because so many lolled about in its drink dens and brothels. It was also known as 'Flag Street,' each grog-shop sporting its own flag. Nothing could have been more missionary than to propose setting the chapel there.

They made beginning with a bamboo and mat preaching-place, into whose friendly openness both Hindus and Mohammedans flocked. 'Multitudes used to hang upon our lips,' they said, 'and would stand in the thick-wedged crowd for hours together in the heat.'

Whilst the multilingual translation and publication of the Scriptures was their main objective, they aimed at even more. Taking pattern from Paul, establishing strategic bases for the gospel in the far-flung cities of Rome's empire, they purposed in like manner to possess India for Christ. The south they left in the responsible care of the Danes, the Dutch, and the London Missionary Society, only careful to maintain with these a cordial correspondence. To the untouched rest they gave their thought, mapping out stations some two hundred miles apart, for conjoint holding by a missionary and an Indian pastor or evangelist, as reinforcements should arrive, and their Indian colleagues be ready—a scheme, as Culross says, 'not of vagrancy, but of itineracy from well-chosen centres.' Such reinforcements from home they confidently looked for in response to their recent successes and their new glowing appeals. America, too, might likely enough send help, seeing that several of their Baptist churches were in close touch with 'Serampore.'

Of Indian colleagues they had sound hope of a succession. Scarcely a month now passed without baptisms, often of men of considerable gifts. Krishna Prasad, for example, was preaching in Calcutta with power, to the dismay of Brahmins, who had known him as devoted idolater. Phatik Chandra, though thrust from his village as accursed—his eyes, ears, nose and mouth stuffed with mud—proved a fearless evangelist. Krishna Pal and grand old Pitambar the Mission had already ventured to ordain. Too soon it almost seemed in Krishna's case, for within six months the promotion made him heady again, and he and all his household grew froward: for three months he was sullen, and

his womenfolk for six. 'The Mission was in deep waters.' 'These things,' cried Marshman, 'rend the soul.' They who had been their pride now seemed like Jude's 'autumn trees, without fruit, and even plucked up by the roots.' But, at length, they all returned in lowly contrition, and with one exception, for final faithfulness. Not long after, Krishna was thought to be dying. Very late one night the Mission was aroused, and ran to his relief. 'Satan,' they said, 'will be happy, if now we lose Krishna,—if he ever knows happiness!' But the gladness was theirs, for he lived and did exploits. They had no fear of lacking Indian evangelists.

As for the cost of the strategic extension, they hoped to be able to bear each station's initial outlay themselves; and, for the rest, Carey relied on his fixed policy of partial employment in a profession or trade, for no personal profit—the earnings all pooled for the Mission. Therefore, he begged the home base send them only such as, together with clear spiritual fitness, 'could make paper or glass, print cloth or dye chintz, teach drawing or music, be apothecaries or surgeons, etc.'

The spirit that was in them breathes in their covenant, dating from these days, and which was to be read thrice a year in each station:

1. To set an infinite value on men's souls.
2. To acquaint ourselves with the snares which hold the minds of the people.
3. To abstain from whatever deepens India's prejudice against the gospel.
4. To watch for every chance of doing the people good.
5. To preach 'Christ crucified' as the grand means of conversions.
6. To esteem and treat Indians always as our equals.
7. To guard and build up 'the hosts that may be gathered.'
8. To cultivate their spiritual gifts, ever pressing upon them their missionary obligation,—since Indians only can win India for Christ.
9. To labour unceasingly in Biblical translation.
10. To be instant in the nurture of personal religion.

11. To give ourselves without reserve to the Cause, ' not counting even the clothes we wear our own.'

> ' Let us often look at Brainerd,' they say, ' in the woods of America, pouring out his very soul before God for the people. Prayer, secret, fervent, expectant, lies at the root of all personal godliness. A competent knowledge of the languages current where a missionary lives, a mild and winning temper, and a heart given up to God,—these are the attainments, which, more than all other gifts, will fit us to become God's instruments in the great work of human redemption.'

Their increasing purpose enlarged the Christian judgments of their hearts. Hitherto, in deference to the bulk of their home constituency and to Fuller's insistence, they had kept the bounds of their ' Communion ' strict, though to their distressful embarrassment, when honoured non-Baptist sea-captains and friends, Congregational and Anglican comrades, had to be ' fenced ' from their ' table.' Now, and under Ward's especial urgings, they resolved to be catholic. (Bitter experiences, alas ! constrained them some years later to bend back from this happier course.)

> ' We could not doubt,' wrote Ward, ' that Watts, Edwards, Brainerd, Doddridge, and Whitfield, although not Baptists, had been welcomed to His table by our Lord. On what grounds could we exclude such ? Rather than engage in a furious controversy about baptism, to the gratification of Satan, whilst the people perish, we rejoice to shake off this apparent moroseness that has made us unlovely to our fellow-Christians.'

And then, behold, by a most catholic cordiality on the part of an Anglican comrade, their increasing purpose was widened to an undreamed-of scope. Chaplain Buchanan, long solicitous for China, now offered them, from funds he controlled, £600, if they would send two scouts overland thither, to test the chances of a mission there, and to make the acquaintance of the intermediary peoples. They eagerly accepted the challenge, and Felix was the first volunteer. But, ere he could get away, a stranger's arrival recast the whole scheme, and in the person of *Johannes Lassar* China reached ' Serampore ' instead of ' Serampore ' seeking China.

This Johannes Lassar was the son of rich Armenians of Macao, opposite Hong-Kong. Proving apt at the Chinese vernacular, he had been sent in his teens to Canton for

thorough training in the 'Mandarin' and in the 'Vulgar,'—his 'Mandarin' tutor a rare zealot. After seven years of this discipline he became a Portuguese commercial correspondent with official Pekin, till at twenty-four he went tea-trading to Calcutta, to his pitiful ill-luck. Learning of Chaplain Buchanan's interest in China, he made his acquaintance; and, when found able to speak, read, and write with equal freedom Armenian, Portuguese, and Chinese, was warmly welcomed, and was offered Rs. 300 monthly (half as much again as even Mrityunjay's salary) to remain and to render the Armenian Bible into Chinese,—a task to which he sprang. His patron soon transferred him to 'Serampore,' where he was hailed with great delight. Still vaster things than their recent greatened conceivings God seemed purposing from their midst.

This residence of Lassar, as China's representative, in their very compound at 'Serampore' seemed a chance too golden to be missed. 'If one or two of their sons could thoroughly acquire through him the Chinese language, they might grow so familiar with its literature and speech, by the time he had translated the Scriptures, as to be fitted to win entrance into China as Christ's prepared pioneers. Equipped with the vernacular Bible, they might spend their lives there in Christ's Name!' This was the hope which now allured them.

We might have expected Felix to be Carey's selected son for this undertaking, since for the Chinese scouting he had so instantly volunteered. But judging Jabez (bilingual from infancy, and not yet in his teens) likely to get the stiff language more surely, he laid the constraint upon him; as did Marshman on John, his gifted firstborn. Then Marshman himself did one of the most sporting things in 'Serampore's' annals. Spite of his loads, he joined the Chinese class himself, unashamed to be pupil with his own lad and with Jabez—partly in sheer avarice for knowledge, but chiefly in the hope that, ere the Scriptures were taken to China from their midst, he might have so learned to collaborate with Lassar as to make some contribution to the translation's worthiness and truth. Nor was this just a passing enthusiasm, but the new passion of a life. He grew to be an accepted European authority on the Chinese

language and literature, and an editor of 'Confucius.' He published his Chinese grammar in 1814, and in 1815 superintended 'Serampore's' printing of Robert Morrison's, nor ever rested till the whole Bible was complete and issued in Chinese. His lad Benjamin would sit with him and with his brother in the quaint class, and Marshman writes: 'You may laugh at a child of six becoming a Chinese pupil, but in memory he keeps pace with me (though his own was prodigious), and in pronunciation goes beyond me. Lassar insists that he will make a Chinese scholar. He teaches his sister the characters in play.'

Lassar proved 'above the common size as tutor,—his diligence, decision, and precision a pleasing contrast to the flexibility and sloth of many Asiatics.' Of their whole purpose Marshman writes:

> 'We imitate an experienced general, who, unable to take an important position by storm, retires a short distance, erects a fort, where he disciplines his forces, takes measures for new levies, and holds all in readiness for assault at the first fair chance.'

'Serampore's' thoughts swept wide orbits.

Joyous local developments intensified their longing to give to the East the soul-quickening Scriptures. Ward had in 1802 chanced to leave Carey's Bengali New Testament in *Ram Krishnapur* (in what is now Howrah) without preaching. A certain *Krishna Das* read it, and kept re-reading it to his neighbours, till the village was transformed. After three years they sent forth three to seek and thank its publishers—Jagannath Das, who had long since smashed his idols; Sebak Ram, aforetime ringleader of lewd song; and fisherman Gobardhan. 'Serampore' was transported with joy. Ere the three at length went home, they were baptized. Next month came Krishna Das himself, and three women. On their baptism-morning Carey led also through the waters Krishna Pal's Ananda and Chandramoni —a girl snatched from a procuress—and three printers from Ward's press, after fierce opposings. Under the spell of the service two of their Brahmin members renounced their paitas. 'How much better,' writes Ward, 'is love and illumination than force! Had we compelled them to discard these, they would have been attached to them for life.'

During this same glad time *Jessore*, too, showed how Christ could use His least literates, once His love was in their hearts. Early in 1803 one of its ryots, Sita Ram, hearing of 'Serampore,' tramped the seventy miles thither, and was welcomed, instructed, and baptized. On return, he so kept telling the Christian story that, in two years, though he could neither read nor write, he led into the Faith, and either brought or sent to 'Serampore' for baptism, his sister and a Hindu widow, a Mussulman, and a Hindu Kyast, this Hindu's nephew, and a field-labourer, and others. The Mission itself had the joy of leading into Christ's peace poor old priests' slave Raghu Nath, who six times had swung on the flesh-hooks. And early in 1806 they baptized the first two Indian disciples from Carey's seed-plot in the north. The three wrote to England :

> 'We only want men and money to fill this country with the knowledge of Christ. We are neither working at uncertainty, nor afraid for the result. We have tried our weapons, and have proved their power. The Cross is mightier than the Caste. We shall be more than conquerors.'

Missionaries of sister-societies not seldom received from them first guidings and training. Desgranges, for example, whom Carey initiated into Telugu ; and the beloved Dr. Taylor, whom he introduced to Marathi and Sanskrit. But of all such welcomed associates the likest-minded was Military Chaplain Henry Martyn, Senior Wrangler, who owed his missionary purpose to Charles Simeon's frequent talk of Carey's Indian expectings and attemptings. On arriving in Calcutta he quickly met his hero, and soon was dwelling within bowshot of 'Serampore' at 'Aldeen' in the dismantled Hindu shrine, which Chaplain Brown had had transformed into his junior's lodging and study—picturesque then beneath its peepul-tree. Martyn gloried in filling the deserted shrine with Christian intercession. 'The echoes of my prayers,' he said, 'resound from its vaulted roof. May I learn so to pray that they may resound from very heaven!' After tea at 'Serampore' on his first Friday, with, to his surprise, one hundred and fifty at the tables, he joined their usual weekly conference—the theme most congenial, viz. 'the relation of Christ's death to the salvation of sinners.' The Brahmin converts he met there seemed 'a

miracle as convincing as the Resurrection of Christ.' Two days later Carey heard with delight his first Calcutta sermon —' very honest, evangelical and bold,' and wrote, ' As the shadow of bigotry never falls upon us here, we take sweet counsel and go together to God's House as friends.' Marshman and Martyn became close companions, and would ' walk by the Hooghly for hours, arm in arm.' The latter wrote to Simeon, ' Three such men as Carey, Marshman, and Ward, so suited to one another and their work, are not to be found, I think, in the whole world.' He was ' very much struck by the grandeur of Carey's proposal of decennial world-mission conferences at the Cape,' which Carey had already urged on Fuller, proposing the first for 1810. ' We should understand one another better in two hours than by two years of letters.' But Fuller, with less sagacity than usual, had replied :

> ' I admire Carey's proposal, though I cannot say I approve. It shows an enlarged mind, and I have heard say that great men dream differently from others ! This is one of Carey's pleasing dreams ! But, seriously, I see no important object to be attained by such a meeting, which might not quite as well be reached without. And in the gathering of all denominations there would be no unity (!), without which we had better stay at home.'

But Carey's happier experience had grown a more catholic faith.

In August 1806 ' Serampore ' sent home their boldest message, revealing to the British churches their own more increased purpose and their further-flung plan of campaign, and challenging them for a proportionate increase of money and of men.

' Their Bengal,' they said, ' was providentially central for all Asia—Orissa, Kurnata and Mahratta lying to the S. and S.W. ; Hindustan, Nepal, Bhutan, and Thibet to the N.W. and N. ; Assam, Burmah, China, and the Malay Isles to the N.E. and E. China was only two hundred leagues from Serampore. Could they reach a certain river only thirty leagues from Assam, they could be conveyed into Yonan. Were they ever so deaf to the cries of men's souls, they could scarcely be unheedful of this vast Chinese Empire with its three hundred millions. But God had opened

to them the door of its speech in a way as unexpected as it promised to be effective. Six months of patient and diligent improvement of the opportunity afforded had convinced them that neither the colloquial nor the written language was beyond their attainment. They hoped to publish the Scriptures in the tongue and character of this whole empire. Indeed it was daily proceeding apace.'

'The New Testament was already *translated* into Oriya, the New Testament and not a little of the Old into Marathi. The "Gospels" were *printed* in Hindi, and the "Psalms" and "Isaiah" were already in the press. They had good hope of Bhutan, Nepal, and Assam pundits. A Burmese "Gospel" would probably be ready as soon as their earliest recruit from England could arrive. Six lads were in their school, who could speak Malay with the utmost fluency, bringing their mastery of this language within the sphere of the possible. They meant to speed translations into all these tongues with their whole strength. It could not be that God meant His rendered Word to be food for worms, instead of seed disseminated. True, some of these lands were as yet sealed. But brave and prudent trial might throw them open. It was not God's way to remove obstructions, till His hour of challenge arrived. The Red Sea was not divided a month before Israel needed to cross. They proposed to make "Serampore" not just the translation-centre, but the language-school for Asia, whence their comrades should go forth into the many lands, already acquainted with their speech and furnished with their printed Scriptures, and trained in tried missionary-method, and linked together in an inspiring missionary-fellowship. There was nothing, they said, chimerical in all this, nor any building on others' foundations. They asked for *forty new missionaries*, to enter these vast lands; nor could they believe the demand preposterous from *four hundred churches!*'

> 'We are debtors,' they pleaded, 'both to the Greeks and the Barbarians. Woe is ours, if we preach not the gospel. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. We must work the works of Him that sent us. Whatsoever our hands find to do, must be done with our might. Not to have the heart to improve the prize of a God-given opportunity is to deserve the epithet of fool.'

'Dinapore, *Dec.* 6, 1806.

To the Rev. J. Chamberlain, Katwa.

I find myself here in a sphere so vast that I cry out with unfeigned astonishment, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I am somewhat dispirited at finding myself at a stand; not knowing what course to take to acquire the language of the people—for the fine language of my Mussulman mûnshi is as unintelligible as English to the country people, and I have very limited opportunities of being much with them. I cannot be absent a night from this station without permission from the commander-in-chief. However, these are small difficulties. Our great obstacle is the dominion which Satan has obtained over the hearts of men. Yet through the support and power of God, I think I am willing to continue throwing in the net at the Lord's command through all the long night of life, though the end may be that I have caught nothing.

Wishing you all success in the common Cause and much divine consolation in your own soul, I conclude by saying that I am, Your affectionate though unworthy fellow-labourer in the gospel,

H. Martyn.'

[A hitherto unpublished letter.]

XX. THE FOILED THWARTINGS

'The brethren in Serampore are men to be wondered at: I speak of Carey, Marshman and Ward; or, if you will, Peter, James and John. The former is most remarkable for his humility; he is a very superior man, and appears to know nothing about it. The great man and the little child unite in him, and, as far as I can see, he has attained to the happy art of ruling and overruling in connection with the others mentioned, without his asserting his authority, or others feeling their subjection; and all is done without the least appearance of design on his part.'

E. Pritchett, Burman Missionary,
to a London friend, Aug. 12, 1811.

CHAPTER XX

THE FOILED THWARTINGS

August 26, 1806–1812

Into the midst of this wide planning and service fell a bolt from the blue. Government challenged and fought them. The ear of the Acting Governor, Sir George Barlow, was caught by the foes of Christian missions, both European and Hindu, who unjustly, but speciously, attributed to Native resentment against missionary propaganda the recent mutiny in Vellore, which had involved the British garrison in such tragedy, and then the Sepoys in dire retribution.

The arrival of two fresh comrades for 'Serampore' precipitated action. Captain Wickes was refused his clearance: *Chater* and *Robinson* got peremptory orders to return. Carey was summoned on August 26 before the Supreme Court Interpreter, and, in the Governor's name, was instructed to see that 'the Mission preached no more to the native people, nor distributed pamphlets, nor sent out native preachers.' 'Government did not interfere with the prejudices of the people. They required that neither should Mr. Carey nor his colleagues.' But, as Cunninghame said, 'they did not know the man.'

Refraining from all promise or committal, he withdrew, with disquieted spirit. Ironic seemed his projects, broken like egg-shells. All the anxieties of thirteen years back returned to remembrance. Was this the tocsin of war between the British Government and Christ's 'little Bengal flock'? As senior shepherd, he must encounter its chief onset. He trembled to think what prudence and courage he would need.

His news reached his colleagues that midnight. They roused Martyn, and together laid their distress before God. Martyn consoled them with the assurance that influential mediation on the morrow would re-establish their freedom.

But the Government authorities were resolved, although admitting that no complaint had ever been lodged against the missionaries. 'Serampore' might still print and publish the Scriptures, might preach within their own precincts or in any private home, but not again in the open, and least of all in 'Lall Bazar'—without express leave from the London Court of Directors. Their Indian converts might preach, should they wish, but no longer be sent out by the Mission. 'Thus in a moment,' said Marshman, 'we are become dead, as respects spreading the gospel.' And Carey wrote to England:

> 'We are all of us prisoners at Serampore, and you have sent us two new brethren to keep us company. We are in much the same situation as the Apostles when commanded not to teach nor preach any more in the Name. The opening doors for usefulness, which a few days ago engaged our attention and animated our exertions, are closed by this cruel message. The shutting of "Lall Bazar" is a very cutting thing.'

Except for Denmark's protectiveness, they would have been 'swallowed up quick.' 'Our enemies,' they said, 'want to shut us out, but God had shut us in.' Governor Krefting reminded Sir George that the Mission was under his sovereign's peculiar patronage. But all their wide British Indian campaigning was brought to a halt.

Carey refrained from counselling defiance of the hostile Government.

> 'To act in open defiance of the Governor-General,' he said, 'might occasion a positive *law* against evangelizing the native peoples, and at once break up the Mission, which has been settled at so great expense. On the other hand, if we yield a little to the present storm, it may blow over, and we may not only enjoy our present privileges but obtain the liberty we have so long wished for.'

It flashed on him that mid-September, that this thrusting from British Indian advance 'might be their fit opportunity to make trial of *Burmah*.' They had turned their thoughts thither before, but 'the impassable forests, which separated it from Bengal, had seemed to put it beyond their reach.' Now, perhaps, was God's hour for its attempting. As Marshman said, 'their way north, south, and west suffering obstruction, like Paul's to Bithynia, was, perhaps, the divine signal for their moving east.' And 'this might

eventually lead them into China, Cochin China and Tonquin.' They set apart an extra Friday-hour for prayer.

Meanwhile, the newly arrived Chaplains Corrie and Parson brought them joy, 'their hearts beating in unison with "Serampore's" own, men who,' as Smith says, 'made the words "chaplain" and "missionary" synonymous.' They and Martyn were soon appointed to districts, which 'Serampore' had hoped to hold. The Mission was in a measure 'reconciled to the bonds laid by the Government on themselves, whilst these could sustain God's work in Hindustan.' Before their going, they all kindled one another's hearts in Martyn's 'Temple.' 'The Divine Presence,' writes Corrie, 'filled us with joy. But, oh, my dulness in comparison with these burning ones!' They could furnish Martyn with their just-issued Hindi gospels, thankful that, with themselves checked from Hindustan, this apostolic chaplain would scatter the good seed.

Thankful too, for their brave native converts, who persevered in their preachings, although no longer commissioned by 'Serampore'—Krishna Pal and Jagannath Das venturing into Burdwan, 'with the spirit of martyrs.' The brethren could endure to be silenced so long as these openly preached, whose speech was often more constraining than their own—as Ward felt, when listening to a gifted young evangelist in Hindi. 'Oh, I saw that the gospel was as sweet in this as in any other tongue! At his aptness and tenderness I could scarcely hold back tears.'

The Mission was saddest over the closed preaching-place in Lall Bazar, whither so many had been flocking. But Mr. Petruse, a converted Armenian, enlarged his own Chitpore Road house for their preaching-hall, and a Mr. Robert Griffe lent his school for like use.

Through more than two months the Government refused Captain Wickes his clearance, till at length Chaplain Brown's intercession prevailed, and the Mission gathered late that 4th of November in the hall and sang:

> 'The wonders, Lord, Thy love has wrought,
> Exceed our praise, surmount our thought.'

Yet the injunction against Chater and Robinson remained active. The former they resolved to send beyond the

Government's purview on the Burmese reconnoitring; the latter, for the present, should lie low.

'Serampore' became amazingly polyglot in those months of repression. On the very day of Chater's sailing for Rangoon, a travelled Burman, familiar with Hindi, offered himself to them, and was engaged to translate their Hindi Gospels into Burmese. Chinese craftsmen, too, lodged there, to teach Bengalis to cut wood-blocks for the Chinese Gospels. Even an Arabian-born Hebrew dwelt with them, equally fluent in Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac. 'They showed him peculiar courtesy, to incline him to the gospel.' Carey could tell Ryland that:

> 'There were written, spoken, or read amongst them Lat., Gk., Heb., Arabic, Syr., Sansk., Pers., Beng., Hindi, Oriya, Gujarati, Telugu, Marathi, Armenian, Portug., Chinese, and Burmese.'

He himself, the most diverse linguist of all, had earned the degree, which, in 1807, Brown University conferred upon him.

To counter the forbiddance of the open preaching in 'Lall Bazar,' the Mission began to build there its long-purposed Union Chapel. Again Government threatened, but surrendered to the petition of more than a hundred city men, who, at Marshman's urging, took their stand in its defence. 'Our hearts leapt for joy,' cried Ward. 'His mercy endureth for ever.' 'The archers shot at them to grieve them,' said Fuller, 'but their own bow abode in strength.'

Whilst the officials in Calcutta were thus suspicious and unfriendly, Bombay's new Recorder, Sir James Mackintosh, from the staff of the recently established Haileybury College, took a quite opposite course, even inviting Carey to plant a mission there. Young Dr. Taylor of Surat, whom he recommended, was soon daily breakfasting with Sir James, and teaching him Sanskrit; was attending Bombay hospitals, and sending home for a press and Persian type, and more colleagues. Sir James became the rallying centre of the Western Progressives.

So cheering was Chater's report of his Rangoon reconnoitring, when he 'jumped in' amongst his colleagues one May evening of 1807, that they prepared all that summer

for a larger Burman undertaking—considering even the transference of the whole Mission thither. But before Chater could go back with his chosen comrade, a second thunderbolt struck 'Serampore.'

The European and native foes of the Mission seized occasion of a new Governor-General to exploit his inexperience and excite his alarms. They represented it to Lord Minto, seven weeks from his landing, as a most dangerous disturbant. 'The public peace would be threatened, particularly amongst Mussulmans, till its publications were suppressed.' In proof, they produced a 'Serampore' Persian pamphlet, wherein Mohammed was described as 'impostor' and 'tyrant.' To let such seed be scattered was simply asking, they said, for trouble.

Carey was summoned to the Chief Secretary's office. He had never so much as heard of the obnoxious tract. On inquiry, he found that, in translating a Bengali pamphlet of Ward's into Persian, a Moslem convert had himself inserted these opprobrious terms, which had escaped Ward's notice during its passage through the press. But the whole thing was trivial, the outstraining of a gnat. Brahmins talked thus of Mohammed frequently, and nobody got warm. Nevertheless, 'Serampore' withdrew the tract, and confessed to both the Danish and British Governments the regrettable mishap. Yet on Friday, September 11, 1807, Carey received a fresh injunction from the British authorities, demanding the immediate transference of the Mission press to Calcutta, and the discontinuance of all attempts to convert the Bengalis, and the cessation of services even in the house of Mr. Petruse.

'Serampore' used to look forward to Friday evenings and Carey's return with the week's news of the city. This night he was much later than his wont. At his ill tidings they were never so heavily depressed—at this sinister inauguration of a Governor-General's reign. 'We are a few poor sheep, despised of every one,' wrote Mrs. Marshman. They agreed to meet for prayer at earliest dawn. The night's cogitations brought little comfort to Carey. In the morning prayer-session 'he wept,' says Ward, 'like a child,' knowing, as Marshman put it, that 'the press, removed to Calcutta, would not be safe a day. So long as it

remained at Serampore, many redoubts had to be surmounted, before it could be touched—giving time for investigation. But in Calcutta it would only be for some mûnshi to fancy something offensive in a publication, and get the ear of a Government officer, and the press might be seized, and its printers deported.'

They commissioned Carey to send a prudent answer to Government, and to interview Governor Krefting, and, if possible, secure an audience with Lord Minto. But the morrow's news worsened. All preaching was forbidden in Calcutta, except by the Company's chaplains. Rumour ran through the district, to their critics' glee, that Government intended to expel them the country—even godless Fort William soldiers taking up the hue and cry. 'Ten pounds for catching the Methodists! Bravo boys, we 'll watch for them!' 'Had some rajah or nabob forbidden our preaching, we should not have wondered,' wrote Hannah Marshman, 'but that those who should be our nursing-fathers should do this is most strange!' 'Yet in a few days,' wrote Ward, 'will be the Durga Puja, and all Calcutta will be in motion. Business will be stopped at the public offices. Idol processions will parade the streets, and crowds of Europeans will go to the homes of rich Indians to watch the idolatrous dances!'

> 'Many,' said Carey, 'would rejoice to see us expelled. We have no security but in God. The experience of Abram, who was alone, when called, supports me. I have for many months had my mind drawn to Isa. xl. 27, 28 (his ever-loved "Isaiah"): "He fainteth not, neither is weary, etc." I have no doubt but our troubles will tend to the furtherance of the gospel; but to what extent they may be carried, it is impossible to say. We mean to inform Lord Minto that *we are prepared to suffer in this Cause, rather than abandon our work*; but we hope to do all in the most respectful manner possible. Such a letter was never written by a Christian government before. Roman Catholics have persecuted other Christians as heretics; but since the days of heathen Rome, no Christian government, however corrupt, has, so far as I know, prohibited attempts to spread Christianity amongst the heathen. We are all in mourning. I do not know that anything ever so affected me. My mind is full of tumultuous cogitations. I trust Jehovah will appear for us.'

And wondrously He did appear. Carey was granted an interview with Governor Krefting; Marshman and he

audience with Lord Minto, with whom they left a careful memoir of their Indian toil. They told him of their purpose to suffer rather than betray their trust. They deeply impressed him. Governor Krefting challenged the British Government's right to order the transfer of the Mission press to Calcutta, and, indeed, forbade its removal. Lord Minto discerned that he had been ill-advised. Within a month he and his Government climbed down,—not just suffering their injunction to lie idle, but revoking it in black and white, to 'Serampore's' unbounded joy. Carey could write to Fuller on October 14 :

> 'I rejoice to inform you that the storm is gone over. The Governor of Serampore has received a letter from our Government revoking their Order concerning our press, and only requiring to be apprised of what we print. A similar letter has been sent to me. We had little expectation of this formal revocation, though we hoped it might not be enforced. The crests of our challengers have much fallen. Our dispersal of pamphlets in the Company's dominions is now recognized in these letters of revocation, and, as we wish to avoid everything inflammatory, I have no doubt we shall be permitted to print nearly all we desire. I believe the obstacles which yet remain will gradually be removed. There are, however, many in this country, who would rejoice to see Christianity wholly expelled, and particularly any embarrassment thrown in our way. But our confidence is in God. I preached this (Tues.) evg. from *Isa.* lix. 1-3, "Is My Hand shortened, etc.?"'

At their next Sunday's thanksgivings they were 'like them that dreamed,' their mouth filled with laughter, at their captivity so turned. To perfect their gladness, Carey's William (21) preached to the Mission family for the first time, and with fluency of Bengali beyond expectation.

Of all the mountain-lands behind Bengal, Bhutan was deepest graved on Carey's heart. He could never forget his early visits to its threshold, and yearned to possess it for Christ. The Company's dominions being still barred was, perhaps, the Bhutias', not less than the Burmans', golden chance. With Robinson's Bengali exceptionally correct, 'Serampore' judged him specially fitted for the mastery of tongues, and urged him thither. The Bhutias, however, were found at war, and the way of the Mission was blocked.

Though yielding in the matter of the press, Government still forbade the Mission's preaching in Calcutta, even at Petruse's, or at any Mofussil station. They might go to Chittagong to grow coffee or plant teak, but not to preach Christ. The authorities were deaf to every patient and respectful plea. Lord Minto was personally friendly, inviting Marshman and Carey to his table at Barrackpore, but conceding them no freedom.

> ' " Don't you think it wrong, Dr. Carey, to try and make Indians Christians ? "
>
> ' " You mistake us, Your Lordship. We have no faith in makings. You can make hypocrites by compulsions : Christians never. We only solicit the right to present the Truth to each man's intelligence and conscience, as our Master ordained." '

But he feared to permit them. Therefore, Carey pressed Fuller to besiege Parliament with a million signatures for the sanction of Missions—all the more that by the spring of 1808 they were stripped, for a period again, of Denmark's protection, through Britain's resumption of Serampore.

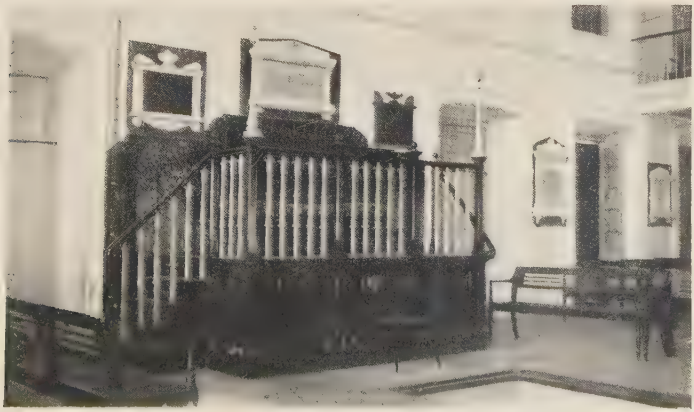
Early in 1808, in talk with India's then most revered scholar and saint, who was deeply versed in Hindu philosophy, and had pilgrimed fifteen times from Cape Comorin to Benares, Carey was thankful to have him pronounce an unqualified condemnation of Sati.

Carey and Nathaniel Forsyth, Bengal's pioneer of the London Missionary Society, opened ' Lall Bazar ' on the first day of 1809 ; for the church was in the first instance meant to be not just Baptist, but Union. To be near to serve it, Carey rented rooms at 34 Bow Bazar, and the church prospered—the first Nonconformist church in Calcutta. ' There,' says Smith, ' for nearly a generation he who was training the governing class in Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi, and was translating the " Ramayana," returned, when the sun went down, to preach to the poorest in their own tongues the Good News of the Kingdom, with a loving tenderness and patient humility only learned in the school of Christ.'

Tradition says that once, on entering the pulpit, he found a pair of old shoes hanging from its desk—a scorner's reminder of his early employment as a chamar—one of the most despised of India's low castes. He simply said, ' the

Lall Bazar Chapel, Calcutta.

Henry Martyn's 'Pagoda.'



Lall Bazar Chapel. Judson was baptized here.

God who can do for and through a poor shoemaker the much He has done for and through me, can bless and use any. The very humblest may trust Him.'

One Sunday a British ship's officer, named Kemp, drifted into the chapel—just one of the thoughtless ones, with whom the street abounded. God spoke to him through Carey. That night he gave himself to Christ, and privately vowed that, should he ever be a ship's master, he would bring out a colleague for Carey free of charge. And by 1814 he was captain of the *Moira*, and gave gratuitous passage therein the next year to Yates. Fuller says, 'We wished to pay him for the voyage, but he pleasantly replied "he should consider Mr. Yates as his chaplain."' On his return he took plants back for Carey to Ryland, and the next year gave free freight of business-wares to Carey's merchant-nephew, Jesse Hobson, and earned the name in the whole Mission-circle in India and in England of 'the missionaries' friend.' His cousin, he was surprised to find, had some years before been baptized in Northamptonshire (his own county) with Carey's niece Phoebe: so small is the big world. He himself became a member of 'Lall Bazar' till his death: his son, a 'Mill Hill' boy, was also baptized there. A few months before he died, his ship was wrecked at Krishnapatam—his crew and himself only just escaping.

Carapeit Aratoon, an Armenian schoolmaster, son of an Armenian merchant in Calcutta, once dropped into the Service, which Ward conducted, and was then invited into Carey's house. Knowing no other church than the Armenian, and this the oldest in the city, he was shocked to learn that the Mission disbelieved in 'transubstantiation, prayers to the Virgin, holy ointments, and crosses.' 'You cannot be faithful Christians,' he said. 'Friend, do one thing,' answered Carey. 'Bring all you would say from God's Word.' 'I will,' he replied. 'At least I will convince you from Scripture that you should pray to the Virgin Mother.' Soon he was dismayed at his ascertained helplessness. He consulted his co-religionists, but in vain. At his next attendance at the Mission Service, he tried to slip away unobserved. But Carey accosted him. 'Well, friend, have you found it?' And Carapeit stood humbled.

Then was he led into a truer understanding of the New Testament and the gospel. When he was at length baptized, his vexed Armenian vicar dismissed him from his mastership, bidding the boys even spit in his face. Yet he stood firm and began preaching, and thus continued faithfully till old and grey-headed.

Adam Gordon, the jailer, was converted, and became on fire for the gospel, and opened the prison to the missionaries' message. Major Hardwicke, an intimate natural-history friend of Carey's, admitted them for a while into the Fort, and, when this was no longer permissible, let Krishna Pal and Sebak Ram continue their visitings.

John Peter, an Armenian's bearer, yet often drunken till converted in the Mission, developed such preaching-powers as to be called their 'Robert Hall.' They ordained him and sent him with the Oriya New Testament into Orissa, as its pioneer-evangelist,—together, presently, with Krishna Das.

> 'I do not know that I am of much use myself,' wrote Carey to Fuller, 'but I see a work which fills my soul with thankfulness. Not having time to visit the people, I appropriate every Thursday evening to receiving inquirers. Seldom fewer than twenty come, whose confession of their sins and of their former ignorance and of their grateful trust in the Saviour, told often with tears which almost choke their utterance, presents a scene no English pastor could imagine.'

And yet he felt constrained to write in 1810 to Ryland in honest and distressful self-accusal:

> 'Marshman is all keenness for God's work. Often have I seen him, when we have been walking together, eye a group of persons, like a hawk, and go up to try on them the gospel's utmost strength. I have known him engage with such for hours, more eager for the contest when he left off than when he began. It has filled me with shame. In point of zeal *he is a Luther, I an Erasmus*. Ward, too, has such a faculty of addressing things to the heart, and his thoughts run so naturally in this channel, that he fixes the minds of all who hear him; whilst I, after repeated efforts, can scarcely get out a few dry sentences, and, if rebuffed at the beginning, sit like a silly mute, and scarcely say anything at all. Yet I do desire to give myself, such as I am, to the Cause of God, and to be wholly employed in His service. None stands more in need than I of the prayers of God's people.'

The truth is that, whilst he revelled in spiritual talk with the earnest, he was painfully shy of religious approach to the indifferent and to strangers. Marshman was much more at ease in unfamiliar company than he, and much apter in close argument. But God knew his soul's ardour.

The storm which the Mission had to weather in India after August 1806, kept breaking over the Cause in Britain during the three sequent years, in gales of much violence. Thomas Twining (once of the Calcutta Customs) and Major Scott Waring (Warren Hastings' chief champion), and the notorious Colonel Stewart (who, abjuring Christianity, became an effusive Hindu), filled the air with wild asseverations and alarms.

'If religious innovation be still suffered in India, the fifty millions of our Empire there will drive thence the British with as much ease as the wind scatters the desert sand.'

'If India is worth preserving, we should try to regain its confidence by the recall of every missionary.'

'They are invading the dearest rights, and wounding the tenderest feelings, of the native peoples.'

'They are as illiterate, ignorant, and enthusiastic as Hinduism's wildest fanatics.'

'Their preaching is puritanical rant of the worst kind.'

'No Hindu of any respectability will ever yield to their remonstrances.'

'Their converts are renegades from the faith in which they have been nurtured,—most despicable characters, who have espoused a new religion, because excommunicated from the old.'

'The distribution of the Scriptures in Marathi is not unlikely to produce another Mahratta War.' Etc. etc.

We might have thought that Englishmen would have discounted words so intemperate; but 'Vellore' was on their nerves. Even Sydney Smith—the brilliant founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, the lion and idol of London, to whose preachings in Berkeley Square and lecturings in the Royal Institution the fashionable thronged—joined the Philistines, and twice used his trenchant pen in his potent *Review* to protest against any toleration for 'the nest of

consecrated cobblers,' seeing that they themselves were so intolerant, insulting the religion and irritating the passions of their fellows.

> 'If a tinker is a devout man, he infallibly sets forth for the East. Let any man read the accounts of the Anabaptist Mission. Can he do so without deeming such men pernicious and extravagant, and concluding that they benefit us much more by their absence than the Hindus by their advice? If no other instruments remain but such visionary enthusiasts, some doubt may be honestly raised whether it is not better to drop the scheme entirely. For these instruments are calculated to bring ridicule and disgrace upon the Gospel.'

Indian Missions stood in grave peril. Directors were ready to vote for immediate recalls.

But friends stood in the breach. Statesmen like Viscount Melville, Charles Grant, Marquis Wellesley, and Sir James Mackintosh—the three last familiar with Carey—communicated with the Directors, protecting the slandered and protesting their worth. Lord Teignmouth (ex-Governor-General), the Bible Society's Secretary, Robert Hall, and Andrew Fuller set heavy guns upon the challenged walls, and broke the ranks of the assailants; especially Fuller, who was never so mighty. The onslaught was finally routed, when Southey, whom none could suspect of extravagance, in the second issue of the *Quarterly* made reply to the *Edinburgh*, and knocked Sydney Smith's siege-gun out of action. What answer could there be to Southey's facts?

> 'Carey and his son have been in Bengal fourteen years, the others only nine. They have all had a difficult language to acquire, before they could speak to the people; to preach and argue therein required a thorough and familiar knowledge. The wonder is not that they have done so little, but so much. The anti-missionaries cull from their journals and letters all that is ridiculous, sectarian, and trifling; call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists, and schismatics; and keep out of sight their love of man and zeal for God, their self-devotement, their indefatigable industry and unequalled learning. These "low-born and low-bred mechanics" have translated the whole Bible into Bengali, and by this time have printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanskrit, Oriya, Marathi, Hindi, and Gujarati; and are translating it into Persic, Telugu, Kanarese, Chinese, and the tongues of the Sikhs and of the Burmans; and in four of these languages they are going on with the whole

Bible. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear more so when it is remembered that of these men one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer, and the third the master of a Charity School. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time these missionaries have acquired this gift of tongues ; in fourteen years these " low-born, low-bred mechanics " have done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished, or even attempted, by all the world's princes and potentates, and all its universities and establishments into the bargain.'

XXI. THE HOME CIRCLE

TO CHALSE IN HEAVEN

'So you are gone, dear Chalse,
Ah! well: it was enough—
The ways were cold, the ways were rough—
O Heaven! O home!
No more to roam—
Chalse, poor Chalse!

'And now it's all so plain, dear Chalse!
So plain—
The 'wildered brain,
The pain—
The phantom shapes that haunted,
The half-born thoughts that daunted—
All, all is plain,
Dear Chalse!
All is plain.

'Or is it all forgotten, Chalse?
A fever fit that vanished with the night—
Has God's great light
Pierced through the veiled delusions,
The errors and confusions;
And pointed to the tablet, where
His name was graven all the time?
All the time!
O Chalse! poor Chalse.

''Tis God that takes to pieces
The inveterate complication,
And makes a restoration,
Most subtle in its sweetness,
Most strong in its completeness,
Most constant in its meetness;
And so appoints your station
Before the throne—
Chalse, poor Chalse.'

T. E. Brown.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HOME CIRCLE

1806-1812

GREAT changes passed over Carey's home-life in the period of the foiled thwartings.

His wife died. Her mental distress had much worsened throughout her last five years. He was begged and bidden to ' put her away,' but Dr. Arnold had filled him with dread of the then average asylum. He insisted on keeping her under his own compassionate care, till in the first week of December 1807 she emerged from the long fearsome tunnel into heaven's light and peace, into ' the rest that remaineth for the people of God.' He was deeply touched, during her last fortnight, by the devotion of her Serampore ' sisters.' She was literally ' offered upon the service and sacrifice of the Faith.' Her name is written in heaven, in the Lamb's Book of Life, in the Lord's Roll of Honour.

Upon her sister Kitty (Charles Short's widow) getting the tidings, she wrote to Carey from Clipstone :

' My dear brother,

' I have received your letter respecting the death of my poor sister. I loved her much, but I can say, " The Lord gave ; the Lord hath taken away." The river she has crossed you and I, dear brother, must pass, before we can serve God as we would. Till then may His grace be sufficient. Oh that I may be kept doing the Lord's Will, till He come. It is a great consolation to me that our Father is a God nigh at hand, and not afar off. I am very desirous that, when I die, these words may be preached from : " Let the whole earth be filled with *His* glory." I hope my brother will never cease to be my brother, though the ties of nature are broken. I feel a stronger tie than these. Mr. Gill of Market Harborough, whom I drank tea with yesterday, wished me to say he often thinks of you and desires to be kindly remembered to you. I long to know if there is any soul coming to the feet of the Saviour from Debhatta. I go twice in the year to see Polly Carey (Mary) and I do not get

over this for some time. This I mean to do as long as I can. I have made her cause my own, wherever I have been, and not without success. For I find it much easier to plead for another than for myself. The times get much worse, and everything is dearer. I am sure that the Lord is displeased with much He sees in England, but He says to me, " What is that to thee ? Follow thou Me." My dear brother, pray for me and be to me as a father, for I am an orphan, and I need your help. My love to all the dear children, and to all the friends. Pray write to me, if but two lines. I shall love to hear from you all.'

[The last that we know of this chivalrous woman is that out of sore straitenment she yet gave a guinea to a son of Jabez, sent to England for schooling, to be divided between himself and two cousins.]

Then Carey had to learn, too, to do without Felix. Ever since he had missed the overland scouting to China, he had ' longed to be out somewhere,' and in the summer of 1807 Chater begged for him as his colleague, when he should return to Burmah. His father could ill spare him from his proof-reading, etc., at the press, but his tested character, his adventurous ardour, linguistic attainments, and medical training in the Presidency Hospital established his fitness, and at twenty-one he was ordained. ' What a day ! ' wrote Hannah Marshman. ' What must Dr. Carey have felt ! May I see another such with son of mine ! ' On the eve of his going, ' Take heed to *thyself* and to thy doctrine,' was his father's public charge, supplemented by these written injunctions :

' Let the Burmese language occupy your most precious time, and your most anxious solicitude. Do not be content with its superficial acquiring. Make it yours, root and branch. Listen with prying curiosity to the forms of speech, the construction and accent of the people. All your imitative powers will be wanted, and, unless you frequently *use* what you acquire, it will profit you little. As soon as you feel your feet, compose a grammar, and some simple Christian instruction. Begin your translations with the gospel of " Mark." Be very careful that your construction and idiom are Burman, not English.

' Observe a rigid economy. Missionary funds are the most sacred on earth. Cultivate brotherly love. Think of our friends Creighton and Grant, who lived for near twenty years in Goamalti without one painful difference. You cannot be so much as shy with each other without hurt to the Mission. Union, like every other blessing, must be prized and sought.

'Preach the never-failing Word of the Cross. Be instant in season and out. Do not despise the patient instruction of one Burman. Let us hear from you regularly. Make memoranda of all you see. Be meek and gentle amongst the people. Cultivate the utmost cordiality with them as your equals. Never let European pride and superiority appear at the Mission House, Rangoon. The day when our Saviour says to you and to us "Well done!" will make amends for all we feel at parting.'

To Chater, Carey said:

'If you should happen to be called into the presence of the king, avoid all reserves, put on a cheerful and winning confidence, offer your services to him in a way becoming your character, and testify your loyalty as a true Christian. If you should be introduced to Roman Catholic priests, show towards them every degree of frankness, and in a prudent manner seek their confidence, and do them good offices.'

Felix felt leaving Ward almost as much as his own father. He loved him as himself, as well he might. From Diamond Point he sent him the shell of a huge turtle he caught there—either to adorn his study, or make a bath for his babe.

His first letters were most sanguine. The Burmese viceroy was interested, especially in his introduction of vaccine. The whole city was friendly. That the houses were miserably built, the streets filthy with vermin, the rents wickedly oppressive, the taxings without limit, and the punishments barbarous, only proved the gospel's urgency, with its impulse towards social advance. Soon, however, war-signs blackened the sky, and the missionaries were forced to return. At the next cool season Felix went back, and was swiftly followed by news of his wife's death in Calcutta in third motherhood. Yet he bravely remained at his post. He gladdened his father by the discovery that Pali, the learned language of Burmah, was another cognate of Sanskrit, bringing him fresh incentive for his Sanskrit Bible. He rejoiced him even more by a most Christly chivalry to a Burmese malefactor, whom he found being crucified. He ran and pleaded for his reprieve with the inexorable viceroy—pleaded for hours—and only prevailed in time to save him from final collapse. Then he had him carried to the Mission House, and through a fortnight nursed him there back to strength. It brought renown to the

gospel, and adorned the doctrine of Christ. His father was never so proud of him, and wrote every detail to friends.

In the summer of 1808 Carey remarried. Years after, he told William that 'if he had searched the whole world, he could not have found a truer helpmate.' They were just of the same age. Yet it seemed preposterously ill-advised. She was an invalid: frail from very birth; and, from the night when the Schleswig mansion of her father, Chevalier de Rumohr, was destroyed by fire, unable to walk up or downstairs, and compelled daily to rest her injured back; obliged to dwell in Italy and Southern France, and then much later to take voyage to India. She had meant to sojourn in Danish Tranquebar, but was led to Serampore, and received from Governor Bie, her kinsman, every courtesy of welcome. The year of her arrival was the year of the Mission's settlement. The Governor requested Carey to teach her English, which he did. He taught her, too, an ardent love of Christ. It was in this new love of Christ that she took Krishna Pal by the hand after his baptism, and blessed him from her heart. The next June—spite of her spinal weakness—she was baptized,—the first European lady in India to bear this witness. Thenceforth, she was the Mission's generous friend—her whole life thrown into its work and worship. She even learned Bengali that she might encourage the Indian converts.

Yet was she hopelessly fragile. Not betrothal nor wedlock but death seemed oft to be claiming her. She no more dreamed than did Elizabeth Barrett, the invalid poetess, years later, that 'love's silver voice was to ring through her, and teach her the whole of life in a new rhythm.'

Carey's colleagues and their wives were distressed at the engagement, even sending him a round robin of protest—though Hannah Marshman questioned its good sense. 'How did my whole body tremble,' she writes in her diary, 'when I was called upon to sign the letter!' The next Sunday she adds, 'My husband preached, but I could not listen. I felt in such an agitation about Dr. Carey.' But in a few days comes this unsurprising entry: 'All things settled with Dr. C. The opposition to his marriage withdrawn.' The earliness of the engagement was its possible offence. But had he not for ten years been lonelier than a

celibate? If her alarming frailty was the ground of challenge, he, like Browning, had the answer in his own chivalrous soul, and in his faith, which events justified, that length of days lay within the gift of his love. They were married in May 1808 in her own lately-built house, which she at once gave to the Mission, its rent to support Indian evangelists. Most of her dowry she joined with Carey in sending for his home-folks' comfort, and to buy a small business for his brother Thomas. 'I could not be easy,' he wrote, 'to possess property, and know that my brother was in need.' Though she was often pitifully ill,—compelled at times to keep her couch for months together—they dwelt in love's perfect understanding for thirteen years. Her refinement and her intimate knowledge of Danish, Italian, and French, and her delight in the study of Scripture in these three versions, made her his invaluable companion in Biblical translation-work. Like Mrs. Browning, she had 'a soul of fire in a shell of pearl.'

Thomas, Carey's brother, to whom he and his wife sent succour, had been retired from the army on a small pension after severe wounds in Holland, and, like many another ex-Service man, found it almost impossible to get employment, though of more than the average education. When at length he became a night-watchman at the West India Docks on scant pay and much peril, he dared not tell his sisters, 'lest it should make them uneasy.' His letters, in a neat handwriting, reveal an affectionate, devout, but very diffident spirit. The world was too rough for him. His brother was his comfort and his pride. 'Your liberality to us all affects me not a little.' 'Every scrap of paper you have used and every word you have written me, I keep as sacred treasure.'

The year of Carey's wedding was that of William's too, and the father could thank God for a second ordained and missionary son. Inhibited by the Government from opening a Mofussil mission-station, he went to Fernandez, the Christian merchant of Dinajpur and Sadamahal to help him in both his business and his mission-work—Carey blest to have him serving in the district of his own early labours.

> 'You are in a post, my son,' he wrote, 'very dear to my remembrance, because my first Indian years were spent in its

neighbourhood. I, therefore, greatly rejoice in your exertions. The conversion of one soul is worth the labour of a life. "Unto us is this *favour* given that we should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Hold on, therefore; be steady in your work, and leave the result with God. I have been contemplating a mission to the Afghans of Cabul.'

And again:

'Be encouraged, my dear son. Devote yourself wholly to your work. For this is the Cause God has had in His mind from eternity, and for which Christ shed His blood, and for which the Spirit and the Word were given. So its triumph is certain.'

And again:

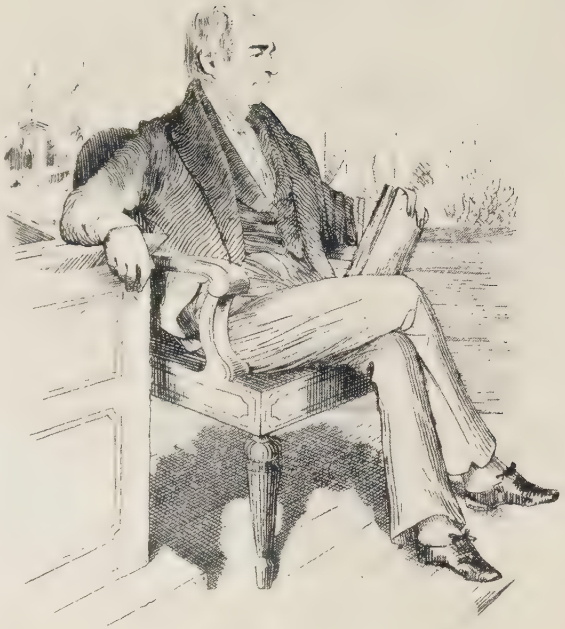
'Be steadfast, dear William. Walk worthy of your high calling. Be a pattern to others, who may engage in similar undertakings. Much depends on us who go first to Christ's work in this country.'

Sadamahal, where William dwelt, was a very lonely spot, with not another European for miles round. The buffaloes (or 'buffelows,' as he always queerly spelt them) were wild and fearsome (he was gored once in arm and thigh): the dacoits a worse terror, giving him one night a dreadful fright. But when he, therefore, begged for something safer, Carey was roused to stern reply. The iron in his own blood he demanded in his children.

'There is much guilt in your fears, dear William. Mary and you will be a thousand times safer committing yourselves to God in the path of duty than neglecting duty to take care of yourselves.'

He reminds him of what perils and loneliness soldiers and their wives must brave, in a calling inglorious compared with theirs. He himself dwelt, he says, in just such perils through five and a half years in Mudnabati, 'as lonesome a place as could be thought of,' and 'with many of his own ryots in league with the dacoits.' 'Mount your horse,' he urges, 'and be out on God's work.'

By the end of 1811, however, William was needed in Katwa. He was very diffident of following a missionary so able as Chamberlain. 'Five like me in body and zeal,' he wrote, 'could not do what he did alone.' 'Disputing does not suit me at all, whereas Chamberlain could run them down



WILLIAM CAREY, JUNR., KATWA

JOHN C. MARSHMAN

with perfect ease.' 'To govern a church is no small thing. I could with joy itinerate and evangelize all my life, but I am not formed to rule a church.' He often begged for a sphere of less responsibility. 'I doubt whether this is the right side of the ship for me to cast my net.' Yet, spite of all this self-distrust and much ill-health, through more than twenty years he wrought there, making glad the heart of his father with his sustained evangelism, his trained band of native preachers, his many schools (his wife's and his own), his vocational weaving-school, his large coffee plantation, and his many attempts with cloth and silk, sugar and indigo, to meet the costs of his station. 'I think William,' Carey more than once wrote to Jabez, 'one of the most useful missionaries we have, and I believe all the brethren have a growing confidence in him.' His Bengali was native. A colleague tells of 'the pleasure approaching to ecstasy with which Bengalis heard a padre speaking their language with such fluency and force.' Carey kept all his sons' letters—even their brief notes; an extraordinary number of them have survived,—most filial and affectionate. Only once does William write as one aggrieved: 'I must beg that you will not write so sharply again, for I am not made of stuff hard enough to bear it, and particularly when it is unjust.' But he was a chief joy of his father, who would often say, 'Religion flourishes at Katwa more than at any other station in the Mission.'

Towards the close of 1808, who should arrive in Serampore but Carey's nephew Peter, for whose apprenticing he had sent home help! Learning of a regiment bound for Bengal, he had impulsively enlisted for ten years for the joy of seeing his hero-uncle and his cousins. He was a fine lad, winning rapid advancement for his sobriety, intelligence, and zeal,—in three years being promoted to be a sergeant attached to his adjutant's office. We find him buying and borrowing books of educational value—vernacular grammars, a life of Akbar, etc. He had grit, too.

> 'I was given a nice-looking horse, but a very bad one to ride in the ranks, always fighting and kicking, and he got me a kick from another horse in the ankle. I rode all the morning, and when I came in, I was obliged to be carried into my tent, and have my boot cut off, and to go to the hospital. I was obliged

to ride with one boot for a good while, and now I would not exchange my horse for the best in the troop. I was obliged to have some hard battles with him, before I was master.'

And, like his uncle, he was quickly roused by injustice:

'One evening the quartermaster so offended me that I tore off my stripes, and saw the colonel, and gave them back to him, and begged to be allowed to resign. But he has appointed me to another troop.'

Reticent as every English soldier in things religious, he wrote:

'Dear Uncle, it is not because I do not think of religion that I have never mentioned it, but my very awkward way of expressing myself on that head. I am very well assured that there is no happiness but in its practice.'

And again:

'Dear Uncle, I have the Bible that was once my Uncle Peter's, and—don't think me a hypocrite—but I never feel so comfortable as when I am reading it.'

And again:

'Now, Uncle, I want your opinion. What do you call a good man? Now I think a man that is in a situation where he has no or very little temptation, and that is never exposed to evil company, that man, I think, is much more to be blamed, if he is not religious and good, and is not to be excused if he commits a fault, so soon as the man that is in the midst of temptation and evil company every hour of the day, that has not a place where he can retire to spend an hour to himself, and, perhaps, not a single person he can open his mind to. Now, I think if this man does his duty as becomes a soldier, carries himself upright in all his dealings, that does not wilfully commit sin, or, if he has been led away, is determined he will not be so again, and, if he has an opportunity when he is laid on his bed in the night, when every one else is asleep, he offers up his soul in prayer to God, if it is only in a few words, I think this a good man considering how he is situated.'

Alas! by July 1814 this letter had to go from Cawnpore:

'I am very poorly owing to an accident I met with on the 7th. The Regiment (H.M. the 24th Light Dragoons) was out at exercise, and my horse reared up, and fell backwards on me, and broke my left leg all to pieces. There have been several bones taken out of it. It should have been taken off ere this, but it has a violent inflammation. I shall be sure to lose my leg, and, perhaps, my life.'

Two days later it was his life. And this was the first news Carey had to give Eustace, Peter's only brother, upon his arrival in Calcutta.

In the heat of 1809 Carey felt desperately ill. He had inordinately toiled at the second edition of his Bengali Bible. On June 26 the revision was complete, and his colleagues talked with him at dinner of all he had seen wrought, and asked his further purposes and plans. He said he had translation-work mapped out for *twenty years*. That very evening he was seized with strong fever, and in a fortnight they despaired of his life, and watched every hour for his passing. His revised Bengali Bible seemed the destined end of his career. Yet he felt himself possessed of a strength most aggressive.

> 'In my delirium,' he wrote afterwards, 'I was busily employed, as I perfectly remember, in carrying a communication from God to all the princes and governments in the world, requiring them instantly to abolish every political establishment of religion, and to sell the parish and other churches to the first body of Christians who would purchase them. Also, to declare war infamous, and military officers the destroyers of the race. I was attended by angels in all my excursions, and was universally successful. A few princes in Germany were refractory, but my attendants struck them dead! I also pronounced the doom of Rome to the Pope.'

In the midst of the blaze of this hallucination, a doctor, urgently sent for from Barrackpore, entered the room in military dress, to the patient's fierce excitement.

> 'How dare you come to me in that red coat?' he shouted. 'Don't you know that God Almighty has decreed that all war shall be abolished?'

The doctor withdrew, and returned in a black coat of Marshman's, but was recognized and disdained. Upon Carey's recovery, he would never allow that his fever had been simply brain-storm. 'There were truths in my delirium, whose force I wish to feel, and for whose triumph to strive, to the end of my life.'

Though his anti-military views were so vehement, he was thrown much amongst soldiers, and learned deeply to love them—his nephew Peter, Captain Moxon, Levi Hobson, (his own nephew) Moxon's ensign; his many military

students in Fort William College, and young Havelock in the days of his betrothal to Hannah Marshman; Major Hardwicke of Fort William, with a passion for natural history like his own; and others.

After the tension of Carey's high-fever days was over, Ward wrote to Fuller:

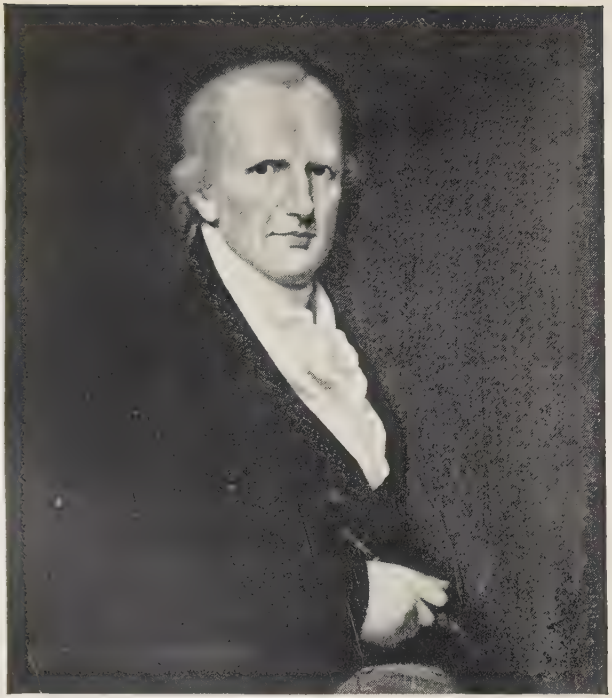
> 'When I looked at the printing office containing usually fifty workmen, then almost stript and silent, I could not help anticipating a time when not for three days but for ever this whole machine would be still. Carey has just been raised from the dead, and the machine goes on a little longer. But we cannot expect these resurrections oft repeated. The men who live sixteen years in India are not so numerous as to justify us in presuming that he will be spared much longer. Every year of the continuance of us elders you may count a miracle. No one else in India will do for "Serampore," except, perhaps, Dr. Taylor. When any one of us goes, the machine will crawl on a little longer, but as a cripple. What would you think if the safety of the whole Baptist interest in England depended on yourself, Ryland, and Sutcliff? Would you not tremble for the Ark? When we thought we had lost Carey, we were ready to ask, Who will finish his Marathi and Bengali dictionaries? Who will complete his Sanskrit and Oriya Old Testaments? Who will carry on the Hindi, Marathi and all the other translations?'

He besought Fuller to send them comrades of fine enough fibre and fitness.

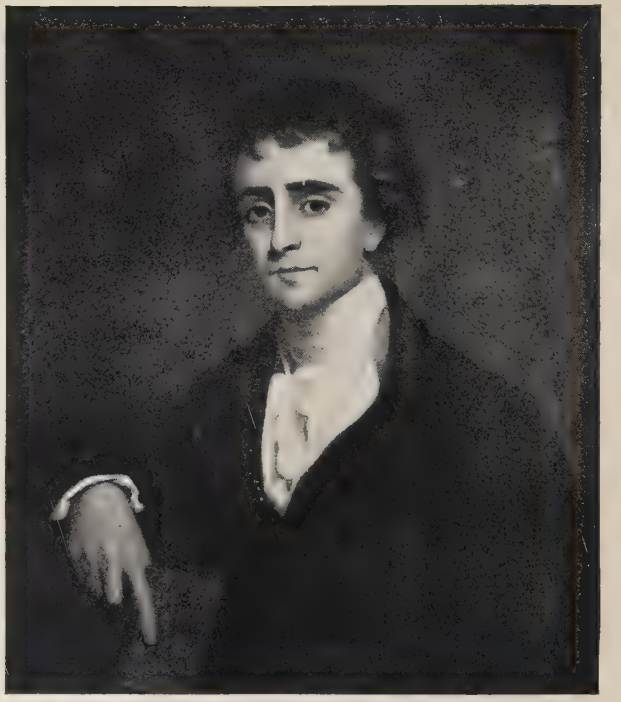
Lawson arrived from England as a layman-helper of the Mission just as Carey was convalescing, and in an early letter wrote home:

> 'I had formed an idea of Serampore before my arrival; but, notwithstanding my very high expectations, I was perfectly astounded. Dr. Carey, lately recovering from a dangerous illness, said, when I went to see him, "God has spared my life. I hope it is that I may serve Him better. I have been but a loiterer—but a half-hearted servant." This from such lips filled me with shame and confusion.'

Carey's illness made the home leaders anxious for his portrait, which Ward was commissioned to secure. He engaged Robert Home, Calcutta's chief artist, who had already painted for Government House Wellesley and his great soldier-brother, and Sir William Jones for the Asiatic Society of his founding. Indeed, he was himself a prominent



R. HOME, PAINTER OF 'CAREY AND HIS PUNDIT'



R. HOME'S SIR WILLIAM JONES
FOUNDER OF 'THE ASIATIC SOCIETY'

member—had been secretary—of this Society, and there had often met Carey.

> 'In compliance with your wish, though not my own,' Carey writes to Ryland in his fifty-first year, 'I have sat for my portrait. Ward has greatly desired that I should be drawn as engaged in the work of translating the Scriptures. So the artist, Mr. Home, has introduced the pundit, whom I employ as my amanuensis, as sitting by me. His likeness is a very good one.' [His name Carey does not give, only his title, 'Nyayalankara'—one who has gained distinction in reasoning, lit. 'an ornament of logic.'] 'He has also introduced a number of books such as I use in translation, and, in short, has made it as much as possible like my table. He has copied parts of Acts ii. 11 from my Sanskrit New Testament into the manuscript before me—"We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."'

'May every sight of it in "Stepney"' (the new Baptist College, for which it was ordered) 'excite,' writes Ward, 'missionary feeling!' Carey's nephew, Jesse Hobson, wrote to him:

> 'I shall have an opportunity of frequently seeing your portrait, as the Academy, where it will be, is within a hundred yards of a hospitable house in which dwells a lady, who I intend one day to call by the endearing name of wife.'

Of its steel-engraving, Mary said, 'I shall often look at your likeness; though your image, and that of Felix and William, I can never forget.' And one of his nephews wrote:

> 'My dear uncle Elisha used to say that, whenever he felt himself inclined to be lazy, he used to go into his study, and look at your portrait, and shrink into a nutshell, and come forth with fresh life.'

The following letter from Carey's father and stepmother may fitly close this home-circle chapter:

> 'Paulerspury, *Jan.* 3, 1811.
>
> 'Dear Son and Daughter,
>
> 'We received your letter dated May 3, 1810, on Nov. 28 following, and are glad to hear that after your illness you are so bravely recovered again. We hope the Lord will preserve and bless you both together for many years to come. We have been comfortably provided for by the blessing of the Almighty and by both your kindnesses, for which we return our grateful thanks. For my own part I have been blessed with extraordinary good health for the whole year. Your mother is tolerable well in health, only very lame and helpless. We are glad to hear

of your success in the Mission, and that the translation of the Scriptures into the Oriental languages goes so rapidly on. We are glad to hear that Felix is likely to do well in the Burmah empire. Give our kind loves to him. We must include in one letter our loves to them all. They are all young. We should be glad to be favoured with a letter from each of them at any opportunity. We are glad to hear of William's escape from the danger you mentioned (the wild buffalo). Our kind loves to him and his wife. We are glad to hear of the proficiency Jabez and Jonathan make in the languages. We are glad that Peter (Carey's nephew) is well, and that he is steady and careful. Poor boy, he must be among great temptations in the soldier-line. Eustace makes great progress in his studies at Mr. Sutcliff's. He often preaches at one place or another in the neighbourhood. Mr. John Hands, son of Mr. Charles Hands of Roade, who is lately arrived at Madras as a missionary, we read in the *Evangelical Magazine*, was at Rangoon with Felix and Mr. Chater. You don't mention his being at Serampore.

'We conclude with our kind loves to you both,

'Your affectionate father and mother,

'EDMUND and FRANCES CAREY.'

The neat handwriting of this letter, though the writer was seventy-four, its fondness and devoutness, and its interest in the Mission's every phase reveal both Edmund Carey and the tender simplicities and loyalties of Carey's home.

XXII. THE FIRE

'We are only scholars. It rests with the Great Teacher to decide which lesson shall come next—a hard one or an easy one.'

WARD to Dr. NATHANIEL WALLICH.

'This thwacking in life's den
Makes lions of us men.'

MEREDITH.

'As you enter, you see your cousin, in a small room, dressed in a white jacket, reading or writing, and looking over the office, which is more than 170 feet long. There you find Indians translating the Scriptures into the different tongues, or correcting proof-sheets. You observe, laid out in cases, types in Arabic, Persian, Nagari, Telugu, Panjabi, Bengali, Marathi, Chinese, Oriya, Burmese, Kanarese, Greek, Hebrew and English. Hindus, Mussulmans and Christian Indians are busy,—composing, correcting, distributing. Next are four men throwing off the Scripture sheets in the different languages; others folding the sheets and delivering them to the large store-room; and six Mussulmans do the binding. Beyond the office are the varied type-casters, besides a group of men making ink; and in a spacious open walled-round place, our paper-mill, for we manufacture our own paper.' WARD, to a cousin, three months before the Fire.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FIRE

Wednesday, March 11, 1812

Carey was startled at the woe in Marshman's face, when he broke in upon him in Calcutta so unexpectedly that Thursday morning, March 12, 1812. What great fresh sorrow could have befallen the Mission? They had recently been 'smitten with breach upon breach,'—five burials at 'Serampore' since Christmas, yet without epidemic: 'Sister Mardon' on Christmas Day, leaving three children; a woman-servant of Mrs. Marshman's, of eleven years' faithfulness; Herbert, a boarder of Marshman's, dear almost as a son; Ward's darling Mary, of six years; and, only a week back, an infant of Marshman's own, named 'William Ward Marshman,' for love of the colleague. Of what more distressful bereavement was Carey to hear? Of what 'rough wind' in those days of the 'east wind'?

When he learned that the Mission printing works were a shell of burnt and naked walls, with only a few business-documents rescued, he was 'dumb with silence,' his heart frozen within him. Marshman hasted to assure him that the bulk of the translation MSS. were safe, because kept in a warehouse. But portions of most of them had perished, and in grammars and dictionaries it was feared that Carey's losses would be very heavy—as they proved. As Marshman told his story, Carey was 'overwhelmed by the blow of God's hand.'

'About six last evening,' Marshman said, 'the workfolk having left, I was musing at home on the loss of my little one, when I heard Ward shout to me from his office, where he tarried with the day's accounts. Running and looking in, I saw at the south end of the long building a twenty feet sheet of flame from a stage stacked with paper. We both

rushed thither, till the smoke thrust us back. A workman pressed further, but fell senseless, and had to be dragged out.

'All the window-shutters but one were bolted from within. We would fain have torn them open, to save things; but an expert forbade us, and, indeed, shut the open one, to stifle the flames. We organized carriers, and Ward mounted and pierced the roof over the area of trouble, and for four hours we poured in water to the great abatement of the fire. But injudicious friends, counting it safe at last, forced a shutter, and I saw flame leap to the centre of the building. In half an hour, all was ablaze, and salvage the only thing possible; though precious little of that. We could rescue the five presses, for they were in the room adjoining, which as yet had not caught fire. They were only transferred there two or three weeks since. Had they been still in the main room, they could not have survived. Then we broke the windows of Ward's office, and pulled out the almirah and his desk; but except our title deeds and the translation fund ledgers, they held nothing of account.

'Our concern was now for the near buildings—the Mission House, the boys' dormitories, and the girls'. So we cleared all that was combustible from between them and the printing works, besides all their furniture and the bedding. A friend took the children and the girls. The office roof fell in about midnight, and our greatest fear was then; for a body of flame, two hundred feet by forty, rose into the sky, and we dreaded the conflagration spreading—with the wind blowing sometimes pretty hard. But it mercifully fell, and the flame kept straight as a candle. We could only watch it in solemn silence, and, I think I can say, solemn serenity, interrupted by the crash of beams. By two o'clock of the morning it had spent itself, and we went to lie down, and at daylight I took boat to you.

'But the building and all its contents have gone. Nothing could survive such a furnace. The loss in English paper is immense. We never had so much in stock before. A thousand reams arrived only a week since for the Sinhalese and Tamil Testaments, which the Calcutta Bible Auxiliary had commissioned us to print. Ward had it stacked in the office to save it from being thieved. Then the just-cast Tamil type and the new Chinese metal-type have gone, and

are pitiful losses! But, thank God, no life was lost, though many were in danger, particularly Ward.

'How the fire originated? We know nothing. Perhaps from a workman's hookah; arson possibly, by an Indian enemy, enraged at the Scriptures getting printed in all his country's tongues.' [Later, they assured themselves that it was accident.]

This was his heart-rending story, retold here almost entirely in the terms of his immediate letters.

But a blow stings the brave to resistance. Carey went to his classes at 'Fort William,' and to get exemption for next day. Professor Colebrooke braced him with words that he oft afterwards repeated: 'However vexing it may be, a road the second time travelled is usually taken with more confidence and ease than at the first.' He resolved that his grammars, dictionaries, and translations should gain by the disaster. Marshman scoured Calcutta to learn what printing materials were purchasable, never dreaming of desistence from the interrupted work. They were lucky just to catch a mail, Marshman thankful to send to Ryland so instant an S.O.S. A brave letter! The calamity was 'another leaf of the ways of Providence, calling for the exercise of faith in Him, whose Word, firm as the pillars of heaven, has decreed that all things shall work together for good to them that love God. Be strong, therefore, in the Lord. He will never forsake the work of His own hands.'

Carey added the bare facts to an overnight's letter to his nephew, who was meditating a missionary career. The whole letter has interest, written as it was in the secureness of his Bow Bazar home, whilst his colleagues were hustling the children and the Mission's belongings from the loudening roar of the fire.

'My dear Eustace,

'Whether you come to India or not, be assured that the work of publishing the gospel is the most important you could have chosen. Engage in it with humble dependence on God, and with a single eye to His glory, and He assuredly will bless you. Every one to whom God has given abilities for such work is bound to devote himself to it: he has no option. Nor has a church, whether it will send such into the ministry. If the church neglect to do so, the guilt is theirs. The number now required to spread the gospel through the world is unspeakably

great. If fifty thousand ministers, besides those already employed, were now to go forth, they would be so thinly scattered as scarcely to be perceived. The harvest is indeed great, the labourers very few.'

Then this undreamed-of addendum :

'I began this last night; I close it hastily this morning, having received intelligence of a dreadful loss, which befell the Mission last night. Our printing-office was totally destroyed by fire, and all its property, amounting to at least Rs. 60,000 or 70,000. Nothing was saved but the presses. This is a heavy blow, as it will stop our printing the Scriptures for a long time. Twelve months' hard labour will not reinstate us ; not to mention loss of property, MSS., etc., which we shall scarcely ever surmount. I wish to *be still, and know that the Lord is God*, and to bow to His Will in everything. He will no doubt bring good out of this evil, and make it promote His interests ; but, at present, the providence is exceeding dark. No lives were lost. We cannot tell what was the cause of the fire.

'Your affectionate Uncle,
'W. CAREY.'

With the inturn of the tide the two were rowed to Serampore, and drew close to each other in the fellowships of suffering and faith. Marshman talked of a Scripture that had strengthened him during the recent weeks of the Mission's bereavements, and especially in his own : 'Every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' 'Last night,' he said, 'when all hope of saving the building had to be abandoned, this fell again upon my spirit with peculiar sweetness and power, as the clue to all. It stilled me into tranquil submission, enabling me to look up and *welcome* God's Will, assured that the end was not destruction, but chastening towards peaceable fruit.' And Carey told how he had been hushed by the Word he had passed on to Eustace, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' They both drew solace from the fact that with the boarding schools and Carey's professorship unaffected, no main source of Mission-income was dried up.

The desolation in the Mission compound was ghastly, and the fire still smouldering. Yet Ward they found not just submissive, but jubilant. For he had spent the day getting the debris removed where his steel punches lay buried, and lo ! he had found them *uninjured*—four thousand punches

of the types of fourteen Indian tongues—the product of more than ten years' labour. 'This had changed for him,' he said, 'the face of everything, and was God's plain "Take heart. Carry on. Go forward." For with these undamaged, and multitudes of matrices also recovered, and with, of course, hundredweights of salvageable lead, they could at once begin recasting type; and with the presses rescued, and their paper-mill safe, they might dare to hope to be reprinting in a month. There was no need to await rebuilding; no need to rebuild at all. Only the previous Saturday (they had all thought of this) Palmer & Co. had vacated the Mission's warehouse—to their grief at the time, for the heavy rent-loss—but now God's place prepared for them, a convincing token of His care: and, being larger than the burnt-down building, would allow of their work's growth.' Thus did he count their blessings and extol the mercy of their God.

Next morning they gathered their fifty or sixty anxious colleagues and workfolk, and surprised these passive fatalistic Easterns with their Western alacrity and vim. They bade the pundits set at once to the re-rendering of the Scriptures in the damaged versions, and the type-casters to work in relays day and night. The compositors, printers, and binders were paid full wages, and were enjoined to be back from their homes refreshed and ready for stressful labour in not later than a month.

The three spent the morning in careful calculation of their loss. First, in destroyed MSS., which no money could replace. Here Carey was chief sufferer. Portions of nearly all his Indian Scripture versions; all his Kanarese New Testament; two whole large Old Testament books in Sanskrit; many pages of his Bengali Dictionary; all his Telugu Grammar, and much of his Panjabi; a year's work of Marshman and himself on the 'Ramayana'; and every vestige of his well-advanced 'Dictionary of Sanskrit and its Indian Cognates'—the *magnum opus* of his linguistic life—an overwhelming disaster.

Then, one thousand four hundred reams of English paper, and much more of their own; four thousand four hundred pounds' weight of English type, and many founts of English-cast Hebrew and Greek, Persian and Arabic and Tamil;

and of their own casting, not less than one hundred and four founts of Nagari, Telugu, Bengali, Burman, Marathi, Panjabi, Oriya, Tamil, Chinese and Kashmiri. Then, the building, books, printing materials and tools. Allowing for all salvage and the recovery of their 'safe,' they judged their material loss at between £9000 and £10,000.

Chaplain Thomason came in the afternoon to console them.

> 'The scene,' he wrote, 'was indeed affecting—the long printing-office reduced to a mere shell, the yard covered with burnt paper. Carey walked with me over the smoking ruins. The tears stood in his eyes. "In one night," he said, "the labours of years are consumed. How unsearchable are the divine ways! I had lately brought some things to the utmost perfection I could, and contemplated the Mission with, perhaps, too much self-congratulation. *The Lord has laid me low, that I may look more simply to Him.*" I saw the ground strewn with half-consumed paper, on which the Words of Life would soon have been printed. The metal under our feet amidst the ruins was melted into misshapen lumps—the sad remains of types consecrated to the service of the sanctuary. A few hours ago all was full of promise—now all is rubbish and smoke.'

Yet that evening they abundantly uttered the memory of God's goodness. In twelve years their one Bengal church of eleven members had become eleven churches, with an average of thrice eleven in each. They had twenty native evangelists. Calcutta's membership had doubled in the previous year to one hundred and ten, and its missionary spirit was most active. Leonard, a converted soldier, bade fair to grow into a 'Samuel Pearce.' 'The leaven,' they said, 'was spreading: the little one becoming a thousand; and Calcutta could be called *sought out, a city not forsaken!*' Three hundred and fifty children were in their free Eurasian schools. Jessore was greatly prospering. Chamberlain was in Agra, Peter in Orissa, the Chaters were on their way to Ceylon to plant there its first British Protestant mission, Robinson preparing for Java, Norman Kerr for Rangoon, Felix steadfast in Burmah, and Carey's youngest lad, Jonathan, baptized. The fire could not touch these encouragements.

There was only one possible text for Carey on the Sunday—'Be still, and know that I am God.' His divisions were as simple as at Nottingham.

1. God's right, to dispose of us as He pleases.
2. Man's duty, to acquiesce in His Will.

He led them into a most heartening remembrance of God's principles and purpose, promises and providence.

Help flowed to them the next week—letters, money, printing materials, furniture. Rs. 7000 were swiftly subscribed, by such as Chaplain Thomason, George Udny, John Ellerton, Gaoler Gordon, a Javanese prince in Marshman's school, Carey's 'Fort William' students, past and present (Rs. 1200), and even Scott Waring, son of the major who in England had traduced them. A Calcutta journal extolled them in full rhetoric :

> 'Zeal and perseverance distinguish the missionaries. Their ardour derives a new impulse from misfortunes. They embody the advice of the Mantuan bard, "Ne cede malis ; sed contra audentior ito." We confidently trust that their printing establishment at Serampore, lately destroyed by fire, will, like the phoenix of antiquity, rise from its ashes winged with new strength, and destined, in a lofty and long-enduring flight, widely to diffuse the benefits of knowledge throughout the East.'

Carey wrote home :

> 'Much ground must be laboured over again, and I have suffered most. But we are not discouraged. We are chastened and not killed ; cast down, but not destroyed ; perplexed, but not in despair.'

By the end of July they could *print* again in Bengali, Sanskrit, Hindi, Panjabi, Marathi, Oriya and Tamil ; the Sinhalese fount was almost ready, and the Persian well advanced. By the year-end they were as rich in Oriental type as ever, and had even sent a Tamil fount to Tranquebar 'the best ever handled there.' By the next April they were printing in more languages than before the fire, and the pundits' better renderings saved Carey hours of revisionary toil. He told Ryland that 'he seemed to have just overcome the chief obstacles, which had blocked up the threshold of the door.'

The news of the fire did not reach Ryland till September 9, nor Fuller (through absence from home) till the 18th. But what 'heat' Fuller 'gat,' and how he rallied the helpers as soon as he felt this rope-tug from the mine-depths ! Britain was in tense struggle with Napoleon ; America was

sinking our frigates; food prices were dreadful; burdens crushing. Yet the Churches rushed to large response; not just the English but the Scottish; not just the Baptist, but all the Free Churches; and many Anglican besides. From the Society's twentieth anniversary at Kettering, Fuller wrote:

> 'When your late disastrous intelligence reached us, a strong sensation was felt throughout the kingdom, not only in our own denomination but amongst Christians of every name, each vying with the rest to repair your loss. Norwich had just raised £200 for the Society, but added £500 more. I spent the 20th at Cambridge, and about £165 were collected. The Bible Society has voted you 2000 reams of paper, and the L.M.S. a hundred guineas.'

A few days after, he could report £170 from Northampton, £160 from his own Kettering, £50 from little Moulton; Edinburgh already £800; Greenock, with collections in every place of worship, £170; Bristol, nearly £400; Birmingham, £320; Leicester, between £200 and £300; etc. etc.

> 'If the loss,' he writes, 'be made up in *two-and-fifty days*, and the hearts of Christ's enemies be dismayed, the work being so clearly of God, I should not be surprised. Cf. Neh. vi. 15.'

Britain did repair it in *two months*. Dr. Cox tells of Fuller entering the Society's committee and exclaiming, 'with sparkling eyes,' 'Brothers, the money is all raised, and so constantly are contributions still pouring in, that we must in honesty publish an intimation that the need is removed.' Among the gifts of special interest were £15 from Thomas Scott, Carey's early spiritual counsellor; £10, Wilberforce; £5, ex-Governor-General Lord Teignmouth; £20, Mrs. Beeby Wallis; £10, Thomas Potts; £22, Clipstone; £7, little Hackleton; £76, Friar Lane, Nottingham, where the deathless sermon was preached; and £156, Olney—barber Wilson giving £5. Almost every church of the denomination (in village and town) in Essex, Hants, and Norfolk helped. Jesse Hobson, Carey's nephew, wrote: 'You will rejoice with me when I tell you that poor Moulton has raised upwards of £50 towards your loss by the dreadful fire. I fear your loss of MSS. is great, and perhaps irreparable. Mr. Sutcliff asked me if I could form any idea, but, as I had no account, I could not tell him.'

Some event thus dramatic seemed needed to reveal the work to British Christendom, which learned with astonishment that the Mission *could* lose, and in one building, from £9000 to £10,000, and still more that the translations were so polyglot. Till then they had heard without hearing. This catastrophe unstopped their ears. In the blaze of this fire they saw the grandeur of the enterprise ; the facts were flashed out. And thus the destruction proved a beacon, and multiplied the Mission's zealous friends. So loud a fame it brought them as to reverse the nature of their risks, as Fuller faithfully warned them. In the first week of 1813 he wrote :

> ' This fire has given your undertaking a celebrity which nothing else, it seems, could ; a celebrity which makes me tremble. The public is now giving us their praises. Eight hundred guineas have been offered for Dr. Carey's likeness ! If we inhale this incense, will not God withhold His blessing, and then where are we ? Ought we not to tremble ? Surely, all need more grace to go through good report than through evil. I have less jealousy of you than of ourselves ; but we are all in danger.
>
> ' The promptitude with which you have been enabled to repair the loss of types, and to renew your printing of the Scriptures, is as extraordinary, says Dr. Stewart of Edinburgh, as if we had repaired your pecuniary loss in *one week*. The specimens of Tamil, Nagari, Oriya, and Panjabi that you sent me, printed from the recast types, I clipped in pieces, as Saul hewed his oxen, and sent in letters through England, Scotland, and Ireland, calling them " feathers of the phoenix."
>
> ' I said I trembled lest we should be injured by men's applause, and should incur God's displeasure. But now another thing strikes me. When the people ascribed " ten thousands to David," it wrought envy in Saul, and proved a source of long and sore affliction. If some new trials were to follow, I should not be surprised ; but, if we be kept humble and near to God, we have nothing to fear.'

Wise Fuller was right, but even he failed to conceive how swift and severe the ' new trials ' were to prove.

Of the Dr. Stewart named in the closing letter of this chapter, Smith tells a story. Reading in the *Periodical Accounts* a request of Carey's to Fuller to send him a copy of Van der Hooght's edition of the Hebrew Bible, because of his weakened sight, Dr. Stewart at once wrote offering his own copy, which Fuller thankfully accepted. 'I with great pleasure,' writes Stewart, 'followed the direction, wrote a letter of some length to Carey, and sent off my parcel to London. I daresay you remember my favourite Hebrew Bible in two volumes. I parted with it with something of the feeling that a pious parent might part with a favourite son going on a mission to the heathen—with a little regret, but with much goodwill.' This was the beginning of an interesting correspondence with Carey.

In the Moulin near Killiecrankie, where Dr. Stewart was minister, Alexander Duff was born. In the hearts of his parents Dr. Stewart had kindled the missionary fire.

XXIII. THE ROUTED FOE

Judson always recalled his months at Serampore 'as one of the greenest spots in memory's waste.'

'An invitation having reached us from Dr. Carey, as soon as we moored, to spend the night in his Calcutta home, I got into a palanquin, whilst Mr. Judson walked. It was with considerable fear I rode, the streets being so full. I soon lost sight of Mr. Judson, and did not know where they might carry me. They stopped, however, before a large building, which I found to be Dr. Carey's house. We were directed up a pair of stairs, through one or two large rooms into his study. He rose, and gave us a cordial welcome. His house is curiously constructed, like all European homes here. No fireplaces nor chimneys; the roofs flat; the rooms twenty feet high, and proportionately large. Large windows without glass open from one room to another, that the air may freely circulate.

'In the evening we attended service in the English Episcopal Church. We spent the night at Dr. Carey's. Very near is the Mission Charity School, with two hundred boys, and nearly as many girls—chiefly children picked up from the streets, of no caste. We could see them kneel in prayer together, and hear them sing. It was most affecting.

'In the afternoon we left for Serampore. We were met by Dr. Marshman and Mr. Ward, who, with their wives, received us very cordially. The three families live in separate houses, but eat together in a large hall. The buildings stand close to the river. The bell rings at 5 for the boys to rise for school; at 8 for breakfast, and immediately after breakfast for prayers in the large and elegant chapel: a hymn, Bible chapter and prayer. On Sunday, Eng. worship 11 to 1: Beng. in the afternoon, and Eng. again in the evg. Mon. evg. a conference for the native Christians; Tues. evg., an hour spent in examining difficult Scriptures; Thurs. and Sat. evgs., conferences.

'The garden is as superior to any in America, as America's best is to a common farmer's. It consists of several acres, under the highest cultivation. Fruit, flowers and vegetables grow in abundance. The pineapple grows on a low bush, the plantain on a tall stock, and the cocoa-nut on a high tree.

'The day after we came here there was Jagannath worship. The crowd was immense. The idol is painted with large black eyes and a large red mouth. He was taken from his temple, and water poured on him to bathe him. The more solemn act of worship will be in a fortnight. After bathing their god, they bathe themselves. They know not what they do.

'O Mary, Americans know nothing of poverty compared with the multitudes of India.'

Mrs. Ann H. Judson to her sister, Mid-June, 1812.

'We were affectionately received by the good Dr. Carey at his Calcutta house, and treated with the greatest hospitality. Imagine a small bald-headed man of 60 (nay, 51): such is he whose name will be remembered to the latest generation. He is now advanced to a state of honour, with 6000 dollars a year. We accepted his invitation to visit the Mission family

at Serampore, and took boat the next evening, and reached the happy dwelling of these friends of Immanuel. Here peace and plenty reign, and we almost forgot that we are in a land of pagan darkness. Mrs. Carey is ill. Only Dr. Carey's youngest son, Jonathan, now lives here, and has lately begun preaching at 16. Felix is in Rangoon, William at Katwa, and Jabez studies law in Calcutta. Mrs. Ward has the care of providing for the whole Mission family, and is a motherly woman, very active and kind. Mrs. Marshman has a lovely school of English young ladies. Miss Phoebe Hobson, Dr. Carey's niece, is a very pretty girl. Captain Moxon from the Mahratta country is also here (and devoted to Phoebe, who made it her study to promote the comfort of them all). Mr. and Mrs. Carapeit Aratoon, Armenians, are on a visit. These, with the families of Drs. Carey and Marshman and Mr. and Mrs. Ward, and all the pupils, make the Mission company very large. A hundred or more sit down together in the dining hall.

'Serampore is a charming place. We frequently walk out to admire its beauty. The Mission-garden is larger and much more elegant than any I ever saw in America. The view across the river is delightful. I love these dear missionaries very much. You would love them too, could you see them. I never experienced so many kindnesses.'

Letters of beautiful Harriet Newell to her mother and her sister, July 1812.

'And the unclean spirit, *tearing him and crying with a loud voice,* came out of him.'—Mk. i. 26.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ROUTED FOE

1812-1813

No reinforcements from the home base were sent to 'Serampore' through six long years, by reason of the Government's unrevoked injunction against missionary evangelism in the Company's territory. But when, at the end of 1811, Lord Minto himself eased Chamberlain's going to Agra, Carey concluded that the Government's restrictions were relaxed, and its veto moribund, and he so advised Fuller. But he was soon disillusioned. Fierce anti-Mission forces gained once more the ascendancy in our British Indian Administration. The wolves chased Christ's few shepherds.

Thompson, of the L.M.S., newly sent to Madras, was first victim, being instantly ejected—the disappointment inducing fever and death. Then America's first Asian missionaries were similarly ousted—the Judsons, the Newells, Hall, the Notts, and Luther Rice. Notwithstanding that the Government was assured, that, though halting at Serampore, they intended no Bengal settlement, they were forbidden from every British Indian Presidency and Dependency, and from every Eastern possession of Britain's Allies. The preposterous interdict was absolute. When they were at length suffered to go to Mauritius, Lord Minto's recent conquest (though still under French law), they were mercilessly saddled with the heavy expense. Those who could not get passages soon enough to satisfy the impatient authorities, were ordered to *England*, almost as prisoners, by the Company's next fleet—a fate which they scarcely escaped. Even a year later, when the Judsons dared East again from Mauritius, they only eluded swift arrest in Madras by immediate embarkation for Rangoon. The official eyes were sleepless.

That they were Americans was, it may be judged, their offence, in those days of strained relations between the States and ourselves; and, doubtless, this counted. But the Administration was as froward with missionaries of our own—with *Johns* and *Lawson*, who arrived with the Americans; and even with Robinson, spite of his six years' residence. They banned them all, and demanded their withdrawal. Not on least suggestion of indiscretion or misdemeanour, save only their lack of formal licence from the Company—a lack shared with hosts of others, at whose presence the Government winked. That they were missionaries was their misdeed. This was the crime which could not be condoned. The deportation-order reached 'Serampore' on the anniversary of the fire, and was felt as a severer disaster.

Lawson, a trained artist and engraver, able to earn ten guineas a week by vignette-cutting, was presently suffered to stay for the perfecting of the Chinese types, in which Government had an interest. But the Johns were cast out, and at the cost of the Mission. They were bundled home on the *Castlereagh*, with no least chance of escaping. As chemist and surgeon Johns could have nobly served India on the humanitarian side of the work; but, being missionary, he was anathema. Even Robinson, who had gone to Java on the strength of an earlier permit, was ruthlessly pursued and ordered to England; but was protected and retained by Lieutenant-Governor Stamford Raffles, an ardent Christian, and a personal friend of 'Serampore,' and as keen a naturalist as Carey. But the British Indian Administration was out to break every possible East Indian British mission. They would fain have deported even the 'Serampore' chiefs.

All the more when they heard of the open identification of three of the American missionary party with the distinctive tenets of 'Serampore'; which had come about thus. Making fresh study, on their ways out, of the New Testament, to fit them to plant Asian churches on Scriptural foundations, the Judsons and Luther Rice, on different ships, had been strongly drawn towards Baptist conclusions, against all the bias of their Paedobaptist upbringings, and to their own consternation and chagrin.

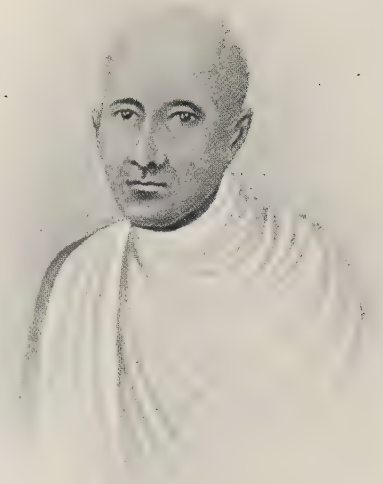
Abhorring to disappoint and vex their denominational supporters, they kicked against these goads. At 'Serampore,' despite the missionaries' refusal to discuss with them this question, conviction at length grew absolute, and before the end of 1812 they obeyed. When this got abroad, as it soon did, it darkened the official frown on the Mission.

The Administration's bitter hostility distressed Carey more for Britain's sake than for his own—stung though he was by its ungraciousness after his twenty years' devotion. The policy was so stupid withal—'every Indian convert,' as he said, 'becoming a firm friend of British rule.' He wrote :

> '*I mourn, on my country's account, that preaching the gospel should be regarded in the same light as committing a felony.* In every way I have tried to acquit the Government and the London directors of intention to persecute ; but I am driven to conclude that, whilst Lord Minto himself is friendly and of liberal enlightenment, the Presidency secretaries are largely infidel and inimical, and that they so shape the information and advice they lay before the authorities as almost to necessitate adverse decisions.'

The Mission, however, bore itself with wise restraint. In their 'circular letters' of this period, reporting the work monthly to their stations and to the home base, no hint was dropped of the rough weather they were meeting. They kept the door of their lips. They let their moderation be known unto all men, in the faith that their Lord was ever at hand, to guard them and His Kingdom. 'Jehovah reigneth' was their perpetual refrain.

What pained Carey more than the violence of Government was the contention it brought to 'Serampore.' Johns would not believe that sufficient pressure had been brought to bear on the authorities for his retention, though they did all they knew to this end—keen to have in their ranks one of his valued profession, and the more that, on his delayed way out, he had raised in America £1200 for the work. But he charged them with inadequate effort, and with favouring Lawson,—blaming especially Marshman, who had conducted the very difficult negotiations, and who had really striven his best. 'Carey laboured as never before for reconciliation,' but to no effect. Johns' bitterness



KRISHNA PAL

ADONIRAM JUDSON

remained, and in England he sowed the dragon's teeth of suspicion of Marshman, whose harvest was tragic. The distress of it made Carey ' alarmingly ill,' so that he ' looked for death.'

His solace in the midst of the Government's defyings lay in what he had already seen of the gospel's broadening power. They had baptized more than five hundred. Five Kulin Brahmins had just confessed their faith, reached by the unaided study of the Scriptures, and had reported a hundred other truth-seekers in their district as on the brink of like avowal. They were translating the Scriptures into eighteen languages, and were printing them in fifteen. Not even their eight presses could meet the increasing demand for their varied New Testaments. And beyond India, the Judsons were settling into their Burmese service, and Felix could say, ' They are just cut out for this Mission. I thought so, as soon as I first met them. In six months Mr. Judson has a splendid grasp of the language, and is the very colleague I wanted.' Then, in Batavia, the Mission's furthest-East, Robinson had already a baptized church of twenty, meeting in the home of a former member of ' Lall Bazar.'

But Carey's sweetest comfort was the conversion of Jabez, for which he had long cried to God, and had entreated the prayers of such as Fuller and Ryland. The lad was filial, but not Christian. He still patiently studied Chinese, but with no personal devotion to Christ, nor missionary interest. In December 1810 he had written to Carey :

' Very dear father,

' As you have once or twice suggested to me that you would be glad if I would let you know in what line of life I would wish myself permanently fixed, I now take the liberty of laying open my mind to you, for I have frequently of late been thinking of it. If you would endeavour to get me into the Civil Service, I should be glad, both on account of my being near yourself for the first two or three years, and on account of my not mixing with any mean company. You once mentioned to me yourself that you wished me to get into some honourable employment. I can think of none more honourable in secular life than the Company. I hope, my dear father, that you will not take this amiss, for, if it does not meet your approbation, I shall drop all thoughts of it.'

Unable to arrange this, Carey did the next best similar thing, and articled him to a firm of Calcutta solicitors.

Ryland, preaching on the Society's twentieth anniversary to a concourse of the Mission's friends in London (in the Dutch Church, Austin Friars) on 'The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this,' spake of Carey's joy in Felix and William: 'but he has a third son,' he said, 'giving him pain; because, though dutiful, he is unconverted.' Pausing, he asked their instant prayers for Jabez, and a deep quiet fell on all, and they knew God was near and was hearing. Indeed, before they had called, God had answered. The very next Indian mail brought them the news that in the summer of 1812 Jabez had received into his contrite spirit Jesus as Saviour and as Lord.

This was only the beginning of his father's gladness. An astonishing thing followed. The very Administration, which had been so churlish, presently sought their help. Byam Martin, whom we remember as one of Carey's early brilliant students, and as then kindled into Christian zeal, had just become first 'Resident' of the Moluccas, which had been taken from the Dutch. Upon coming into close quarters with his task, he grew convinced that what his islands most needed was missionary-hearted educationalists. In a comprehensive brave dispatch to the Calcutta authorities, in the summer of 1813, he urged them to secure him such from 'Serampore,' and wrote thus by the same mail to Carey:

'My dear Sir,

'What shall I say for having so long neglected to write you? I can only acknowledge my fault and resolve to make amends. I have written to the Calcutta Bible Society Auxiliary earnestly entreating them for an edition of the Malay Bible in the Roman character for the 20,000 native Christians of these islands. What a field is here opened for your labours at Serampore! Be assured, my dear Sir, that, so long as I remain here, my authority and influence shall be exerted to support those who think it worth their while to turn their attention thither. I earnestly beg of you to concert means *for sending a missionary to Amboyna*. The advantages would be incalculable. As the head of the Administration here, I should consider it a sacred duty to give all the assistance in my power. Pray, therefore, lose no time in setting about this. I am sure I need say no more to interest the feelings of one so humane and good as yourself.

I am writing in a great hurry, and can say no more at present than to assure you that I shall ever be, with the utmost gratitude and attachment,

'Your sincere and faithful friend,
'W. B. MARTIN.'

Within a week of this letter's arrival, Jabez volunteered. 'The lad's conduct for a year and a half,' says his father, 'had left no doubt of his Christian spirit. Yet, lest he should engage to build a tower without due counting of the cost, he set before him the fair professional prospects he would be surrendering, with the Supreme Court's second judge already interested in him, and, on the other hand, the privations he would be accepting—so that he might test himself thoroughly.' By January, Government did invite the Mission's assistance, and Jabez instantly offered himself, and, though not yet twenty, was approved and appointed.

On the 12th he wrote to his father:

'Before I embark, I wish to follow the example of Christ, my Lord and Saviour, in baptism, to whose service I have devoted myself. Pray for me, my dear father, that I may be enabled to give myself to God without reserve and with a heart of sincerity.'

Marriage, ordination, and farewell were then crowded into three days. Felix, by good hap, was there for lymph for Burmah's Crown Prince: William, also, from Katwa. So, at the joint ordination and valediction, the two brothers with the father laid their hands on the new missionary, and invoked God's blessing. Thence all went direct to the docks, and this lad Jabez, whose name had registered his mother's lonely sorrow, and her prayer for his especial honourableness and the enlargement of his border, sailed away in the *Streatham* for Christ's service further East than any had yet gone from 'Serampore,' and at the call and in the pay of the British Indian Government, which had recently done its best to expel the Mission from the East. Indeed a turning of the tables, a more than conquering, a routing of the foe! In the midst of his tears Carey was inexpressibly happy.

'Oh praise the Lord with me,' he wrote in his next letter to England, 'and let us exalt His name together. God has been

very, very gracious to me. I trust all my sons love Him. Three out of the four are engaged in the active work of the gospel, and two in new countries.'

He told William that 'he would rather have Jabez a missionary than Chief Justice of Bengal.' He made time (though very unwell) to write the following letter (here slightly compressed) towards his son's embarkation:

'My dear Jabez,

'You are engaging in a most important undertaking, in which you will have not only my prayers for your success, but those of all who love our Lord Jesus, and who know of your engagement. A few hints from a father who loves you tenderly will, I am sure, not be wasted.

'Trust always in Christ. Be pure of heart. Live a life of prayer and of devotedness to God. Be gentle and unassuming, yet firm and manly.

'You are now married. Be not content to bear yourself toward your wife with propriety, but let love be the spring of all your conduct. Esteem her highly that she may highly esteem you. The first impressions of love arising from form or beauty will soon wear off, but the trust arising from character will endure and increase. I hope that, as soon as you are settled in your cabin, you will begin and end each day together in prayer and praise to God.

'Behave affably to all, cringingly and unsteadily to none. Feel that you are a man, and always act with that dignified sincerity, which will command men's respect. Seek not the society of worldly men, but, when called to be with them, act and converse with propriety and dignity. To this end labour to gain a good acquaintance with history and geography, with men and things. A gentleman is the next best character after a Christian, and the latter includes the former. Money never makes a gentleman, much less a fine appearance; but *an enlarged understanding joined to engaging manners*.

'Consult Mr. Martin on every occasion of importance.

'As soon as you are settled, get a Malay, who can speak a little English, and make a tour of your islands, visiting every school. Keep a journal of each, and encourage all you see worthy. Compare their periodic progress. Consider yourself more than a director of schools—even their Christian instructor, and devote yourself to their good. God has committed to you the spiritual interests of these islands; a vast charge, but which He can enable you to fulfil. When you meet with a few who truly fear God, form them into gospel churches. As soon as you see any fitted to preach, call them to the ministry, and settle them over these.

'Shun all indolence and love of ease, and never try to act the

part of the great and gay in this world. Labour incessantly to become a perfect master of the Malay. With this in view, associate with the native people, walk with them, ask the name of everything you see, visit them when they are sick.

'Every night arrange your new words in alphabetical order, and use them as soon as you can.

'Do not unnecessarily expose your life, but incessantly endeavour to give to the aboriginal Alfoors the word of the gospel.

'Learn correctly the number, size and geography of your islands; the number and character of their inhabitants, their manners and customs, etc., and regularly communicate with me.'

After elaborate natural-history instructions (reserved here for Chapter XXXI) he adds:

'But your great work, my dear Jabez, is that of a Christian minister. May you be kept amid all temptations, supported under every trial, and made victorious in every conflict; and may our hearts be mutually gladdened by accounts from each other of the triumphs of God's grace. He has conferred on you a great *favour* in committing to you this ministry. Take heed to fulfil it. We shall often meet at the throne of grace. Write me by every opportunity, and Eliza to mother. Now, my dear son, I commit you both to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to make you perfect in the knowledge of His Will. Let that word dwell in your hearts. Should I never see you on earth, I trust we shall meet with joy before His throne.

'Your very, very affectionate Father.'

Jabez wrote on his voyage in reply:

'We have never failed, dear father, since we left you, to bow our knees together at our family-altar morning and evening, according to your advice and the dictates of our consciences, and have spent very pleasant hours thus. We have often read your kind and dear counsel, and wept over it, too. Pray that I may to the end of my days be enabled to walk in your footsteps.'

And soon from Amboyna:

'I can scarcely express the joy I felt at the receipt of your kind and affectionate first letter here. May my conduct deserve a father so good.'

Ward writes to England in the last week of 1813:

'We are here carried forward, the prospects still widening. *Ten* presses are going, and nearly *two hundred* are employed about the printing office. The foundation is surely not being laid to this extent and depth for nothing. But our hands are too few, our days too short, our strength too small for the

expanding work. Serampore, Jessore, Katwa, Dinajpur, Patna, Digah, Allahabad, Agra, Sirdhana, Nagpur, Surat, Orissa, Calcutta, Ceylon, Burmah, Java have messengers of salvation. Now we have been *called by the Governor-General himself to send help to Amboyna.*'

Fuller's first letter to Jabez to Amboyna overflowed from his fatherly wisdom :

'London, *Aug.* 18, 1814.

'My dear Jabez,

'We are informed of what God has wrought for you and in you, and hope soon to hear of what He has wrought through you. Our hearts have participated the joy of your dear father over you. . . . Shall I say, you have honoured God by preferring His service to your own ? I might rather say that God has honoured you, and I trust will make you a blessing amongst the islands. May you see better days than we have, though we have seen what gladdens our hearts. May you outdo us in devotion. Cleave to God, and there is no difficulty He will not help you to surmount. You lived just long enough without God in the world to know what you would have been, had you been left thus. Your being so early turned to God is a token of the much He designs for you. I hope my children will love and correspond with you, as I have loved your father. A word to you, dear Mrs. Carey. We rejoiced that you were willing to have your husband give up his flattering prospects in Calcutta, and to go with him to Amboyna. Blessed be thou of the Lord. I pray that you may continue thus till death.

'I am, my dear young people,

'Your faithful, though unknown, friend,

'Andrew Fuller.'

'Resident Governor' Martin gave Jabez and his wife great welcome, but mourned to have them come alone. He wrote to Carey :

'I experienced the greatest pleasure from the arrival of your son. He commenced very shortly after to apply himself most diligently to the Malay language ; and I have no doubt that, in the course of a short term, he will have sufficiently qualified himself to initiate his system of instruction in the schools. But I am a good deal disappointed that no other missionary came with him. It appears that you have very little intelligence in Bengal respecting the opportunities here for the diffusion of Christianity. Let me intreat you, my dear sir, to exert your influence to send us *more* labourers into this field, which gives promise of a most abundant harvest.'

Carey grieved to have no other reapers available, but the blame was not 'Serampore's.' The guilt lay at the door of

Byam Martin's own superiors and colleagues, who had so restricted and thinned the Mission's ranks. But to have a Governor of that same Administration soliciting Christian help for his province, like the Macedonian at Troas, was wonder and triumph.

Jabez quickly approved himself in his many-isled new kingdom, and Governor Martin kept reporting to Carey his fine service. He was never content with just an educational directorate, but constrained men to Christ—young J. W. Ricketts first, from Mr. Martin's staff, a former pupil of Richard Burney's, who grew into a most trusted Anglo-Indian patriot, and was chosen to lay before both Houses of Parliament the famous Petition of 1830,which secured the abolition of the colour-bar from India's Civil and Military Services. Such respect and confidence did Jabez inspire in the Malays by his development of the schools, his preaching, and his Scripture-translation work on the one hand, and by his civic service on the other as State almoner and Member of the College of Justice, that, in the very troublous days which followed the restoration of the islands to the Dutch, he was enabled to be chief arbiter and peacemaker. Carey could be very proud of him. His intimate knowledge of Chinese, too, opened avenues of service. When he eventually left the Moluccas, because the Dutch Governor would allow no preaching nor baptizing save in the name and mode of their State Church, he could say, 'It gave me the greatest satisfaction to see so many wet eyes, as I parted from the people.'

Through his years there Carey had written to him by every ship he could hear of, letters that reveal his fatherly love and Christian solicitudes. I cull a few sentences :

'I want to assure you how much you lie upon my heart. I follow you with my prayers.'

'As a parent who tenderly loves you, I feel all your anxieties keenly.'

'Tell me all your difficulties. I am your father.'

'Everything relating to you is of great importance to me.'

'I generally become anxious when the time of the month arrives, when I may expect your letter—anxious about your health and family and work.'

'When I am long in hearing from you, my heart sinks, and I begin to be full of fears.'

'I have stated times of intercession with God for my children.'

'Never step an inch out of the path of righteousness and truth, to curry favour or avoid disgrace.'

'Examine the Word of God for every step you take. Rightly understood, it will never lead you astray.'

'Seek to gain a constant and intimate acquaintance with evangelical truth.'

'All that is not built on the foundation of Christ Crucified will fail.'

'Make mention of His Righteousness, even of His only.'

'The character of a minister of the gospel should be the highest on earth.'

'If true godliness prosper in your own soul, duty will be easy. If personal religion is low, your work will be a burden. Personal religion is the life-blood of all your usefulness and happiness.'

'The more unreservedly you devote yourself to God, the more will you know His peace.'

'I do not write thus because I have any suspicion of you, but because I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy.'

'To persevere in doing good in the midst of discouragement will give you more happiness and win you more respect than a Crown could.'

'If duty leads us to any place, however unhealthy, we may safely trust God to take care of us.'

'If God gives us work to do, fits us for it, and strengthens us in it, that is enough.'

'Watch against the temptation just to gossip with the Europeans. Show them every respect, but always remember that *your* chief duty lies among the Malays.'

'Communicate to these the knowledge of divine things you possess, and you will find your stock soon increase.'

'You must not expect them to pay much attention to what you say, unless you win their love. The more attention you pay them, the more will they pay you.'

'Let nothing short of a radical change of heart satisfy you in your converts.'

'You are the sole director of your own affairs, nor would I interfere with them, but as an affectionate father I give you my advice, which is dictated also by my care for Christ's Kingdom.'

'Your honour is as dear to me as my own.'

Whilst the British Administration in India was reluctantly passing out of fierce hostility to Christian missions into confessed indebtedness, the friends of missions at home won a notable victory during 1813, when the East India Company's charter was reconsidered by Parliament. Nine

hundred petitions besought the Houses for their sanction. Fuller described it as 'not a shower but a set rain.' His own activity was phenomenal, till Britain's Christian conscience waked and thundered, and politicians took alarm. Three days in the Commons were devoted to this particular debate, though many more to the whole charter. On June 22 Wilberfore was the Christian protagonist in a speech of extraordinary fulness and power, of which this was the peroration :

'These "Anabaptist" missionaries, as among other low epithets they have been contemptuously called, are entitled to our highest respect and admiration. One of them, Dr. Carey, was originally in one of the lowest social stations ; but, under all its disadvantages, he had the genius as well as the benevolence to devise a plan, which has since been pursued, of forming a Society for communicating the blessings of our Christian light to the native peoples of India. His first care was to qualify himself to act a distinguished part in this truly noble enterprise. He resolutely bent himself to the study of the learned languages. After reaching considerable proficiency in these, he applied himself to several of the Oriental tongues, more especially to that which, I understand, is regarded as the parent of them all, the Sanskrit, in which his proficiency is acknowledged to be greater than even that of Sir Wm. Jones, or any other European. Of several of these languages he has already published a Grammar ; of one or two of them a Dictionary, and he has in contemplation a still greater literary enterprise. The very plan of these would excite the highest admiration and respect in every unprejudiced literary mind. All this time, sir, he is labouring as a missionary with a warmth of zeal only equalled by that with which he prosecutes his literary labours. Merit like this could not escape the distinguishing eye of Lord Wellesley, who appointed him Professor of Sanskrit and Bengali in the College at Calcutta. Another of these "Anabaptist" missionaries, Dr. Marshman, has established a seminary (!) for the cultivation of Chinese, a language which he has studied with a success scarcely inferior to that of Dr. Carey in the Sanskrit. On more than one occasion at the Annual Examinations of the College in Calcutta, the highest eulogiums have been pronounced both on Dr. Carey and Dr. Marshman by the Governor-General, and the happiest consequences predicted from their literary toils.

'It is a merit of a vulgar sort, but, to those who are blind to their moral and even their literary excellences, it may afford an estimate of value better suited to their principles and habits of calculation, that these men, and Mr. Ward, another of the missionaries, acquiring from £1000 to £1500 a year each by the

varied exercise of their talents, throw the whole into the Mission's common stock, which they thus support with their pecuniary contributions only less effectively than by their researches and labours of a higher order. Such, sir, are the exertions, such the merits, such the successes of these great and good men; for so I shall not hesitate to term them.'

The Commons could not withhold its cheers from men and a cause so defended. Amongst the ten later speakers, however, a Mr. Prendergast alleged:

'The conduct of Dr. Carey, which was excellent during Lord Wellesley's Government, totally changed from the day of his departure. Recently, he so abused the religion of the Hindus from a tub, that he would have been killed, had it not been for the intervention of the police.'

Notwithstanding this yarn (which Carey later called 'a gross falsehood') and the five other anti-mission speeches, Wilberforce won by 89 to 36. The rout of the Mission's challengers was complete. On July 1, when the debate was resumed, the attendance on both sides was much thinner—Indian questions then as now drawing small Houses. But Charles Marsh (ex-barrister of Madras), member for East Retford, indulged in a speech extensive as Wilberforce's of the 22nd, which the *Quarterly* afterwards described as 'the most vigorous philippic in any language.' He emptied on the Mission the vials of his scorn.

'Will these people,' he said, 'crawling from the holes and caverns of their original destinations, these apostates from the loom and anvil, these renegades from the lowest handicraft employments, be a match for the cool and sedate controversialists they will have to encounter, should the Brahmins condescend to enter into the arena against the maimed and crippled gladiators that presume to grapple with their faith? What can be apprehended but the disgrace and discomfiture of whole hosts of tub-preachers in the conflict? And will this advance us one inch nearer our goal?'

Wilberforce instantly followed him:

'Far different was the impression produced by these men on the mind of a Marquis Wellesley; far different his language. Even a philosophic mind, if free from prejudice, could not but recognize in them an extraordinary union of various, and in some sort contradictory, qualities—zeal combined with meekness, love with sobriety, courage and energy with prudence

and perseverance, great animation and diligence as students with no less assiduity and efficiency as missionaries. I can only admire their eminence of merit, which I myself despair to reproduce.'

The progressives won again—this time by 22.

In the Upper House Lord Wellesley himself stood in 'Mission's' defence. The 'three' had lived under his very eyes from Barrackpore.

'I must say,' he confessed, 'that, whilst I was in India, I never knew of any danger arising from the missionaries' proceedings. The greatest number of them were in the Danish Settlement of Serampore. Some of them were very learned men, particularly Dr. Carey, whom I employed in the College of Fort William. I always considered the missionaries who were in India in my time a quiet, ordered, discreet and learned body. I employed them in the education of youth, and the translation of the Scriptures into the Eastern languages. I thought it my duty to have the Scriptures translated into the tongues of the East, to give India the advantage of access to the sacred fountain of Divine Truth. I felt that a Christian Governor could not do less: I knew that a British Governor could not do more.'

The victorious resolution ran thus:

'That it is the duty of this country to promote the interest and happiness of the inhabitants of the British Dominion in India, and that such means ought to be adopted as may lead to the introduction among them of useful knowledge, and of religious and moral improvement. That in the furtherance of the above objects sufficient facilities should be afforded by law to persons desirous of going to and remaining in India for the purpose of accomplishing these beneficent designs.'

Wilberforce always declared that 'this cause of the recognition of our Christian obligation to British India was the greatest he had lived for, not even excepting the emancipation of the slaves.' He thus records his feelings after his great first victory. 'It was late when I got up. I thank God I was enabled to speak for two hours (!) and with great acceptance, and we carried it by 89 to 36. I heard afterwards that many good men had been praying for us all night.'

'Your member, Genl. Gascoigne, made a sad travesty of one of your petitions. Mr. Ivimey and I were in the House at the time, and understood him to say, "Here is a petition from some Anabaptists at Liverpool. I believe there are nearly 3000 of them. The prayer of the petition is that they may be permitted to convert the Hindus to their own particular faith." Just after this I saw Mr. Wilberforce in the Lobby, and told him what Gen. G. had said. Next morning I saw Gen. G.'s words reported in the *Times* newspaper, verbatim as we had understood him. A day or two after (Mon. May 17) Mr. Wilberforce presented the petition from the Committee and other members of the Baptist Missionary Society, and answered everything that Gen. G. had said, but without naming him, and was cheered with hear, hear!!! and Gen. G., when he had done, rose and concurred in the statement! The petitions have had a powerful effect; and, before I left town, five of us waited on Lord Liverpool, who candidly assured us that all we asked would be granted in fact, but not exactly in our way. We were all satisfied of the friendly disposition of Government, and the adversaries in the House are crestfallen.'

Fuller to Miss Maria Hope, Hope St., Liverpool, May 24, 1813.

XXIV. THE THREATENED WOE

'The conflict of the first quarter of the century in the history of the Society's Indian Mission yielded a series of victories; the controversy of the second quarter, though both sides were zealous for God, squandered a part of the strength of the strongest, and saddened the hearts of the three noblest workers of the century. It was doubtless to Ward and Marshman, as Carey said it was to him, "a greater trial than all his many sorrows." To forget the Serampore controversy altogether is to close the book on one of the most profitable warnings in modern Church history.'

SAMUEL VINCENT.

'The old economy of missions, under which Dr. Carey and his associates embarked, had passed away. Missions had attained the maturity and organization of a national enterprise. Missionaries no longer went to India with the understanding that they must depend for the means of subsistence mainly on their own exertions, which would be eked out by slight or occasional aid from England. The Societies were endowed with ample resources, and were enabled to give adequate salaries to their missionaries, and this brought in its train a new principle of subordination, to which the Serampore missionaries were strangers.' J. C. MARSHMAN.

'I know not whether more to admire the self-denial which led Carey to Bengal, or the indefatigable labours of Fuller, in which there was, perhaps, as much self-denial, to procure the necessary funds. Think of the man who in his work on Deism could produce such a chapter as that with which it closes—on the consistency of redemption with the magnitude of creation—toiling through London to solicit contributions from reluctant givers, and often retiring from the more public streets into the back lanes, that he might not be seen by others to weep for his little success. Such men need no spices to embalm, no monument to perpetuate their memory.'

EDWARD STEANE, at the B.M.S. Jubilee, Kettering.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE THREATENED WOE

1814–October 1817

The revisal of the Company's charter with its now sanctioned ingress of missionaries brought to 'Serampore' a good sequence of accessions. Carey's own nephew Eustace was the first—of whom Robert Hall said that 'they had engaged no one, concerning whom they had formed a more raised expectation.' Then Yates, once shoemaker, like Carey, and from Leicester's 'Harvey Lane.' Then engineer Randall, a convert of Saffery's, to run the paper-mill; and school-expert Penney, trained under Lancaster; and printer Pearce, son of Samuel, after years at the Clarendon Press.

Carey himself was more occupied than ever. Earl Moira and Bishop Middleton were amazed at 'Serampore's' translation-room, with pundits from nearly every Indian language-area, as well as from China and Afghanistan, and with Carey supervising twenty-two Scripture versions.

The winters of 1814 and 1815 brought Carey home-news of devastating deaths. First, Sutcliff, a most valued friend and correspondent, the Society's shrewd counsellor, and scholarly tutor of its aspirants. Then—oh, the grief of it—Fuller himself, the Mission's 'Colossus,' as Ward termed him—'the shadow of a Great Rock.' He had never recovered the strength he had exhausted in his fight with Parliament. He had purchased the revised charter with his life. Indeed, through all the twenty-three years from that Nottingham morning, he had been of one mind and soul with Carey, and 'in labour and travail and much patience, in journeyings and watchings and fastings, in necessities, in hunger and cold,' he had spent himself for the Mission. His doctor said 'he was as completely worn out by intense application as any one he ever knew in the last stage of consumption.' 'Staying by the stuff,' he had

been as valiant as any who went forth to the battle—the Mission's Minister of Munitions. In fealty to his vow to 'stand by Carey until death,' he had refrained from devolving the secretariat on any other, even when he knew he had long been overtaxing his strength. No cause could have had a nobler captain, nor could Carey have found in all the world a more steadfast home-colleague. He had been able to build on him 'an absolute trust.' 'I loved him,' Carey wrote to Ryland. 'There was scarcely any other man in England to whom I could so completely lay open my heart.' Saffery rightly condoled with him as 'the chief mourner,' for his death increased the weight of his every subsequent load. Staughton wrote from America, 'The cedars have fallen; yet, I doubt not, God has in England an undergrowth, which, ere long, will tower to His praise.' Carey had lifelong occasion to bewail the fall of the cedars.

For things were already running far from smoothly in the Mission. The newcomers either had brought with them, through the influence of Johns, some criticalness of spirit, or were quickly thus infected. Not towards Ward and Carey, but towards Dr. Marshman, to whom they soon bore themselves with pronounced asperity. Then, though their missionary record amply demonstrates their devotion, they were chafed by the yoke which the 'Serampore' elders had deliberately chosen, and which had become their second nature. Arrangements, also, suited to the Mission's early stages, were no longer convenient. New times called for new treatment. Meanwhile, 'Serampore' was discordant and distressed. Carey had never known such friction and grew dangerously ill. Three of Calcutta's chief physicians attended him—one, the son of his warm Leicester friend, Vicar Robinson. 'He was brought to the brink of the grave.'

There were also other occasions for disquiet. Even before Fuller's death, intimations had reached the elders from the home base of projected retrenchment in the island mission stations of Java and Ceylon: which intimations now increased. At this threatened deflection from his whole policy Carey wrote:

> 'I intreat, I implore you in England not to think of the petty shop-keeping plan of lessening the number of stations so

as to bring them within the bounds of your present income, but to bend all your attention and exertion on increasing your finances so as to meet the work's pressing opportunities and demands. *If our objects are large, the public will contribute to their support. If you contract them, their liberality will contract itself in proportion.*'

An axiom which Ward endorsed :

'I think with Carey that you must not go into the plan of giving up stations because they are costly, unless they are at the same time unnecessary or hopeless. *Rather make England, Scotland, Ireland and America ring with the cry of your need.*'

The three received another stinging blow. Some Doeg whispered at home that they were 'making private fortunes'; which a few began to believe : whereas they had never swerved a hair's-breadth from their foundational self-denying ordinance. After meeting the Settlement's simplest necessities, and those of their nearest English relatives, they had never ceased to lavish on the Mission the rest of their large earnings, making them beyond comparison its princeliest contributors. Of their super-sensitive honour let this from Hannah Marshman's diary almost amusingly suffice :

'*Oct.* 12, 1814.—We lately purchased a palanquin-carriage for the use of our school. But what a burden it was on my mind, more particularly since we heard of Felix's severe trials ! Nor could I bear to see either of our brethren become coach-drivers : it does not become a minister of the gospel. I feared, too, lest my own children should be elated with pride, and think themselves better in the carriage than out of it. I also thought it unsafe for them. But my chiefest dread was lest it might prove a curse to us, and bring down God's anger upon us—being a deviation from the simplicity of our manners for the last fifteen years. But to-day the carriage has gone, and I desire to thank and love God, who has mercifully delivered us from this burden. I rejoice therein more than if I had found great riches.'

Carey writes to a home leader on April 22, 1817 :

'I confess I am a little indignant at some of the hints in one of your letters about our interested conduct. *Beloved Fuller, with one scowl of his brow, would have dissipated a thousand such insinuations !* I have devoted my all to the cause, and so have my colleagues. When Felix loaned from the Mission sums of money, which (through his misfortunes) he could not repay, I became responsible, and, with the little private property I

The Serampore College Gates, facing the Hooghly and Barrackpore.

The joint houses of Carey and of Mack—Carey's to the right. He died here.
The tree to the right was his planting.

possessed through my wife, paid the whole. Nor do I complain. We are trustees for the public and for God. Had my colleagues wished, they could not have remitted the debt; nor could I have allowed it. I am now in my old age destitute of a rupee. I have become a fool in glorying; but you compelled me.'

And later:

'Were I to die to-day, I should not leave property enough for the purchase of a coffin, and my wife would be entirely unprovided for. We are coarsely clad, and certainly not overfed, and, I believe, he who possesses the most among us has not so much as he contributes to the public stock in four months. I had Rs. 6000, but now I have none.'

Some dared to hint that they were feathering nests for their *sons* in the property at Serampore, though Ryland insisted that they were taking steps of the precisely opposite kind, viz. to make such succession impossible, unless clearest proof of fitness was forthcoming, and most responsible election thereto. 'They are wanting,' Ryland told the Committee, 'not to seize what was ours to make it theirs: it is theirs, and they want to make it ours. Not to secure it *to* their children, but *from* them.' For his own part Carey wrote:

'I have striven my utmost to place my children in situations in which they would be independent of the Mission. William *is* dependent thereon; but, I believe, is by far the most efficient European labourer in Bengali now amongst us, and I am sure he has had a smaller allowance than that of any other European worker. Jabez left good earthly prospects for God's work. He has hitherto supported himself, and has repaid the 1000 dollars, which the Mission advanced for his outfit; in which I glory.'

In regard to this last he had written to his son:

'Your resolution to pay the thousand dollars most fully meets my approbation, and I am sure you will never be the poorer for it. And it will gain you the confidence of all, and will be blessed of God: though, had you not done it, the brethren would not have thought you obliged to.'

Still other communications from the home base were ill-omened. Even Fuller, in his last two years, had sensed a new tone and principle in the Society's councils, and had written to 'Serampore' forebodingly of some who were

impatient for a more directive executive. He had thus, he said, rebuked them :

> ' We never considered ourselves as legislators for our brethren, but just as their co-workers. *If ever the Committee begins to legislate for India, I should expect them to issue a Declaration of Independence, and I should not be sorry, if they did.* We never pretended to govern them, for two reasons—they were better able to govern themselves, and their distance is too great for them to await our directions. Our business has been to furnish them, as far as we were able, with means, and to send them a few recruits.'

Yet here, of course, again conditions were changing. Fuller, Sutcliff, and Ryland had almost *been* the Committee, and their personal intimacy with the three, especially with Carey, made control, though not frank counsel, as unfitting as unwished. But now with Fuller and Sutcliff gone, and the Committee increased to thirty-five, and a Finance Committee chosen, the relationship became almost inevitably business-like and official. This Finance Commitee can scarcely be blamed for wanting to know the precise terms of the trusts of the Indian properties. Yet it was wholly unfortunate that this was its earliest and most emphasized solicitude, and that it immediately advised the appointment of *eight* British trustees to serve with the Serampore *three*. However unintended, it lent confirmation to Ryland's written forebodings. ' I dread men's getting the reins in proportion to their eagerness to seize them.' ' I have unbounded fears for the future.' ' I tremble for the Ark of God, when it shall fall into the hands of mere counting-house men.' ' The confidence of young men in their competence makes me distrust them the more.'

When the official notification of the proposed election of trustees reached ' Serampore ' at the end of August 1817, it aroused the gravest concern, which was heightened by the arrival of Pearce under novel conditions. This highly-trained son of 'the Seraphic' of 'the endearing saintliness' was sure of warm welcome, but it was an innovation (however undesigned) that he (with his wife) should be commissioned to reside in the ' *Serampore* ' *family* as Ward's colleague in the Press. None before had been preassigned from home to ' Serampore's ' joint corporate fellowship, but only adopted thereinto after mutual acquaintance, and

by its members' unanimous vote. This change touched the family at a spot very sensitive. It looked like an expression of the new regime's aggressiveness, portentous of much that would be fatal to 'Serampore's' freedom and peace. They would have taken its truer measure, probably, had they been in more usual mood. But the repeated forebodings of Fuller and Ryland, the friction in the Brotherhood, Ward's ill-health, and Marshman's woundedness under the juniors' distrust, and Carey's anxieties over Felix and over Jonathan, who had brought him much sorrow—prepared them to be obsessed by an exaggerated fear. Carey poured out his distress to Ryland in a long sad letter. 'I have scarcely ever written,' he confessed, 'under such depression of mind.'

> 'We are yours to live and die with you; but as your brothers, not your servants. I beseech you, therefore, not to attempt to exercise a power over us, to which we shall never submit. Bear with me a little, even if I speak foolishly: for my heart is exceedingly wounded at the Society's proposal of the eight British trustees, and at several concomitant symptoms.'

Then he reminds the Society that, even including the gifts to repair the losses of the fire, Britain had only sent them some £33,000 from the first, *i.e.* enough to have covered the cost of their European staff, if they had all been salaried throughout. The money for all else—for the native preachers, the schools, the lands and buildings in Serampore, Calcutta, Katwa, Patna, Rangoon, etc.—they themselves had supplied, including 'Serampore's' type-foundry, printing-works, paper-mill, with all their equipment and stock.

> 'We borrowed the money, and paid it with interest, and became trustees thereof on the Society's behalf. Now we are required to associate with ourselves a large majority of persons in England as trustees. We have no objection to a single one proposed. We have always most highly esteemed them; but we will never consent to put power over these premises and over ourselves into their hands, at a distance of a quarter of the globe's circumference. The premises belong to the Society. We have made the Society a present of them. But, if the Society insists on the measure proposed, we will, much as we are attached to the place, evacuate it, and purchase other premises—which, whilst given to God, shall not be given to the Society, and there we will carry on our work, subject to no

control but His most holy Word. In this we are of one mind, and here we shall make our stand.

'We have always thought ourselves masters of the funds produced by our own toil. We devote the whole to the cause of God, and wish to do so to our dying day. But the funds we produce, though devoted to the same object, have never been so merged into the Society's funds as to put them under others' control. We are your brothers, not your hired servants. We have always accounted it our glory to be related to the Society, and with them pursue the same grand purpose, and we shall rejoice therein, so long as you permit us; but we will come under the power of none. I do hope that the ideas of domination, which Fuller never thought of, but which the Society has imbibed since his death, will be given up, as we shall never "give place by way of subjection, no, not for an hour."'

Touching Pearce, he adds:

'I think persons intended to dwell together for life should be placed within the sphere of each other's attraction, so that, after they know one another, they may voluntarily come together. In that case their union may be expected to abide. But the love of those *thrown* together will, I fear, in most cases increase in proportion to the squares of their distance.'

Three weeks later he announced the deliberate and joint remonstrance they were sending to each member of the home committee, together with a new deed of trust, 'from which they would never swerve a hair's-breadth.' He also thankfully records the growing cordiality between the Pearces and themselves.

The 'remonstrance' was drafted by Marshman, but accepted and signed by the three. Marshman's son declares it 'one of the least happy of his father's productions, and prolix to an excess.' But it was written 'out of much distress and misery of heart with many tears,' like Paul's to Corinth. Indeed, save in its length, it recalls that Pauline letter, that 'vibrated,' as Moffatt says, 'with anxiety and anger.' There is the same stung sense of aggrievement, the same irony, the same enforced self-boastings, and the same felt pressure of incalculable peril. It ended thus:

'Nothing has ever caused us sorrow like this. Nothing ever so strongly threatened the destruction of the Mission. Your letter found us preparing a review of our work, but we had no spirit to go forward. We saw that, if your contention was right,

we had delivered ourselves over to be bound to we scarcely knew who. The spirit of the oldest amongst us began to break. It had borne up against everything from enemies ; but this from brethren it seemed unable to sustain. For a moment the cause looked hopeless, overwhelmed thus by its friends, who hitherto had been the centre of our affections only next to our Master Himself.

'But the God of mercy and righteousness has enabled us to roll our burdens on Him, and to discern the course by which alone the Mission can be saved. We mourn that such a letter as this should have been requisite, and we have written with feelings of anguish never before experienced.

'We entreat you for love's sake to lay aside this spirit for ever. The attempt repeated may destroy that love which has so long existed between us ; whilst the solid rock does not more firmly resist the wave than shall we every attempt at interference with our funds, our union, and the premises originated by us for the Mission at Serampore.'

Carey told Jabez that he was very near losing his life at the beginning of this 1817 :

'I was returning from Dum Dum, when the belly band of the harness broke, and the shafts were drawn out of the saddle-slings and fell on the ground, in which condition the horse, which was spirited, continued to drag the buggy. I could not stop him, and I was afraid he would run off, which would have been very dangerous. I therefore jumped out and in so doing sprained my foot very badly, and fell down and cut my face, and I am still (ten days later) very lame.'

His anxieties through the whole period were intensified by the overwhelming sorrows, and then the stumblings, of Felix. After three years' widowerhood, he had taken to wife a Eurasian lady in Rangoon, his father willing to have him link himself thus closelier with Burmah. There he kept growing in the favour of the King, who charged him to establish a mission station, with a press, in his capital at Ava. When early in 1814 he returned to Rangoon with lymph for the Prince, and Burmese 'Matthews' for the people, his father's hopes ran high. On the last day of that August, with wife and two little ones, and a printing-press—the willing gift of 'Serampore'—he took ship at Rangoon for the capital. But within three hours of starting, it turned turtle in a squall, and they all were flung into the Irrawaddy. Felix held up his wife and babe, till he sank, exhausted. When he came to the surface again, they had vanished. He

thought he saw his little boy at a distance, but, strive as he would, could not reach him. He struggled to the river-bank, where, still in much peril, he was rescued by lascars. But again he was wifeless, and half of his children had perished.

> 'My affliction,' he wrote his father, 'has indeed been great—I had almost said, more than I can bear. I have lost all I was worth in the world. Let it go. But the loss of my dear wife and dear infants goes very near my heart. What can I say? With Job I will be silent.'

On the Sunday after this dreadful news came, Carey preached; but Mrs. Marshman wrote in her diary, 'He appeared very low; his trials have been surely very heavy.' Carey wrote to Jabez:

> 'We are overwhelmed with distress at these most heavy tidings, but we are dumb with silence, because God has done it. I mourn for Felix in silence.'

And William wrote to his father:

> 'Your last melancholy letter cast us into a state of mind that I cannot describe. My poor brother! And in his distress he had not a friend to comfort him. So sudden a death, and almost a family at once! We shall expect you next week. Do spend some time with us.'

The press and the Burmese 'Matthews' and Felix's Burmese dictionary-manuscript were all lost in the disaster.

His monetary loss the King quickly repaired, but his mental and spiritual health he only slowly recovered. For four years he was eccentric. Yet outwardly he at first seemed to advance. Towards the year-end he announced to 'Serampore' his near return to Calcutta as Burmah's ambassador to the British Government, to ease the two peoples' strained relations—an errand in which Carey rejoiced. But he moaned to have him therewith resign from the staff of the Mission. 'I start,' he says, 'from the idea with a kind of horror, as if I realized it to be a great crime'; and to Fuller:

> '*Felix is shrivelled* from a missionary into an ambassador.'

Alas! presently, after he had entered Calcutta in the 'glory' of his rank—gold sword, scarlet-silk umbrella, gold

and ivory handled, and fifty Burmese attendants—and, after the Government had placed a city mansion at his and his retinue's disposal, his credentials were found defective. He did bring letters from the King of Ava and the Viceroy of Pegu, and commissions to execute, but apparently not the responsibility of ambassadorial uniqueness. After having read the whole correspondence between him and the British Secretary of State, I am unable to determine whether the fault was with the royal secretary at Ava, or whether Felix had misapprehended and exaggerated the nature of his mission. This, however, is certain, that his strange, injudicious letters can only be attributed to the Irrawaddy woe. To Carey the whole thing must have been an unspeakable humiliation. 'It is very distressing,' he says, 'to be forced to apologize for those you love.' The more, as Felix felt obliged, through the seven months of his stay, to abide in the social circumstance of his claimed position, and thus involved himself in debts, from which his father had to beggar himself to extricate him. He began to give way, too, to an excess of wine. All the waves and billows rolled over Carey. 'Felix's drifting from God,' he wrote to Jabez, 'has nearly broken my heart.'

Jabez answered from afar:

> 'O my dear father, were I able I would immediately be with you, and do the little I could to comfort and serve you, who have so long taken care of me. But, as my leaving the post I am stationed at, for any other reason than that of being obliged, will have a great effect in lowering your opinion of me, I submit. Never did I know as now the pain of separation.'

And William:

> 'My heart is ready to break when I think of all the anxiety you have lately had to go through. I do hope that like Job you will have sevenfold of your former comforts.'

When Felix returned to Rangoon and heard of the king's moodiness, he feared his displeasure and fled. For three years he roamed over the frontier-borders between Burmah and Assam—exploring, botanizing, learning vernaculars, serving the Raja of Cachar, gathering and transmitting to Calcutta political information of the much-agitated tribes and peoples, and once even captaining a little force against

hopelessly-outnumbering Burmese raiders. Throughout the three years he kept in touch with his father, whose letters, he said, ' cheered my soul.' At length, at the end of 1818, met by good hap near Chittagong by Ward, his tender-hearted spiritual father, he was constrained back to ' Serampore,' to the solace of them all. With his dear prodigal home again, Carey could ' begin to be merry.'

Fuller's last letter to Carey included this:

'When I was in Sheffield last July, there was a Mr. Cooper, gardener to Lord Milton, who was much interested in our *Periodical Accounts*, and in everything concerning you, particularly as to botany. I told him of Captain Kemp's ship going out, by which he might send anything he pleased, and I gave him your instructions as to packing and preserving them. I now hear that he has sent you a large parcel.'

The last Carey-letter Fuller received contained this instruction:

'My father is now eighty, and should cease from labour. I wish you to pay him for me from this date £50 a year, not £30 as heretofore, as long as he lives. It would grieve me exceedingly to have him at his age reduced to pecuniary embarrassments.'

Carey lost this his father in the midst of these years. In May 1816 Mary wrote:

'Mother (*i.e.* stepmother) is likely to live but a short time. Ann wishes to have our dear father with us, if mother dies, and if he can make up his mind to leave the old spot. All our children desire it. But we dare not press it. I know old people seldom like to move.'

On June 12:

'Sister has gone to fetch our dear father. He says, "Like Jacob, I will spend my days with my children." So to-night I anticipate the pleasure of once more seeing so dear a parent. When Sister first proposed it, he burst into tears. It was quite too much. He felt so pleased, and said, "Then I shall once more see Polly (herself)." I leave this till another morn to let you hear how he is.'

On June 16:

'I left this to finish after our dear father was with us, but, hitherto, I am deprived of that pleasure. He was taken very ill on Monday with the violent pains he used to have, when we were all with him. They did not think he could live. Dr. Sabin gave him medicine, and Sister left him on Thursday better, as she was obliged to be home on Friday and Saturday. David and she returned and brought some of the things—*your old desk that stood in the schoolroom*, the sight of which brought so much to my mind that it overcame my feelings. Carey (her youngest nephew) is to have it for your sake. Sister went last night to Pury again from market, and intends to get a chaise to bring father, if it's possible, this week. But the old neighbours seem so loth to part, that it hurts him, I think,—though his mind seems fixed upon it. He can't bear Sister to leave him. He can't live long, he thinks, even if he gets a little better.'

On June 20:

'On the 15th dear father felt better, and his heart was set upon coming. He said, "These medicines have made me easy." "You *will* be better in another world, dear father," Sister said. "I think I shall be a little better *here*," he answered. "But in another world I *shall* be better indeed. How precious is the Saviour!" Then he asked for food, and sat up to eat it, but could not; and in half an hour he was gone. It is hard to bury a father. The mourning at Pury is like the mourning for Jacob, and as general with old and young.'

XXV. THE MASTER-BUILDERS

'The one religion, which is conquering the student-world, is the Christian religion, because it is so *thorough, scientific and open-air.*'
J. R. Mott in Wilson Hall, Melbourne University.

'Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
Bad is our bargain.'
The Students in *The Grammarian's Funeral.*

'There were three corner-stones to Carey's enterprise—preaching the gospel in the peoples' mother-tongues; translating the Scriptures into the languages of Southern and Eastern Asia; teaching the young, both Christian and non-Christian, in vernacular schools. He early realized that this last would involve a higher education college.' Smith.

'Their ideal was a temple of learning, in which the mind should be developed by a liberal course of study in arts and sciences, character formed in an atmosphere of religion, and conduct inspired by the ethics of Christianity. For those who were willing to undertake it every facility was offered for specialized study in theology; but for the rest it was the spirit and not the dogmas of Christianity that the College offered to its alumni.' Lord Ronaldshay, when Governor of Bengal.

'It is surely a striking testimony to Carey's and Marshman's greatness, considering what progress has been made in all departments of thought and life in India during the last century, that the lines they so clearly marked out as the basis for an Indian Christian university are those which commend themselves to to-day's most progressive missionary thought.'
Dr. Howells.

'When I get discouraged, I think of Carey's staircase.'
Dr. J. P. Jones to me.

'Wisdom herself hath builded up this house,
Her ministrants the three, whose fame
Still burns a beacon from these walls,
And shines to all the world. Cemented sure
By prayers and sacrifices manifold,
This house doth stand; builded on rock,
The Rock of Ages; and Wisdom still herein
Displays herself afresh to eager eyes.'
Satyendra Nath Ray, Lecturer in English, Serampore,
Foundation Day, 1922.

'*A.* Isn't there a Methodist college here somewhere?
B. I don't know.
A. Well, I once met a man called Drake, who belonged to it, and I believe he was a Wesleyan! (Prof. Drake M.A., B.D., a *B.M.S.* member of the Serampore staff.)
C. I believe a Dr. Carey's mud house is here.
D. No, not his mud house; you mean his pagoda.
C. Oh, yes—I'd forgotten—his pagoda, of course.'
Conversation of Englishmen, overheard on a houseboat
nearing Serampore, October 1922.

CHAPTER XXV

THE MASTER-BUILDERS

1818-1819

Charter, February 22, 1827

'Serampore' was the more nervous of home officialism and control, because it was just launching a project, of whose wisdom and urgency distant and uninitiated Britain could in no wise be expected to judge,—an enterprise which had occupied their joint thoughts since the beginning of 1816—and Carey's years longer—and which now wholly possessed them. They proposed to build at Serampore a most catholic college of Eastern and Biblical and Western learning.

As early as 1794 Carey had written that Thomas and he contemplated opening chowparis in each of their two stations, for six Hindu and six Mohammedan youths. Pundits should teach them Sanskrit, Bengali and Persian, whilst they themselves would instruct them in the Bible and in Western science, and provide them with food, clothing and lodging during their seven years' course. Clearly, the germ of the later programme and achievement. And in 1817 Carey wrote to Ryland:

> 'The work of duly preparing as large a body as possible of Christian Indians for the duties of pastors and itinerants is of immense importance. The pecuniary resources and the requisite number of missionaries for the Christian instruction of Hindustan's millions can never be supplied from England, and India will never be turned from her idolatry to serve the true and living God, unless the grace of God rest abundantly on converted Indians to qualify them for mission work, and unless, by those who care for India, these be trained for and sent into the work. In my judgment *it is on native evangelists that the weight of the great work must ultimately rest.*'

Now the college 'Serampore' was designing outwent the thinking of even the most progressive Anglo-Indian educa-

tionalists; much more the conceptions of the untravelled home-folk; and much more still the judgments of British Baptists, so many of whom were shy of college training for even their own ministers, as savouring of incomplete reliance on the Holy Ghost. Had 'Serampore' been required, by tightened cords, to seek and await the home Society's approval, why the three would have been in their graves first! They knew they must be free to act upon their own experience and insight.

Carey had been in India a quarter of a century, Marshman and Ward eighteen years. Had they ever expected its rapid conversion—which Carey confesses was his own first faith—they now understood, in spite of their six hundred baptisms and their thousands of adherents, that the spiritual transformation of India's millions would of necessity be slow.

The Mission's manifestos, prospectuses and letters of this period all indicate that they were closely restudying the history of the Reformation, and that they were deeply impressed by its long-enduring struggle. They realized what centuries of witness and effort its victory had cost. And they saw that, if Rome's perverted form of Christianity only yielded in the progressive West to such long-sustained pressure, India's ancient and potent religions would never be overborne, nor Islam's progress be retrieved, until Christendom put forth there the utmost patience of efficient strength. To the American Baptists Carey had written:

> 'We are ready to think that our labours may operate on the people more slowly than we once expected, but in the end more effectually; as knowledge, once fermenting, will leaven the whole lump. This may not be so encouraging, and may require more faith and patience; but it appears to have been the process of things in the Reformation, during the reigns of Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, James and Charles. Should the work of evangelizing India prove thus slow and silently progressive, still the grand result will be our recompense. We are certain to take the fortress, if we can but persuade ourselves to sit down long enough before it. We shall reap, if we faint not.'

One fact in particular blazed forth; that, unless the Reformation had grown Christian *scholars*, at once familiar with the philosophy and logic, the erudition and dogma, of its papal adversaries, and possessed withal of a still wider,

sounder learning, it could never have rescued the West world from Rome's thrall. But through such scholars, and the preachers and teachers who popularized their new knowledge, the nations at last gained confidence to stand in their freed Christian manhood.

Precisely so, they felt, a larger learning must be grown and spread through India—a scholarship at once instructed in India's philosophy, literature, religion and science, *and* in the Christian Scriptures and in Western science, and therefore qualified for a comparative judgment of their worth. Only as this learning was disseminated through India, would truth and error grapple. Only the entrance of such light would quench the dark.

But this larger learning would need to be sown and grown in Indians themselves, not just be won and brought to them by gifted strangers from without. It would never suffice to have Western Christian scholars make India their home, and acquire there a critical knowledge of India's philosophy, religion, literature and science, and then bear their witness. India's own sons would have to become the scholars, just as England had grown her own Wycliff and Tyndale.

India's sons from every class, too,—not just from the high castes. Too long had Indian education been the prerogative and monopoly of Brahmins. Now, they felt, the *people's* gifted sons must share the inheritance ; nay, must be offered the further enlightenment. In this spirit they had from the beginning striven—free schools for low castes and outcastes always a chief feature of their work, in Mudnabati, Goamalti, Serampore, Calcutta and Katwa. Within twenty miles of Serampore they had woven a network of free vernacular schools—pioneering popular education in Bengal, ere Government had done a stroke ; not less than eight thousand children on their rolls and in their care. But this was only elementary ; now they girded themselves to furnish a vastly higher education. Wellesley had been the first to supply a higher Indian education for the British ' Civil Service ' ; ' Serampore ' was the first to provide a higher education for Indians themselves : at least, for India's rank and file. Government had recently established in Calcutta an Arabic college for well-to-do young Moslems. Rich Hindus, too, had just founded there an English and Western science

college for their sons. 'Serampore' first brought a higher education within the grasp of India's poor. They knew that their goal—an enlightened, self-reliant Christian India—could only be reached by God's Word translated into the vernaculars, and an education 'so scientific, thorough, and open air' as to fit men to judge between its message and what had hitherto been declared to them as truth. The former they had already greatly advanced, so that the whole Bible was now published in North India's five chief tongues, and the New Testament in most others. They might be said to have given India God's Word. Now they must educate the community to reap its full profit.

The cardinal question was whether the education they set themselves to provide should be chiefly Western or Eastern; and whether its vehicle of communication should be English or Indian. Young India itself would have voted for the Western and the English, for just such curriculum as affluent Hindu youths were getting in their new Calcutta college towards Government clerkships. But 'Serampore' was not considering the popular and paying thing for the moment: it rather looked to the far-off interest of centuries, the exceeding and eternal glory of India's Christian development; not to make India after their own British image or likeness, but to quicken its Indian individuality through Christ for the enrichment of humanity and the advance of the Kingdom of God. As Ward said, 'The college we are building rests on the same principle we have acted on for years, to make India evangelize herself and the surrounding peoples. We carefully avoid whatever might anglicize our students and converts.'

Hence it became their first concern to offer to the gifted youthhood of India, however humble and poor, *an access to their own Indian scriptures and classics*. Hitherto, these had been locked from them in Sanskrit, which the people neither knew nor were permitted to acquire. More hermetically than Rome sealed the Scriptures from the multitudes in the Middle Ages in Latin had the Brahmins sealed from India's masses the literary sources of their own philosophy and faith. 'Serampore' resolved on outright challenge of this league of darkness. They would break this monopoly. The Indian people should no longer

all their lifetime be subject to this mental disfranchisement and bondage. A way should be opened into this mystery for sons of the poorest. Nothing was covered that should not be revealed. As themselves lowly-born Englishmen, they offered to the lowly-born of Hindustan (provided they were prepared to pay its toilful price) India's most esteemed education, the Sanskrit learning, which was India's accepted canon of true culture. They would lay open to them the Vedas, Upanishads and Puranas side by side with the Christian Scriptures in their own vernaculars, enabling them to prove all things, and to hold fast whatsoever they judged to be good. They designed this thorough education especially for the gifted sons of their native converts, so as to lift the reproach of illiteracy at least from their Christian community, and make these cultured Christian native youths the vanguard and prophecy of the India to be.

Their supreme concern was for India's would-be native teachers and preachers, 'on whom the weight of the great work would ultimately rest.' Never forgetful of his own non-collegiate handicap, Carey was resolved that these should be offered due training for their exalted and exacting work. 'What,' asked 'Serampore,' 'could early Christianity have wrought in the Greek world without a Paul, a Luke, an Apollos? Or what could the Reformation leaders have effected, had they been ignorant of Latin, Hebrew and Greek?' They disdained all makeshift training-courses for India's own future teachers and preachers, making no terms with India's inertness, but summoning her young aspirants up the strait paths, which alone would lead and bring them to life and vision, liberty and power. 'Let no man be able to despise you,' was their incessant exhortation. 'Out-Sanskrit the pundits, and then add such knowledge of the Scriptures and of Western science that, stronger than your antagonists, you may foil them with their own trusted weapons, and capture their spoil.'

Nor in all this was 'Serampore' just mindful of their own *Baptist* Indian ministry, but threw open their Preparatory High School and the College to 'every Christian denomination in Asia.'

> 'In a country so destitute,' they said, 'of all which elevates the mind, and so dependent on us for both political freedom and

> moral improvement, it is surely our duty to forget the distinctions which divide society in England, and to make common cause for the promotion of its welfare. It will be time enough a hundred years hence, when the country is filled with knowledge, and truth has triumphed over error, to think of sects and parties. *Every public institution, aiming at India's betterment, ought to be constructed on so broad a basis as to invite the aid of all denominations.*'

They purposed, they said, to make 'Serampore' 'a Christian Benares' and 'an Indian Halle'; as potent a centre of Christian learning as was Benares of Sanskrit, and as serviceful to India and God as Professor Francke, the inspirer of Schwartz, Schultze and others had made the University of Halle. They built, therefore, no mere theological academy, but a college of the sciences and arts, for two hundred students. Less than a tithe of these were expected to be preachers. Most would be schoolmasters, writers, doctors, lawyers; for in newly-wakening India and its dependencies there would be boundless scope for all whom they could train. This was what emboldened them in 1820 to extend every privilege of the College to non-Christian Indians, abandoning thenceforward all preferential treatment of the sons of native Christians, and making the College, as they said, free as the air—'not thinking it right that any should be deprived of its benefits for having had the misfortune to be born and brought up within any particular circle; nor that the gates of knowledge should be barred against those who differed in opinion from themselves.' The only remaining difference was that, whilst the sons of Indian Christians dwelt together in 'Serampore,' the Hindu and Moslem students, for their own social custom and caste sake, boarded out; since 'nothing was to be asked of any which was repugnant to his conscientious feelings, nothing to which he attached the idea of moral wrong.'

They dared to believe that even Brahmins would let their sons enter a College confessedly Christian; and their faith was vindicated, eleven such joining in the first sessions, and from households of rank. And 'Serampore' was unafraid to have their native Christian youths share with these all the intimacies of College life—bent, as they were, on growing not sheltered invalids but virile men. By the

Serampore College.

The College double brass-pillared staircase leading to the great hall.

healthful freedom and enlightenment of the College they hoped that many would become Christian. Even those remaining non-Christian would be 'freighted with blessing,' 'their minds enlarged by general knowledge, acquainted to some degree with Scripture, freed from their former prejudice against Europeans and Christians, filled with pleasant recollections of their Christian instructors and companions, and, therefore, prepared for a candid examination of divine Truth in the future, and not easily rallied to the side of superstition.'

The very buildings bespoke their programme's height and breadth. Especially the central, still declared to be 'the noblest of its kind in India,'—with its halls; its double brass-pillared staircase, one of the most handsome Birmingham could then produce; its apse, later riven by earthquake; and its noble Ionic portico. They knew, as Meredith Townsend, its later 'Master,' expressed it, that—

> 'Beauty is an educative force, and that the mere presence of grandeur elevates the growing intellect; that an institution, housed anywhere, dies; whereas, enshrined in an adequate building, it will live through generations.'

Its designed observatory was for some reason never built. The £15,000 for the eight acres of land and the buildings they, from their own earnings, supplied—a self-provision which justified their claimed freedom from dependence on any Home Committee's approval. For the salaries of the professors and tutors (European and Indian), the support of the poorer students, the educational accessories and the maintenance of the High School, they looked to the bounty of Indian, British and American friends—they themselves giving their own unsalaried services, till the due staff should arrive. Nor was their trust misplaced. The Marquis of Hastings, their willing first Patron, gave Rs. 1000—touching which and many another encouragement Carey wrote to Jabez, 'The kindness of Lord Hastings is very great, and has bound my heart strongly to him.' The King of Denmark conveyed to them royal grounds and premises, the deeds enclosing a gold medal for each of the three, after they had respectfully declined the Danish Order of the Dannebrog as out of keeping with their Mission character and work.

Many Civil Servants contributed. Charles Grant (late Chairman of the Court of Directors) bequeathed them Rs. 2000. Bryant Connor, a recent pupil of Marshman's, left them Rs. 6000—after Marshman had nobly declined this for himself. An Edinburgh friend gave £500 towards the laboratory. Government was prepared to meet the cost of a medical professorship. Captain Gowan raised a Delhi fund for the constant maintenance of two students from that district, and himself added Rs. 500 for the continuous support of a third. Ward's powerful advocacy in Britain and in America secured £5000 further.

Most of this American and British Baptist money, however, was strictly ear-marked for the theological department, the donors being uninterested in the wider scope of the design—even a zealot like Staughton refusing to aid the teaching of science—to Carey ' a judgment most illiberal.' ' Can young men,' he asked, ' be prepared for the American Christian ministry without science ? ' Indeed, many strongly dissented from the whole plan of the student-enrolment. They would have excluded all not definitely Christian, and have admitted these for only Biblical training ! Another proof of how vital was Serampore's freedom from home intervention and control.

The catholic and all-Indian scope of the College was expressed in its first pupils and students—among whom were several Brahmins, a few Moslems, a Panjabi, a Mahratta, two Khasis, three Garos (sent by Scott, Commissioner of Cooch Behar—one of Carey's early students), two Arakanese, and the many Bengalis.

English was only to be taught by way of alluring reward to the specially diligent and able ; and only to the theological men of most mark, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew—tasks fairly simple after the long Sanskrit discipline. From these most advanced men would come, they hoped, India's own Christian theologians and philosophers, and her Biblical translators, since ' India would no more rest,' they said, ' in non-native versions of the Scriptures than England would in an English version by a German.'

Carey renewed his youth as the buildings rose, and then as he arranged the new library and museum ; as he welcomed the students, and took at the week-ends his full

share in the collegiate work. He was blest, too, to have Felix again beside him, tender and faithful, translating into Bengali for the College abridged 'Histories of British India and of England,' articles on 'Anatomy' and 'Jurisprudence' for his planned Bengali Cyclopædia, a chemistry primer of Mack's, and, best of all, the *Pilgrim* of Bunyan.

So thronged were his father's days throughout these great developments, and so invasive of the night, that the Marquis of Hastings—at Barrackpore for the week-ends—himself a late-hour worker, would often, on retirement, note the lamp in Carey's study burning still.

The College opened some of its classes early in 1819, but its main building was not even roofed till July 1821, as Carey tells Jabez. They had been kept so long waiting for the great stairways from Birmingham. This protracted delay—after classes had begun—explains the absence of an inaugural ceremony—so unlike the wont of 'Serampore,' which loved to mark its red-letter days and to keep its anniversaries.

Carey was 60 when the College building was complete—so late in life was this boldest of his attemptings fully launched upon its course. We may be sure that no home Committee would have approved such a venture at an age so advanced, had the decision rested with them.

At the first public examination of the students, thirty learned Brahmins were present from the many provinces of India.

Years later, in 1827, Dr. Marshman, when in Europe, by personal interview with Denmark's king, obtained for 'Serampore' a charter, complete as that of the Kiel and Copenhagen Universities, with like authority to grant degrees in all Faculties, making it the first such College in India, *and still India's only one with power to confer Divinity degrees.*

Nor in all this devotion to India's sons were her daughters forgotten. Marshman's niece, and his and Ward's daughters, established most successful Free Schools in Serampore for Indian girls, when scarcely any other had given a care to the education of Bengal's maidenhood.

In this same missionary passion for India's education they were emboldened in 1818—the very year of the College

building—to publish a monthly vernacular magazine, the *Dig Darshan*, or ' Showing the Direction,' and also a weekly newspaper, the *Samachar Darpan* or ' News Mirror,'—to be a sort of school for the people, to bring the big world's story and happenings within the knowledge of Bengal. The ' Monthly ' was Bengal's absolute first, and the ' Weekly ' its second-first, having been preceded by the short-lived *Bengal Gazette*.

Carey trembled lest these, especially the ' Weekly,' should become political, and involve them with Government ; but, under the Marshmans' prudent editing, his anxieties soon took flight. To these two educational ventures the Marshmans added a third, though this time for Europeans—*The Friend of India*, first a monthly, and then, almost immediately, both a monthly and a quarterly—in which they strove to turn the hearts of Anglo-Indians and Europeans towards India's peoples and problems in a sympathetic understanding. In both the *Samachar* and the *Friend of India* they kept recounting the current constant widow-burnings, doing much by this iteration to create the public opinion, both Indian and European, which at length abolished Sati. India's *lepers*, too, found in these journals their ever-merciful friends. What compassion and deliverance they needed the following letter from William from Katwa in September 1812 will show :

> ' Last week I saw the burning of a poor leprous man. I got there too late, as he was lifeless before I arrived. I find that it is a very common practice here. The poor man was well enough to go about himself. They had dug a pit about ten cubits deep, in which they made a fire. After all was prepared, the poor man rolled himself into it : but, when he felt the fire, he played to get out, but his sister and another relation thrust him down again, and he was burned to death ! What horrible murder ! '

That the outrage was not exceptional, the following note from my friend Rev. J. G. Potter will indicate :

> ' At Agra I was accustomed to visit the Leper Asylum with Pundit Hari Ram, a Brahmin convert. One day I saw this good man with tears in his eyes, as he spoke to the lepers thus : " Brothers, you owe much to the Lord Jesus. Here you are housed and fed, clothed and cared for by those who are His followers. How different was your condition under Brahmin

rule! At my village of Bisarna, whose priest I was, a leper was once brought to me, and the villagers asked me what they should do with him. I replied: 'Dig his grave and bury him.' Under my instructions the grave was dug, and the leper forced into it, where he was buried alive." '

'Serampore's' College and its journals were to ring out this darkness, and to ring in Christ's mercy and light. The fourth issue of this *Friend of India* is filled with rejoicing over Kali Sankar Ghosal's offer of land and money for the founding of a leper asylum. Smith says, 'Carey never rested till a leper hospital was established in Calcutta, near the centre of the Church Missionary Society's work.'

'I first saw Serampore College in 1906. The day that should have been most gladsome was disappointment and distress. The scope of the work there had so shrunken. It seemed the sepulchre of an abandoned ideal. But under Dr. Howells, a Captain Courageous, Carey's ideal has risen in power from the dead. May it sleep again never!'

S. P. C.

'Neither the ungenerous suspicion nor the charge of unfaithfulness, with which their character was assailed in England, was allowed to slacken the prosecution of their plans. It was while their reputation was under an eclipse in England, and the benevolent hesitated to subscribe, that these men were engaged in erecting a noble College for the promotion of knowledge and religion, at their own cost, the expense of which eventually grew to the sum of £15,000.' SMITH.

'They proceeded on the assumption that the evangelization of India was to be accomplished by Indians. Convinced that a purely theological training was objectionable, inasmuch as it tended to produce professionalism and contracted views, they planned to let in light from every quarter. They hoped thus to secure men who should be able to deal with religious questions under a full comprehension of Indian ways of thinking and feeling. It seemed to them that what was required was not to translate European books into Eastern tongues, or to clothe European ideas in an Eastern dress, but to raise up men loyal in heart to Jesus Christ, who should build the truths of revelation into an edifice answering to the genius of the East.' CULROSS, *Carey*.

Very abbreviated translated Sati data from the *Samachar Darpan*:

Jan. 30, 1819.—Either from the woe of the pain or in concern for her children, a widow in Benares leapt from the pyre. Her relatives thrust her back, but a chowkidar pitied and saved her.

Feb. 6, 1819.—A month before his appointed wedding-day a man died at Chandernagore. His bride-elect immolated herself with him.

Mar. 7, 1819.—On the third day after a Brahmin's death, his young wife burned with him,—the delay being occasioned by her youth, since Government forbids the burning of those with child, or not 15. Sati is more common in S. Bengal than in the U.P.: but most in Rajputana. Recently, a Rajput Raja died, and his thirty-three wives burned with him.

June 19, 1819.—Permission not being obtainable for the burning of the widow of Ram Chandra in her own district, the body was brought to Serampore, and she immolated herself there.

July 1819.—One of a man's two wives at Ballabhpur burned with him. The other, forbidden by her pregnancy, beat herself in her grief, and vowed to burn after her babe's birth. But by then, in her mother's home, she relented—to the vexation of her relatives, who feared a loss of caste.

Aug. 10, 1819.—A widow, who was not held down by bamboos, because she swooned before the pyre was lit, was waked by the fire, and escaped. Sepoys seized her and thrust her back. Again she fled, and again was thrust into the flames. A third time she escaped, and was saved by Europeans. She has since been outcasted. Europeans have raised a local fund for her support.

Jan. 25, 1820.—The wife of a Rishra betel-leaf seller has just burned with her husband. Also, the two wives of a man in Ballabhpur.

Mar. 25, 1820.—The Madras 'Collector,' with the help of peons and sepoys, prevented the burning of a Brahmin's widow, to the wrath of the relatives. He has promised her maintenance. Some Englishmen pleaded in vain last Sunday against the Sati of a widow at Calcutta's Chitpore Ghât.

Aug. 12, 1820.—A week ago the two wives of a Brahmin burned with him at Peliti's Ghât, Calcutta.

Sept. 23, 1820.—Last Sunday Ram Sundar Basu died. That very afternoon his wife was burned with him.

Sept. 30, 1820.—Ganga Kanta Chattopadhyaya of Krishnagar died a fortnight since,—at the age of 40. His widow sacrificed herself with him, leaving a daughter of 5 and a son of $1\frac{1}{2}$.

Oct. 17, 1820.—The relatives of a Mahratta Brahmin declared that his widow was 15, so that she might burn, and his wealth be theirs. But her pundit insisted that she was only 11.

Sept. 7, 1821.—Tarini Charan Banerji died at Sulka at 1 o'clock. By 5 o'clock his beautiful wife of 17, the only daughter of a high-caste, was sacrificed with him.

April 14, 1823.—The widow of Ram Kumar Sen, a Serampore doctor, burned with her husband: he 45 and she 37. Her only child, a daughter, was not allowed to see her, to dissuade her.

Nov. 5, 1823.—The four widows of a Konnagar man burned with him, the youngest being 26.

Sept. 1824 (*Friend of India*).—The wife of a Telugu Brahmin insisted on being immolated with her husband, saying that she had been a Sati in three former births, and must be four times more, and then would attain eternal felicity.

XXVI. THE SCHISM

'The greatest trial of a missionary is often another missionary.'
FORBES JACKSON.

'I believe you knew Rowe. He was for some time at "Bristol." He prayed, the night before they set off, that they might all sink to the bottom of the sea sooner than ever live to hurt the precious cause of Christ; and his wife—a most charming little woman—told Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, at whose house they lodged for a month before they went, that her husband could not have prayed more according to her own heart's wish, had he asked her what he should say. I charged them over and over again to make this the great object of their ambition, viz. to see who could be the least and the most willing to be servant of all. Herein is true greatness!' RYLAND to CHAMBERLAIN, May 9, 1804.

'Patience is love waiting for its opportunity.'

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SCHISM

April 1818–July 1820

We must bend back a little on our course.

'Serampore' had so long yearned for the revised Charter of the East India Company, the public sanction of Indian missions, and the open coming of recruits, that the four gifted colleagues, who arrived between 1814 and 1817, were most joyously welcomed. Yet by April 1818 these four, with Lawson, had broken away from the Seniors to form a missionary auxiliary of their own. It should not have been, and it is a painful story. The three merited better treatment. Their record and age should have saved them from such juvenile challenge. None of the four was more than 26. Two had had less than three years' Indian experience, and two only a year's.

Yet the conditions had offered promise of happy development. Eustace was Carey's nephew, son of his much-loved, oft-helped only brother; moreover, pupil of Sutcliff's and student of 'Bristol.' Yates had been of shoecraft like Carey, and as he, a hard student, delighting in languages; of 'Bristol' too, and hailing from 'Harvey Lane'; of ringing laughter withal. Of Penney, Joseph Lancaster, the educational reformer, could write, 'Thou art a right hearty good sort of fellow, and I always loved thee.' Lawson shared Carey's botanical enthusiasms and was a skilful musician. Pearce was the like-minded son of the 'Seraphic'; his face most refined; his eyes T. E. Brown would have called 'basins of light.' Surely here was stuff for good comradeship.

And all sound in the faith and of whole-souled consecration. The will to toil was theirs, and a most serviceable diversity of trained talent. Eustace, orator and preacher; Yates, scholar; Lawson, artist; Penney, schoolmaster;

Pearce, from the Clarendon Press,—the three last being laymen. They had the very gifts the Mission needed—Eustace for the 'Lall Bazar' pulpit and pastorate, Yates to be Carey's understudy and successor, Penney to superintend the Bow Bazar free school, and Pearce to be Ward's coadjutor in the press, especially now with Ward's health breaking.

Moreover, all at first went well. Eustace could write, 'My admiration for my uncle increases every day. He has not a half-hour in a month in which he relaxes from hardest labour'; and Carey could tell his sisters that Eustace was 'universally beloved, and had much personal religion, and preaching ability far above the common stamp.' Yates writes to his home-folk, 'More and more of my time will be spent with Dr. C., and I am glad: he is so great a scholar, and so kind a man. It is my chief earthly satisfaction to please him. He has treated me with the greatest affection, and told me he will do everything in his power to promote my happiness.' And Carey could say he could see 'none so likely as Yates to succeed him in translation work,' and that he was drawn to him by his 'personal piety, quiet spirit, and habits of diligence.' Then Penney was 'clear as a running stream'; at the end of a day's hard work he would come into the midst of his fellows, his wit flashing and innocent as summer-lightning. And of Pearce Carey could write that he and his wife had gained every one's affection. This was all of best augury.

What changed things, who can tell? Much of the blame must rest, I fear, with Johns, whose unjust talk at home, of which they heard echoes, prejudiced them against Marshman before they arrived. Then Penney and Pearce left England under the post-Fuller conditions, apprised of the new Committee's point of view, and prepared to encourage directer home-governance — a sure source of friction.

Perhaps, too, the elders were at less than their best. Marshman was embarrassed and unhappy, knowing himself misjudged. He and Ward and their wives were in poor health. Indeed, all the Seniors were paying the price for their long unfurloughed labour in the heat of Bengal. The threatened woe, too, depressed them. They *may* have been

(though of this there is no proof) not quite sympathetic enough with the dreams and ideas of the newcomers, whose youthhood made them one. India does breed autocrats. One can feel for the Juniors.

Nevertheless, it was bad form to withdraw from 'Lall Bazar,' where their help was so needed, and to found a new church in Entally; to open or to serve in schools in Calcutta on lines similar to the Marshmans'; and to plant there a press too. To reproduce, and so near, the very activities of the Seniors was 'indelicate,' as Ward said, and advertized the Mission to the world as a rifted and discordant thing. Finer feeling would have restrained them from every semblance of competition, and would have disposed them to pitch their tents well afield, whither loud voices were calling them.

A leader was urgently needed in Chittagong, to fill the place of the assassinated De Bruyn, and to shepherd his many Arakanese converts, whom he had loved, and, as Carey said, 'laid in his bosom': Carey would fain have gone thither himself. Sir Stamford Raffles, Sumatra's godly Lieutenant-Governor, spent a whole day in 'Serampore,' pleading for a press and mission helpers. David Scott, early student of Carey's, Commissioner for the Eastern Provinces, begged for a mission-settlement amongst his Assamese and Garos. The Marquis of Hastings himself, after correspondence with Marshman from his military camps in Rajputana, pressed him and Carey and two of their sons, at his Barrackpore dining-table, to inaugurate and organize schools in this newly-conquered province. 'He could not yet make it the business of Government, though he would subscribe Rs. 8000 as a beginning, and "Resident" Sir David Ochterlony would be both enjoined and eager to help them.' Carey called this 'one of the greatest openings in the divine providence since the beginning of the Mission.' To the three, who had toiled so long under Government's displeasure and harassment, to have the highest official authorities flinging open these gates and urging their entrance seemed almost miraculous; and for the young men to choose Calcutta, already comparatively well supplied with Christian forces, in preference to these virgin outfields, seemed incredible and criminal, and distressed them almost

as much, Carey said, as the division in their ranks. As it was, Ward's nephew went with the press to Sumatra, and Carey's Jabez to Rajputana. By the end of 1818 Jabez set out upon the four months' river-voyage for Ajmere, with his father's just-completed Hindi Bible in his hands, and laboured there with noble faithfulness for fifteen years. But the recent recruits from England offered for none of these outposts. 'I am greatly afflicted,' Carey wrote.

It attests his patience for peace that, whereas the trouble had been brewing from the summer of 1815, he sent no syllable of it home, *till the Schism was complete*, and the 'Calcutta Missionary Union' was formed and made public. He wrote of it then, in vexation of spirit, as 'a Counter-Baptist Mission, to be more pure than the former, and to answer higher purposes!' 'Yet he was sure they laboured to do good, and that things would turn out to the furtherance of the gospel.' It had been 'supremely unlovely, but we are resolved to bear everything rather than contend, and I have told them so.' They invited him to join their Union—having with him no quarrel—but he scorned to separate himself from Marshman, with whom they would not work.

> 'I have lived,' he wrote, 'with Dr. Marshman for eighteen years, and have seen him in all relationships, and I do not think I am blind to his faults. I have seen all his so-called "tortuosities" and every other defect with which he is charged. But I cannot caricature him, as I am sure our brethren do. That would be like publishing a print of a man with a long nose, and elongating it to the extent of several yards. Marshman's excellences are such that his defects are almost concealed by them, and I believe him to be one of the firmest friends the Mission ever had, and I hope it may never stand in need of one like him.'

At this very time the Marshmans' schools were contributing to the Mission not less than Rs. 2000 a month.

A little later Carey wrote to Ryland:

> 'I do not recollect in my whole life anything which has given me so much distress as this Schism. Many sleepless nights have I spent examining what we had done to give it occasion, but can discover nothing on which I can fix. The Mission, however, is rent in twain, and exhibits the scandalous appearance of a body divided against itself. We could easily vindicate

ourselves, but the vindication would be our and their disgrace. We have, therefore, resolved to say nothing, but to leave the matter in God's hands. I trust that my pouring out these my distresses into the bosom of an old and much-beloved friend will not be accounted a deviation from this resolution.'

And later :

'I have repeatedly said to the brethren that the only way of correcting a misunderstanding is to come to a right understanding. I have with all the earnestness I could command, and my feelings made me truly in earnest, requested that we might labour to put an end to this evil. I have repeatedly said that I would on my bended knees ask pardon of any one I had offended ; that, if it was proved that I had either said or done what was wrong, I should count it an honour to acknowledge it, and would do it without hesitation. But that I must do all in connexion with my brethren, who, from many years' close union in the same work, I esteem ; and that I despised all attempts to draw me from them. I can scarcely see what more I can do to put an end to this dishonourable division. I have said that I do not wish to mortify them by proving them to be in the wrong, but I wish we may understand one another and be heartily reconciled. I have known my colleagues in all situations, and have seen all their faults and foibles. Yet, were I to make another choice with all the knowledge, which eighteen years of experience can furnish, I would again choose them as my associates in the Gospel.'

To his unspeakable comfort he could tell Ryland on March 30, 1819 :

'I hope the spirit which so long prevailed with our brethren in Calcutta begins to subside. Eustace (who had been the bitterest) has lately been twice to see me, and Pearce once. I am determined to do all I can for peace. I think concerning the Schism, as I always did, as a very wrong and most unnecessary thing ; but there is no doubt much on both sides to be forgiven. Only of pride cometh contention. There has been much pride, and still, I fear, much exists on both sides. I think, however, that nothing has been said or done, which ought not to be immediately forgiven on both sides, and that there has been no misunderstanding which Christians ought not to use their utmost endeavour to remove.'

And again :

'I have lately thought that all the little grudges and collisions of parties, which, in their beginning, are often the cause of so much distress, resemble the springs from which rivers take their rise. Many seem so near each other as almost to reduce

the country through which they flow to a morass, and their apparent interferences with each other's courses seem rather hurtful than otherwise. Yet, after a time, they either fall into each other, so as to form a river large enough to enrich a whole district, or, as not infrequently, diverge so widely as to fertilize regions lying far apart. I trust this will be the final result of our painful differences in the Mission.'

And on August 15, 1820, he delighted to write thus to Jabez :

'I am sure it will give you pleasure to learn that our long-continued dispute with the younger brethren in Calcutta is now settled. We met together for this purpose some three weeks ago, and, after each side giving up some trifling ideas and expressions, came to a reconciliation, which I pray God may be lasting. Nothing I ever met with in my life—and I have met with many distressing things—ever preyed so much upon my spirits as this difference'

'I have written this chapter whilst minister of the church the Juniors built, and dwelling in the manse, where Yates did his translation-work, as linguistic successor of Carey; with Pearce's Mission press in full view, and the Colinga Bengali Church, which he served so devotedly, very near, and the Entally Mission buildings at slight distance. When I reflect how the work could have advanced, had the younger men pulled with the elders, I never cease to mourn the Schism. Nevertheless, I eagerly endorse my brother's witness at the "Lower Circular Road's" Centenary, that "the junior brethren did a fine piece of team-work for the Kingdom of God."'

S. P. C.

XXVII. THE WOE

'From the day of his appointment in 1793 to the day of his death Carey did not receive more than £600 from the Society's funds. He earned his own living, and contributed something like £40,000 or more to the Baptist missionary work in India.'

C. E. Wilson at Kettering, 1922.

'When you are evil spoken of, go on living so nobly that the slander cannot be believed.'

'To us the long dispute is now chiefly of value in so far as it brings into Christ-like relief the personality of Carey.' Smith.

'Ah! when we mingle in the heavenly places,
How will I weep to Stephen and to you!'

F. W. H. Myers, *St. Paul.*

'Had it been possible to create a dozen establishments like that of Serampore, each raising and managing its own funds, and connected with the Society as the centre of unity in a common cause, it ought to have been a subject of congratulation and not of regret.'

J. C. Marshman.

'What so wild as words are
—I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

'See the creature stalking,
While we speak—
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek.

'What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree.'

R. Browning.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE WOE

1817-1830

March 17, 1827

The worst of the Schism was its influence on the home base. It presented to the home Committee the Indian Mission broken into opposed camps, for banning or blessing. To this new and enlarged Committee the Seniors were personally almost unknown, whilst with the Juniors they were intimate. Sharing as these Juniors did the Committee's viewpoint, and representing their policy, they were naturally esteemed the loyalists, and the Seniors the refractory. Sympathy with the enterprises of the Seniors slackened: to the Juniors it sped. Help for the elders was made to depend upon embarrassing conditions: for the younger it flowed free.

The home Committee could not establish in their minds the difference between the self-supporting Seniors and the salaried Juniors. Control, which the latter looked for, the former could by no means brook, to whom liberty had become the breath of life.

> 'When I came out on this Mission,' Carey wrote, 'I certainly did not think myself the servant of the Society, but a brother. *A work was to be done at the bottom of a well*, as it has been expressed. Some person had to descend to the bottom, whilst others held the rope. I agreed to descend, if my brothers would hold the rope; but I surely did not become thus their servant.'

This claim to equal comradeship and freedom they had made absolute by long self-maintenance and prodigal givings. Out of their own acquired resources, they had contributed by 1818 more than £40,000 to the Cause—buying, building and equipping large properties in Scram-

pore, Calcutta, Katwa, etc.; and, from Fuller's death to 1827, Carey says that they added a further £28,000. Of all these properties the ultimate proprietorship was vested in the Society. They only demanded to be trusted, as in wise Fuller's day, in their holding and use, to be left still free to choose their own colleagues, and, with certain reservations, to appoint their successors, and, meanwhile, be unchallenged masters in their own domain. Not even the 'Serampore' succession-question was complicated and awkward; for, whilst neither Carey nor Ward claimed such succession for any of their own, the three were unanimous in their recognition of the conspicuous fitness of J. C. Marshman.

One marvels that demands so reasonable cost a decade of disharmony with the home Committee, disharmony which home-goings of four from Serampore failed to compose—of Ward, from 1818-22; of Mrs. Marshman, 1820-21; of J. C. Marshman, 1822-23; and of Dr. Marshman himself from 1826-29. Certainly, 'Serampore,' and at its own expense, took pains to state and interpret its case. And, indeed, the dove with the fresh-plucked olive-spray flew ever and again to the lattice; but always a few, not seeking nor pursuing peace, drave it off. And, alas! Eustace, when compelled home in 1825 for health, let go the storm-winds again, through irreconcilable animus against Marshman, just when the waters had calmed. At length, on March 17, 1827, in Marshman's presence, and despite his every effort, came the breach.

The Committee insisted that all that they had done to sustain and develop the interest of the home churches in the Mission justified their demand for a considerable measure of control. They could not grasp the Serampore actualities, nor could Marshman accept their terms. They strove, however, to part as Christian men, resolved to serve the one Cause from differing standpoints. They pledged to each other goodwill.

Yet, presently, there broke on 'Serampore' in the denomination's magazines, hailstorms of challenge, for which leaders in the Committee were by no means free of blame. And this became the signal for a three years' woe of conflict, which nothing could persuade me to redetail.

Its reading has too often made me wretched. But no representation of Carey could be just, which suppressed his distress at the insistent impugning of 'Serampore's' honour, his indignation under injustice, his premature ageing, his deepening loneliness, and his disdain for those who cunningly strove to make him a foil for his colleague's disparagement.

'I ought to be believed.'

'I hope Marshman will be a thousand times more calm and temperate than I am'

'It is like the king of Moab, not content with killing the king of Edom, but burning his bones.'

'I have lived too long.'

'I had formerly friends, whose hearts beat in unison with my own; but, except for Mr. Burls and Ryland, no person belonging to the Committee has, since Fuller's death, written me a single letter of friendship, and I suppose I am unknown to almost every one. I do not complain, though I acknowledge that I have occasionally felt it.'

'I cannot write freely to the Society's secretary, because his letters resemble those of a Secretary of State.'

'Dr. Marshman is no more perfect than any other partaker of the grace of God. But I wish I had half his piety, energy of mind, and zeal. I believe the charges brought against him are unfounded. I have not forsaken him, nor shall I. There is no man in India more respected than he. I love him. Where is his family aggrandizement? He is as poor as I am, and I can scarcely lay by a sum monthly to relieve three or four indigent relations in Europe. We might have had large possessions, but we have given all to the Mission.'

When Jabez let himself be drawn for a season into the camp of Marshman's slanderers, his father indignantly scourged him:

'You express a very indecent pleasure at the opposition which Dr. Marshman has received. What you call a "set down," I call a falsehood.

'Remember I was a party to all his public acts and writings, and from that responsibility I never intend to withdraw. I despise all the creeping, mean assertions of those who say they do not include me in their censures, nor do I work for their praise. "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."'

It added wormwood to their cup that for a period—by the representations of Eustace—even Robert Hall's trust in them was shaken, as well as that of Carey's own sisters,

and that *Ryland* roughened towards Marshman. All the sweeter was John Foster's staunch championship, and the allegiance of Chalmers. But Carey felt unspeakably the controversy's disgrace for Christians of the same denomination. To Christopher Anderson he wrote :

> ' The present contentions are not those of different sects touching the particular doctrines and disciplines of each. Upon the contrary, there was scarcely ever a time when greater harmony and a better spirit prevailed amongst Christians of different denominations. But the present disputes are between brethren of the same Christian name. Satan has indeed gained an advantage over us. Our Lord prayed that His disciples might all be one, so that the world might believe that the Father had sent Him. Whence it appears that Christian union is necessary to the success of the gospel in the world. Blessed will be he who is the instrument of removing this great obstacle, and of introducing harmony and love amongst the followers of our Lord. Let prayer after reiterated prayer, and fasting, public and private, be persevered in, that God's Spirit, which is certainly withdrawn, may return and bless us with peace and with prosperity.'

To his sisters he made answer, ' I detest the misrepresentations so long and so unjustly maintained. I hope you will never say another word to me of this.'

The only public parts he took in the controversy were to secure, in 1829, the verbatim publication of his letters to England, to counter the unjust and mischievous use which had been made of excerpts torn from their context ; and then, as late as 1830, to express in a few temperate pages his final ' Thoughts on the Discussions ' : which ' Thoughts ' thus end :

> ' And now, what is our trespass and our sin, that ye have so hotly pursued us ? Whereas ye have searched all our stuff, what have ye found of all your household stuff ? These thirty-seven years have I been with you—Dr. Marshman these thirty. Your ewes and your she-goats have not cast their young, nor the rams of your flock have we eaten. In the day the drought consumed us, and the frost by night, and our sleep departed from our eyes. Now, therefore, let us make a covenant with each other.'

To his faithful friend Steadman, who was pressing him to visit England, he wrote in this same 1830 :

'I wish from my heart that success may attend all the efforts of the Society, but I cannot approve of many things they do, and I should be obliged to say more than I am disposed to. So I fear my going to England would neither be useful nor comfortable. Crimination and recrimination are disagreeable to me. I dread the stirring up of that unholy spirit which spread itself through the churches, when Dr. Marshman was in England. "Serampore" does not deserve the blame which has been so industriously cast upon it, and I trust that in the end our righteousness may appear as the light. I rejoice that Christ is Lord over all things to the Church, which is His body.'

That same 1830 they brought the quarrel to a close for their part—would that they had done it sooner!—by transferring the Serampore properties to eleven home trustees, simply stipulating that they should occupy them rent free for the brief remainders of their lives, and then Professors Mack and Swan for still three years beyond this, though rent-paying. 'Blessed be God!' they cried, 'that we have lived to see this day! Now shall our grey heads go down to the grave in peace!'

XXVIII. THE COMFORTED MOURNERS

'Serampore is a handsome place, kept beautifully clean, and looking more like a European town than Calcutta, or any of its neighbouring cantonments. The guard, which turned out to see me, consisted of a dozen sepoys in the red Danish uniform: they were extraordinarily clean and soldier-like looking men, and the appearance of the place flourishing.'

HEBER'S *Indian Journeys*, 1824-25.

'We have been at Serampore more than a week, and have received much kindness from every member of the Mission family. Dr. Carey is a vigorous old man, very like the portraits in England, only that he looks rather older. He had a fall several months ago, which occasioned him a very serious illness, and which has left him lame; but still every step he takes, and every sentence he utters, denote such vigour and activity as are truly surprising in a man who has been so many years in India. Europeans resident here are generally listless to a degree, of which you can form no idea. The first Sunday we spent here, Mr. Leslie preached in the morning, and Dr. C. in the evening. The good Doctor was exceedingly animated and methodical; it was the best sermon I have heard since I left England. Yesterday morning Dr. Marshman preached, and in the evening Dr. C. administered the Lord's Supper to Bengalis and English together, and addressed us in both languages. There are several native girls' schools here, under Miss Marshman and Miss Ward. I went to see one this morning, and was much delighted.'

Mrs. LESLIE to her mother, June 1824.

'Dr. Carey, who has been very ill, is quite recovered, and bids fair to live many years. Both he and Dr. Marshman are active to a degree you would think impossible in this country. Dr. C. is a very equable and cheerful old man, in countenance very like the engraving of him with his pundit. In body, however, he is now much inferior, being rather less in size, and not so robust. Nor does he wear such a fine dress as is given him in the plate. His general costume is white stockings, nankeen breeches, a white waistcoat, a round white jacket and an old black hat hardly worth a shilling.

'He is of very easy access and great familiarity. His attachments are strong, and extend not merely to persons but to places. About a year ago, so much of the house he had lived in over since he had been at Serampore fell down, that he had to leave it—at which he wept bitterly. There is a manliness in an old man's tears—something far removed from the crying of a child.

'Serampore is one of the most beautiful places I have seen in India. Built quite on the bank of the river, the air is pleasant and healthy, and the scene is enlivened by the plying up and down of numerous boats. Much harmony and Christian spirit prevail among the Mission family; and their kindness to all who visit them is most abundant. They received us with warm and open hearts.

'The breach made by the death of Mr. Ward is deeply felt, and is not likely to be filled up. Our good friend Mack is tenfold more a missionary than a professor.'

ANDREW LESLIE to R. R. SHERRING, June 7, 1824.

'We found Dr. Carey in his study; and we were both much pleased with his primitive, and, we may say, apostolical appearance. He is short; his hair white; his countenance benevolent. Two Hindus were sitting by, engaged in painting some small objects in natural history, of which the Doctor has a choice collection, both in specimens and pictures. His garden is enriched with rarities.'

Daniel Tyerman and Geo. Bennett, L.M.S. Deputation, May 1826.

'At Barrackpore, about fifteen miles from Calcutta, the Governor-General has a country-residence, delightfully situated in a park of uncommon beauty. The opposite bank is adorned with a thick robe of drooping bamboos, overtopped by stately palms and feathery cocoa-nuts; with lawns of gardens laid out round dwellings; and, immediately in front of the Governor-General's house, the beautifully clean and quiet-looking town of Serampore. This is a Danish settlement, and the chief seat of that Baptist Mission, over which the venerable and devoted Dr. Carey presides. How great and how blessed have been the labours of himself and his able colleagues will appear, when I state that upwards of a hundred schools are under its fostering care, and that in its ever busy presses either the entire Scriptures or separate gospels are being printed into sixteen of India's languages and dialects. (A considerable understatement.) The Marquis of Hastings, whose eye rests every morning on the buildings and garden of Carey's establishment, must derive great inward peace from the consciousness of having always encouraged it.'

Sketches in India by an Officer to Fireside Travellers at Home, 4th ed., 1826.

'One of my earliest introductions was to the venerable Dr. Carey in 1826. In person he was somewhat under middle size: his dress neat, but antiquated. The aspect of his countenance was mild and benevolent. There was, however, nothing in his general appearance to indicate to a stranger anything extraordinary about him. It was only in *conversation* that the vast stores of his mind became apparent. . . . I could not therefore but gaze upon him with admiration and love.'

G. E. Pearce, *Reminiscences.*

'I had recently to prepare for the Government a fount of the Ahom type, from the foundation up. The time and care it called for in designing the face, cutting the punches, preparing the matrices and casting the type, made me appreciate afresh the whole-souled and remarkable work of Ward.' C. H. Harvey, Baptist Mission Press, Calcutta, 1920.

'The catholic humanness of Ward is illustrated in his letter to Ryland asking him to arrange for young John Fernandez of Dinajpur, on his first visit to England, to see St. Paul's and the Abbey, the National Gallery and the British and Leverrier Museums, the Supreme Courts of Justice and the Houses of Parliament, Windsor and Oxford, the parks and gardens of rich "gentlefolk," and "*for one night Covent Garden or Drury Lane.*"

'Ryland's marginal comment on this last is interesting "By no means. Who shall guarantee that it will be only for one night?"'

S. P. C.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE COMFORTED MOURNERS

1821-1830

The mournings of these controversy-years were intensified for the elders by a sequence of grievous deaths. Carey's wife first, in May 1821—the frail little Danish lady. For months before the end, he had daily carried her in his arms down to her bath-chair, to give her the fragrance and pleasure of his garden. Her soul was a garden. J. C. Marshman speaks of her ' blended Christian simplicity and patrician polish,' and of the ' peace ' she shed abroad. Her letters to Carey from Moughyr, to whose dry air she had gone for health, tell the warmth of her wifeliness.

' My dearest Love, I felt very much in parting with thee, and feel much in being so far from thee. I am sure thou wilt be happy and thankful on account of my voice, which daily gets better, and thy pleasure adds greatly to mine. I hope you will not think I am writing too often : I rather trust you will be glad to hear of me. Though my journey was very pleasant, and the improvement of my health, the freshness of the air and the variety of objects enliven my spirits, yet I cannot help longing for you. Pray, my love, take care of your health, that I may have the joy to find you well.'

' I thank thee most affectionately, my dearest Love, for thy kind letter. Though this journey is very useful to me, I cannot help feeling much to be so distant from you, but I am much with you in my thoughts. I bless God for the protection He has given to His Cause in time of need. May He still guide and prosper it, and give us all hearts growing in love and zeal ! I felt very much parting with thee. I see plainly it would not do to go far from thee : my heart cleaves to thee. I need not say (for I hope you know my heart is not insensible) how much I felt your kindness in not minding any expense for my recovery. You will rejoice to hear me talk in the old way, and not in that whispering manner.'

' I find so much pleasure in writing to you, my love, that I cannot help doing it. I was nearly disconcerted by Mrs. ——

laughing at my writing so often ; but I feel so much pleasure in receiving your letters that I hope you may do the same. I thank thee for thy kind letter. I need not say that the serious part of it, too, was welcome to me, deprived as I am of all religious intercourse. I shall greatly rejoice in seeing thee again. I need not say how much thou art in my thoughts day and night.'

For years she was 'Serampore's' constant and tender correspondent with Carey's large family circle, and by them all dearly beloved. 'I hope,' wrote William to his father, 'we shall never forget her great affection, and very motherly care to us. They were very great indeed, and have often drawn tears from me.' And Jabez from Ajmere :

'My ever dear and affectionate father,

'I have just heard with astonishment and grief from Felix of the death of my dear mother. Nothing was so unexpected. I hope, my dear father, that God has supported you. I little thought when I left Bengal that I should never see my dear mother again, and never hear any more of that motherly counsel from her own lips, which she was wont to give me when near her, and which could only have been dictated by the love she bore me. It was only about eight or nine days ago that I thought of writing to her, knowing how happy she would be to hear of the providential escape I had from being bitten by a black cobra, which got into a box in which I kept a few fowls for fear of rats, which are very troublesome here. The fowls began to make a noise in the night, which I imagined was occasioned by the rats teasing them. The first time I went and gave a few thumps on the box and quieted them a little, but, hearing the noise again very shortly after, I went and opened the box, and put my hand in to feel whether there was anything else besides the fowls, when the snake raised his crest and made at me, and touched my hand with his mouth, but providentially did not bite me. I immediately called for a light, and killed the cobra, but not before he had killed four of the fowls. Had he bitten me, I do not know what I should have done for assistance in the night, and might have been long before this a dead man.

'Since last night when I heard of mother's death, my mind has been in great distress, particularly on your account, my dear father. She was specially fond of me. I am grieved that I was not near to minister in her sickness, nor to receive her last blessing. When I was leaving Serampore about three years ago for this place, she very prophetically took leave of us, and blessed us, saying that she never expected to see us again. I little thought it would be a reality. My dear father, may you have strength to come out of this furnace like gold doubly

purified. May you yet live for many days for the furtherance of the gospel and the good of us all!'

And later he added:

'Just before we parted the last time, mother laid this injunction on me as her last and only request that, if her two sisters outlived her and you—to whom you and she made an allowance—and it was in any way in my power to help them, she depended on my doing it.'

In the middle of June, Carey wrote to him:

'A month ago I was not able to write on a subject so very afflictive to my mind. Your dear mother was one that truly feared God. Her soul was continually engaged in meditation or in prayer or in the reading of God's Word. Next to that she lived for me. She never did a thing during the thirteen years we lived together without consulting me, even though she was sure of my consent. She watched every change in my countenance with the utmost solicitude, and often was full of anxiety, if she perceived the least sign of weariness, illness, grief, or distress. Often has she come to me and requested me to forgive her anything, in which she had unknowingly offended me. She certainly had no occasion for such a request, but her heart was exceedingly tender upon that point. My loss is irreparable.'

And a little later:

'I am exceedingly lonely. I hope you will never fail to pray for me.'

Very human was her godliness. The blind and the lame, to whom her own frailty drew her, were her constant pensioners. She bequeathed them to Carey as 'a very sacred legacy.'

Then the Marshmans lost their eldest daughter. To the grief-distraught husband Marshman wrote daily for nearly two years—indeed, till his son-in-law's death—the tender-hearted Marshman, whom his slanderers so little knew.

Then in the August of 1822, when only a little past fifty, Krishna Pal was snatched from them by cholera. In Jessore (where he was mobbed and beaten), in Calcutta (through five years), in Katwa, Birbhum and Berhampore, in Dinajpur and Malda (through seven years), and in Dacca, he had watered the seed sowings of the pioneers and of others. At the foot of the Khasi Hills he was for eight

months himself the pioneer. The magistrate of Silhet and Carey's botany-friend there, Matthew Smith, were deeply impressed by his character and preaching. For the baptism of his first seven converts—sepoys, two Khasis, and an Assamese—the magistrate welcomed them to his house, and set a silver bowl before him, expecting the baptism indoors. But Krishna Pal said he knew naught of such a mode, and led them to the river, where eight native princes and six hundred Khasis assembled. The magistrate watched the ordinance with reverent surprise, had cannon fired to mark the importance of the occasion (!), took Krishna back to his bungalow, and wrote a full record to Carey. John Mack was in time to hear Krishna preach in Calcutta, and was struck by 'his considerable grace of manner and address—something to gratify common sensibility and taste, how much more a Christian and a missionary!' As he lay dying at Serampore, he was asked if he still loved Christ. 'Yes,' he replied, 'but not as much as He loves me.'

Then Felix died towards the end of 1822 after stubborn fevers. The voyage to China, which the doctor had counselled, might possibly have saved him, but could not be arranged. 'A prisoner of hope,' he contritely called himself after his errancy and return; but he became again his father's invaluable colleague, especially during Ward's prolonged furlough. Carey could confidently lean on his scholarship, acknowledged as he was to be 'the completest Bengali linguist amongst India's Europeans.' His first fine Christian rapture he never recovered, but he did win back his colleagues' trust in his steadfastness of service. He died with his father's name upon his lips. It was hard to carry him to burial at only thirty-seven, and for his father to return to a multiplied burden.

But on Friday, March 7, 1823, came a staggering bereavement. *Ward died of cholera.* Eight years younger than Carey, and fresh from his four years' busy furlough, he had seemed full of vigour. Already he was winning for Christ students of the College (built in his absence) as he had long before won each son of Carey's. He perfectly understood the Indian mind, and none could match him as the converts' counsellor. Dr. Wallich regarded him as 'by far the best preacher in Serampore.' Marshman

called his death 'a tremendous stroke,' and Carey wrote to England :

> 'We are all plunged into the greatest distress. *Ward died yesterday* about 5.0 in the afternoon. He preached to us very impressively on Wednesday evening. He breakfasted with us on Thursday, was in the printing office till 1 o'clock ; then came into dinner, and complained of drowsiness. About 3.0 I was called, and found him very ill. The doctors attended him, and through the night hopes were entertained. I found him apparently asleep about 5.0 in the morning, when I went to Calcutta. I returned about half an hour before his death that same day. He had not been able to speak for some hours. He is happy, but oh, what a breach ! Who can fill it ? We hope in God. We need your prayers.'

The two could scarcely go on functioning with the third torn from them. William wrote from Katwa :

> 'Very dear father,
>
> 'I was out for two days at a fair, and on my return received your melancholy and affecting letter. My heart bleeds for you all. I have not got over the death of my most affectionate brother Felix. This has awakened all my feelings again. Mr. Ward was very dear to me. How often has he upheld me, when my feet wellnigh slipped ! He was my spiritual father. How is his place to be supplied ? Had John Marshman been in India, he would no doubt have taken it. Now I do not see how it can be.'

Then, before very long, came news of the passing of Ryland, the last of Carey's Covenanters. Carey wrote :

> 'It appears as if everything dear to me in England has now been removed. Wherever I look, I see a blank. Were I to revisit that dear country, I should have an entirely new set of friendships to form.'

Only a few months after Ward's going, it looked as if Marshman was to be called to a final overwhelming grief, as the sole survivor of the three. For, returning at midnight on October 8, 1823, from a Calcutta preaching, both Carey and a doctor-friend slipped on the Serampore ghât in the dark—to Carey's such injury that, in utter helplessness, he had to be carried into the house. The thigh was not dislocated, as was first reckoned, but it took one hundred and ten leeches through two days to reduce the inflammation. A strong fever ensued, with abscess on the liver, till his life was in despair. But the skill

of several voluntary doctors, including the Governor-General's, pulled him through. He could not, however, lift his foot from the ground till the year-end, nor limp across the room for a further two months; yet he resumed his Fort William classes from New Year's day, and his Serampore lecturings from February. Bearers lifted him out of his palanquin and carried him to his class-room. He sat, as he lectured, and as he preached. He was fortunate to have remarried a little while before this fall and illness, and to have found in Grace Hughes, of forty-five, a gentle and affectionate wife. Like himself, she had been already twice wedded. Her second husband had been dead ten years. Carey told Jabez that 'her constant and unremitting care and excellent nursing took off much of the weight of his illness.' To his joy she was presently baptized, and her daughter by her first marriage became an enthusiastic helper in the Mission's native girls' schools. 'We live in great happiness,' he adds.

In the early days of this accident-anxiousness, when he was still confined to his bed, another catastrophe had overtaken them. Indeed, disaster chased disaster, as with Job. Phenomenal overflowings of the Damoodah had flooded the southern triangle between itself and the Hooghly, drowning scores of people and hundreds of cattle. The floods at length reached Serampore, destroyed some six hundred homesteads, fissured walls of Carey's house, forced his hurried removal to one built for the college (the house that still stands), made a mud-tank of his garden, compelled the building of a long wall to protect the Mission properties, and then, presently, devoured this and the house Carey had dwelt in from the beginning, and greatly damaged the Marshmans' school buildings. The destitution of the town and of their converts was appalling, which their own large losses made it impossible for them to relieve. Nor was any Fuller at home now to send them swift succour. Instead, slander was drying up the usual channels of supplies. They were pitifully unaided.

Yet they slackened no toil. Carey set himself at once to the restoration of his ruined garden, sending home by the first mails for bulbs and seeds. He added to his tasks the Bengali translatorship to Government, thankful, for the

Mission's funds' sake, for the extra monthly Rs. 300 (£450 a year). The office was no sinecure. Its work was eighteen months in arrears, and 'Ephesians child's play,' he often said, 'compared with these involved legal documents,'—a single sentence sometimes filling a page of printed foolscap. They joined in establishing a mission to Calcutta's seamen, buying a pinnace for the purpose—with Lord Hastings as patron, and Carey as preacher at the dedication of the boat. They even increased their Mission stations, and established three Christian villages,—at Jannagar close to Serampore; at Barripore, south of Calcutta; and the third, as far east as Arakan. Great encouragements God gave them. Buckingham, a soldier, was transformed into a most potent preacher. They had remarkable baptisms—Pundit Siva Ram in Benares; the first Telugu and Delhi Brahmins; in Java, the first Chinese; and amongst themselves at 'Serampore' a Mag Brahmin, and a notable weird fakir of Kalighat, fresh from four years' vowed silence there, at whose feet even Brahmins did homage. The first General Baptist missionaries arrived, and let Carey direct them into the field of Orissa. Bampton would fain have become wholly Indian in food and clothing and dwelling. Carey, whilst admiring his abandon, felt compelled to add many cautions. 'The Master won't thank you for committing suicide. It 's yourself, and not these externals, that will make the abiding impression.' Great talks Carey got with Fernandez, when the old merchant-missionary came down to Serampore to die. He was too weak to be carried from his pinnace into Carey's house, but not Simeon's spirit was more radiant. He was leaving in the north a church membership of eighty. Carey and he could gauge, as no others, Christ's advance. 'Their eyes had seen God's salvations.' This was the comfort Carey communicated to an assembly of Missionary Societies in 'Lower Circular Road,' Calcutta, in 1825. 'In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' 'Faith grows, as the distances widen, which you are able to compare. I, who have seen the work from the beginning, know what an abundance of corn has been already reaped.'

Carey had many a grandchild about him in these years—children of each of his four sons. 'Eliza,' he writes, 'was

shy at first, but is now very friendly. The first word Felix said to me was "Papa." He is friendly with every one, and he and Eliza are as happy as can be wished. Margaret is a complete romp.'

It must have been one of his most galling experiences to find, in the September 1829 issue of the *Asiatic Journal*, a savage and extensive onslaught on his Marathi Bible by an anonymous critic—a version which (with its two New Testament editions) had cost him toil through more than eighteen years. The assailant protested that it 'swarmed with every fault of taste,' and he arraigned the Bible Society for subsidizing 'the work of such a bigot, whose translations were exactly fit for worms.' Carey writhed, but refrained from self-defence, saying, 'Those who are not prepared to follow their Lord through evil report, cannot follow Him at all.' At length an unsolicited champion made answer for him, in what Carey described to Jabez as 'a most triumphant reply.' William Greenfield, the editor of Bagster's Syriac New Testament, took up the case point by point, and established the version's praiseworthy care. Its one misfortune had been its local dialect, which was Vidyanath's native speech.

The *best* comfort that the Mission knew in these years of disruption and bereavement, calamity and challenge, was the abolition of Sati; and just when the home-calumny was fiercest.

Lord Cavendish Bentinck assumed government in July 1828, and instantly set himself to face every aspect of this long-vexed question. After many consultings, he knew the right, and was resolved to do it. On Friday, December 4, 1829—a date for remembrance—he carried, in the teeth of Brahmin protestings, a Regulation in Council declaring the practice both illegal and criminal. Mrityunjay had long before proven that 'according to the great Shastras, a life of abstinence and chastity was the Hindu *law* for a widow, whilst burning with her husband was only an alternative, which could never have law's force.' Sir Charles Metcalfe and Butterworth Bayley, two of Carey's Fort William first prizemen, and now leading members of the Council—presidents respectively of the Boards of Revenue and Trade—who had already disallowed the practice in the several

districts they had governed, were eager for the reform. Ram Mohan Roy, too, was a tower of strength.

Then was it bliss for Carey to be Government's Bengali translator. The edict arrived early on Sunday morn, when he was preparing for the pulpit. Arranging with another to preach, he with his pundit gave the day to their translating. He would not lose an hour with women's lives at stake. In the Bengal Presidency alone some six thousand had been sacrificed in the previous ten years. The translation required special care, 'every sentence and phrase having been weighed with the most anxious deliberation.' But by the evening it was done, and this work of the devil was cast into the abyss. A Sabbath-keeping after 'Isaiah's' very heart! It was fair that he who had lodged the first protests with Government, and more than any other one man had striven for this inhumanity's forbiddance, should be used to announce it. Oft had this Scripture burned in his heart:

> 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest "Behold, we knew it not"; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?'

Of course, the reform was met by a Brahminic uproar as an unwarrantable interference with the people's religion—appeal being even carried to the King. But Lord Bentinck would not waver, and by the Privy Council his humane decision was upheld.

It is said that, after Sati had been made a criminal offence, the son of a rich Rajput besought the British 'Resident' to allow his mother to burn with her dead husband's body, it being a point of conscience with herself and her family, and the British Government being famed for its regard for its people's conscientious convictions. 'Of course, your mother may do as her conscience enjoins her,' replied the Resident, 'and you, as her first-born son, may light the Sati fire. Only then you must permit me to follow my conscience and my Government's, and hang you for murder.'

'He abolished cruel rites; he effaced humiliating distinctions; he gave liberty to the expression of public opinion; his constant study it was to elevate the intellectual and moral character of the nations committed to his charge.'

MACAULAY'S tribute to LORD BENTINCK.

Inscribed on his statue in Calcutta, opposite the High Court.

XXIX. THE CALCUTTA CRASHES

'The last days of William Carey were his best. His sun went down in all the splendour of a glowing faith and a burning self-sacrifice. Not in the poverty of Hackleton and Moulton, not in the hardships of Calcutta and the Sundarbans, not in the fevers of the Dinajpur swamps, not in the apprehensions twice excited by official intolerance, not in the most bitter sorrow of all—the sixteen years' persecution by English brethren after Fuller's death—had the father of modern missions been so tried as in the years 1830-1833. Blow succeeded blow, but only that the fine gold of his trust, his humility and his love might be seen to be the purer.'

SMITH'S *Carey*, xvi.

'There are some men, and those the strongest sons of nature, for whom the kindest commandment is, "Uphill all the way."'

The Mirrors of Downing Street, p. 54.

'The brightest page of the Serampore controversy-story is that which tells how Mack and John Marshman cheered the closing years of the two older men by their noble service of Serampore and its missions; and to them belongs a large share of the honour of the peace in which that long controversy closed.'

SAMUEL VINCENT.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE CALCUTTA CRASHES

1830-1833

Calcutta can pass with startling suddenness out of sunshine into storm, but it had never known a gloom more unexpected than when in January 1830 the princely mercantile house of Palmer & Co., the bankers of so many, reckoned safe as the Company itself, failed, and for from three to five millions sterling. Hundreds of homes were hit, including many whose children were in 'Serampore's' boarding schools, and who now had to cast these on the mercy of the Marshmans.

That same year the Indian Administration—compelled to retrench after the costly Burmese War—reduced, in June, Fort William College from a teaching to a purely examining body, closing down the professorships. In recognition of his unique length of service, Carey was treated considerately, and was given the sole professorial pension, equal to half his salary,—but even so shrinking his monthly income by Rs. 500. And, presently, that same ill-starred year, for more retrenchment, the Bengali translatorship to Government was suspended, involving Carey in a further monthly loss of Rs. 300.

Robinson tells how the elders were 'dissolved in tears,' as they gave themselves to prayer, and how Marshman, in particular, 'could not find words for his feelings.' 'It was, indeed, affecting to see these fathers of the Mission entreating God not to forsake them in their grey hairs.' Carey wrote to Christopher Anderson:

> 'I confess that the prospect of this great reduction of my salary lay very heavily on my mind at first, particularly as it would *put it out of my power to support our missionary stations.* [He had been giving Rs. 600 to these monthly.] I am, how-

ever, convinced of God's infinite wisdom, and have implored Him to bend my mind to His Will. We cannot give up our stations, nor do I see how we can maintain them. [They had added eleven workers the previous year.] But God can raise us up help. It is His wont to make us realize our complete dependence on Him.'

And chivalrous Marshman wrote :

' Carey can contribute little to the stations out of his pension, after he has supported his sister Mary, his late wife's eldest sister in France (for her sake dear to him as his own) and an orphan, whom he has sent home to be educated in England, the expense of whose board, education and clothing lies wholly upon him ; not to mention the expense of his own family, now five persons—and of his garden and palanquin, which contribute so essentially to his health, and *which he shall never discontinue, while I live, if I can prevent it.* . . . You ask, perhaps, how we expect to carry forward our thirteen stations and the college. I answer, " Through divine aid." Whether this shall be from Britain or from India, I humbly leave to Him.'

In July, Mack wrote to Lauchlan Mackintosh of Allahabad : ' Carey is left without a pice to give to the stations, which are dearer to him than his life.' Of the Khasi station he had borne the whole cost from the beginning. They appealed to the home churches :

' Only a few years have passed since the Protestant world was wakened to missions. Since then, the annual revenues collected for this purpose have grown to the once unthought-of sum of £400,000. Is it unreasonable to ask that some fraction of this should be entrusted to him, who was among the first to move in this enterprise, and to his colleagues ? . . . We know God can provide. We as firmly believe that He will, *as if we saw it accomplished.*'

This appeal did not reach England till December, but Anderson and Hope sent it instantly broadcast, ' that the declining years of the Seniors might be cheered, the hands of their younger colleagues be strengthened, the native missionaries feel a new impulse in the Cause, and this crisis, like that of the fire, turn out to the furtherance of the gospel.' They forwarded in faith at once, by the *Aurora*, £1000, which reached ' Serampore,' with heartening letters, just as the elders were at the end of all their material resources, and the allowances of many of their station

JOHN MACK

Carey's best and most gifted friends in Liverpool—the Hope family. The father was the British Treasurer for 'Serampore,' after the Woe.

missionaries were two months in arrears. On May 17, Carey wrote to Anderson :

> ' Four days ago we received your exceedingly welcome letters. I was just recovering from nearly a month's attack of fever. These letters did much to revive me. To God is all praise due for thus graciously removing the embarrassments, under which we must soon have sunk. All our stations lie very near our hearts ; our brothers there are men of God ; and the stations are maintained at the least possible cost : we, therefore, could not feel willing to relinquish any one of them.'

The same day he wrote to Steadman :

> ' Your very welcome letter, dated December 27, arrived with several others a few days ago, and all contributed to raise our drooping spirits, and, I trust, to call forth gratitude to God. We had been a long time without letters, and the last we had received were rather of a gloomy cast. Our difficulties were also great and discouraging. All we could do was to hope and pray. But letters from you and Mr. Gibbs of London, and from our kind friends Hope and Anderson, with the remittances contained in them, removed our burdens, and we have now only to devote ourselves and our all more entirely to God's service. All our stations are very dear to us, and the relinquishing of any one of them would be most distressing. All who occupy them are tried and faithful men, and even those who have gone forth to the work within the last year give us as much pleasure as the older.
>
> ' Among other things in your letters both to Marshman and myself you express a wish that I would pay a visit to England. To this, my dear friend, there are many serious objections, the chief of which is the necessity of my getting a new edition of the Bengali Bible through the press, which is now being printed. Another twelve months will scarcely suffice to bring it to a close. I also wish to get another edition of the Sanskrit Bible, which has been begun, completed. I could leave India then, so far as regards my work, but not before, unless God should call me away by death.
>
> ' With respect to myself, were I in England, all my friends would be greatly disappointed. I am now within three months of 70. My recollection is so shattered that I am almost afraid to assert anything. I could not travel day and night, as Ward and as Marshman did. Besides, England presents to me a great blank : nearly all my old acquaintances are dead, and I should have a new set of religious connections to form. You, my dear Steadman, were known in all the churches before I left England, and, I believe, *sent the first half-guinea to the Mission*. At least, either you sent the first half-guinea, or Elkanah Winchester the first guinea, for I received them nearly at the same time, and, so far as I can recollect, before the

Missionary Society was formed. I, however, never saw you, though I am sure I should feel myself at home with you immediately on sight, but how few others could I similarly embrace. I thank you, my dear friend, for that kind and steady co-operation with " Serampore," which you have so long maintained.'

Three, and five, days later he acknowledges to Treasurer Hope the receipt of Rs. 11,400 and Rs. 11,700 :

'How shall we sufficiently praise God, who, in our great extremity, stirred up His people thus willingly to offer their substance for His Cause ! My heart is toward them all, but most I desire to reconsecrate myself to that God, who has wrought for us wonders.'

To Jabez he writes :

'I am always prone to be fearful and unbelieving as it respects supplies, and yet God has appeared beyond my most sanguine expectations.'

And Mack blesses Anderson for the burst of good news and of help from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, London and York. J. C. Marshman says :

'I cannot look back on the feelings which filled our hearts this time twelvemonth without the strongest emotions of gratitude. Then our stations seemed deprived of all support ; our means had reached the fatal point of exhaustion. A hundred times, as I trod the weary way from my office to my home after a fatiguing day, with no prospects for the morrow less dreary and sickening, I thought we must give up the struggle to maintain the stations. We seemed to be driven to retire. Yet the promises of God would dart across my mind, and invigorate both soul and body, and revive every power and faculty, till I thought it was impossible we should fail. Now how different the prospect—how lively and cheering—funds which relieve us from anxiety—friends who sympathize with us, and *who give us their whole trust !* '

Howbeit, this discipline of 1830-31 was succeeded by other Euroclydons, which struck the Mission and Calcutta between December 12, 1832, and January 5, 1833, when Alexander & Co., and then Mackintosh & Co., failed for three and a half millions and two and a half millions, and 'the city of palaces' became a city of panic. J. C. Marshman writes the next day :

'Dr. Carey has lost his last farthing in Alexander's. Now Mrs. Grace Carey's competency, £3000, has all gone in

Mackintosh's. They both feel the loss most poignantly. Every farthing of money my father had is also gone ; after three-and-thirty years' labour, of the tenth reserved for old age nothing remains but the house in which he lives, and two small houses in Barrackpore. All Fernandez' legacy for Dinajpur has gone, about £1600 ; Jessore's schools' fund, £720 ; the Delhi school fund, £800 ; all, all is gone.'

Yet he adds :

'What, then, is to be done ? Shall the conversion of India be arrested by the failure of two houses of agency ? No. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." We must go forward, trusting to that all-wise God, without whose foreknowledge these things have not arisen. We must rekindle the flame of love and the ardour of faith, and labour incessantly. How we are to carry on the stations, I know not. As a missionary Committee we have nothing ; as individuals, nothing. Yet we dare not faint.

'The whole nation of the Arakanese, the whole nation of the Assamese, the whole tribe of the Khasis, the whole Bengali districts of Chittagong, Dacca, Barisal, Jessore and Dinajpur have not a soul, from whose lips they can hear the Word of Life, save our own workers. We dare not recall them.'

Mack writes :

'Distress is now universal. Mackintosh & Co. were our bankers. We can obtain no more money now to pay the salaries of our brethren, till fresh supplies arrive from England. What we shall do, I know not. I know God can provide : how He will we cannot tell. It would be shameful to distrust Him, who has before so singularly helped us : nor will we distrust your zeal and affection.'

Young John Leechman, just newly arrived from Glasgow, wrote home :

'We have been under the greatest apprehensions, lest we should be compelled to give up some of our stations. Were that day to arrive, we should soon have to lay Dr. Carey in his grave.'

Their friend Judge Garrett of Bakarganj (a former student of Carey's), who, with his wife, had dared Christian baptism in a tank there in the teeth of the derision of their fellow-civilians, secured them a bank-loan ; and they inquired of all their station-colleagues whether they would be willing to forego any portion of their allowances. Their own 'Serampore' expenditure they had already cut to the bone.

Alas! before their January letters reached England, Colvin & Co., another great Calcutta house, came to grief for more than a million. All the big timber in the forest was falling.

> 'We cannot see,' says Marshman, 'how the work is to be carried on without funds, but He, who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, knows what He purposes. On Him we must wait, whilst doing all within our own ability. The failure of these houses has left many of our boarders destitute.'

Like the 'Serampore' elders, Mackintosh of the Allahabad Mission Station had lost his all in these houses. Mack comforts him:

> 'I am grieved at your loss. But do not let it too greatly depress you. God will never forsake you, nor those dear to you. He would have us live by faith. By these painful disciplines He teaches us both how it is to be done, and how sweet it is to do it. We are heirs to riches which will never fail. Only let us be faithful.'

Before they called, God was sending them answer. Three 'five hundreds' were on their way to them in successive dispatches—which, had they come sooner, would have been lost with the rest. In the hard waiting-time Carey's themes and texts were bracing—'the might of Gideon's three hundred in God's hands'; 'Lord, increase our faith'; 'This is the victory that overcometh, even our faith.' On the fortieth anniversary of his leaving Leicester he brought them great heartening.

Rather than abandon their posts, their station-colleagues were almost to a man prepared for lessened allowances, foregoing monthly Rs. 5, 20, 30, 40, 40, 100, a fifth, and in one case the whole, and agreeing to maintain themselves, whilst they still pursued their mission-work, with the further toil of their own hands. 'Serampore' could be proud of them. Carey wrote to Christopher Anderson in May 1833:

> 'The replies from our station-brethren breathe the spirit of the gospel. . . . I fear that but a small part of our losses will be recoverable. Yet I am firmly convinced that all these distressing circumstances are under His control, who is Lord of heaven and earth. Therefore would I "be still, and know that He is God." Pray that more completely I may take hold of His strength, and go about my work fully expecting the accomplishment of His promises.'

That very May, after an exceptionally hot season—when, as Carey said, 'the earth was iron, the heavens brass, and the rain powder and dust,' South Bengal was smitten by a terrific gale. 'Nearly every vessel in the river was injured or destroyed. The shore was strewn with carcases and wrecks. The misery from starvation and from lack of drinking water was indescribable, the number of lives lost immense.' 'Serampore' felt its full violence. Carey's mahoganies and other great trees in his garden crashed across his conservatories, and destroyed the treasures of twenty years. It seemed Nature's counterpart to the recent commercial devastations, and was their fresh aggravation.

Then, that July, the Bible Society, under the insistence of non-Baptist Calcutta subscribers, felt compelled to withhold any further grants to versions, like 'Serampore's,' that translated, instead of transliterating, the word 'baptizo.' The money loss to 'Serampore' was grievous, especially on the top of the recent disasters. Yet Carey and Marshman judged that they could do no other than maintain—and in no narrow nor contumacious spirit—the course they had so long followed, and which accorded with that taken in the case of many other modern as well as ancient recognized versions.

As soon soever as Secretary Anderson and Treasurer Hope learned the Mission's destitution, they megaphoned it through Britain. Despite the recency of their previous appeal, they raised this second cry with an even finer fortitude of faith.

> 'We must not permit them to be hindered in their labour. Not one of their stations must be crippled; not one of their infant churches be neglected. By God's help they *shall* be nourished. Nor will we turn a deaf ear to the cry of other districts. We entertain no shadow of doubt but that this mission-loss will be made up, and, notwithstanding all the pressure of the times, perhaps as speedily as on former occasions. At all events that it is not in the power of any Calcutta house of agency to stay the progress of His Cause, Whose is the silver and gold, friends of our common Christianity will soon demonstrate, to the abundant comfort of our colleagues in India.'

To a trumpet-call so confident the home churches could do no other than respond, and, when the self-denying answers of the station-missionaries were presently published,

men's hearts were stirred, and gifts poured in, and were constantly forwarded, till 'thankfulness and praise rang from one end of the Mission to the other.' Mack could write joyously to Mackintosh on September 18, 1833 :

> 'We are now able to restore all your former salaries. God has supplied all our wants. To-day we have received from England a fourth remittance of £500, and there is every prospect of more. We need fear no longer lack of means for our work. Our most distinguishing necessity is His Spirit to make all our toil effectual for the conversion of men. Unite with us, dear friend, in imploring this blessing.'

And later :

> 'We have received most encouraging letters from friends Anderson, Hope, Gibbs, and Barclay. By them all we are assured of continued support and of their fervent affection. One lady has given £1000, half for the College, and half for the Khasis. When we see the hearts of God's people thus at His command, and that He so inclines them to help us, why should we ever doubt Him any more—even if, to keep us dependent upon His grace, we should again be made to pass through straits ? We have not yet learned a proper importunity in respect to our spiritual necessities. His mercy in hearing us for the lesser things should goad us to pray for His Spirit.'

'With one exception the other missionaries discouraged Duff's conclusions,—that Calcutta must be the scene of his principal efforts, and that his method must be different from that of all his predecessors in India. He had left to the last the aged Carey, in order that he might lay his whole case before the man, whose apostolic successor he was to be. Landing at the college ghât one sweltering July day of 1830, the still ruddy Highlander strode up to the flight of steps that leads to the finest modern building in Asia. Turning to the left, he sought the study of Carey in the house "built for angels," said one, so simple is it—where the greatest of missionary scholars was still working for India. There he beheld what seemed to be a little yellow old man in a white jacket, who tottered up to the visitor, of whom he had already often heard, and with outstretched hands solemnly blessed him. A contemporary, soon after, wrote thus of the childlike saint—

"Thou 'rt in our hearts—with tresses thin and grey,
And eye that knew the Book of Life so well,
And brow serene, as thou wert wont to stray
Amidst thy flowers, like Adam ere he fell."

'The result of the conference was a double blessing, for Carey could speak with the influence at once of a scholar, who had created the best college at that time in the country, and of a vernacularist, who had preached to the people for nearly half a century. The young Scotsman left his presence with the approval of the one authority whose opinion was best worth having. The meeting, as Duff himself once described it to us, was the beginning of an era in the history of the Church of India, which the poet and the painter might well symbolize.'

Dr. G. Smith's *Alexander Duff*, i. 105.

XXX. THE SATISFIED YEARS

'He forgiveth all thine iniquities;
He healeth all thy diseases;
He redeemeth thy life from destruction;
He crowneth thee with lovingkindness;
He satisfieth *thy years* with good.'

'We next went to visit the good patriarch, whose home is close to the college. He gave us a hearty welcome, and showed us his extensive library, and collections of natural curiosities. After dinner at Dr. Marshman's, we took an affectionate farewell of our kind friends, scarcely conscious that our acquaintance was but that of a day. Their names had been known, loved and associated with all my ideas of missions and India since my early childhood.'

Mrs. J. T. Jones, American Baptist Missionary,
on her way to Burmah, January 1831.

'In the evening we walked in the celebrated garden of Dr. Carey, and, whilst there, we witnessed the arrival of a Burmese ambassador, who came to visit the Danish Governor and Dr. Carey. His whole suite accompanied him, and, as they also walked about the garden, I had an opportunity of observing them. Two servants bore golden umbrellas before the ambassador; another carried a small vessel with betel nuts and other spices in gold cups, of which he partook almost constantly. There were some ladies with them, who smoked cigars as well as the men; their features were plain, resembling the Chinese. After a while we met the venerable Doctor himself, who was "leaning on his staff," like the patriarch Jacob. This valiant soldier of Christ, who has so faithfully borne the burden and heat of the day, looks forward with cheerful hope to the rest awaiting him at the call of his Lord. I enjoyed an hour's conversation with him. He spoke to me with gratitude of the great moral change which he had witnessed during his residence in India, both among Europeans and Indians. I afterwards accompanied him back to his house. I then visited the village (Jannagar) where the native Christians live, and made acquaintance with them, and saw their chapel. I spent the evening at Mr. Mack's, saw Mr. Leechman, and left the next morning, exceedingly refreshed.' J. J. Weitbrecht (C.M.S.) 1833. (He was 31.)

'I am now in the Hooghly going to Serampore. I shall be very thankful to get my prejudices against this station removed. May God prepare my heart not to expect too much from man, but to be very thankful for all that I see that is according to His Will. The banks of the Hooghly near Serampore are very beautiful, the houses very handsome, the verdant lawns shaded by magnificent trees.

'I have just seen Dr. Carey, who is sinking into the grave, after more than forty years' Indian service, leaving the world, as to temporal things, as poor as when he entered it.

'Never, I think, were men more overwhelmingly belied than these: not, perhaps, that they have done all things well, but they are certainly as far

above those who censure them as the blue vault of heaven is above the clouds.' ANTHONY M. GROVES (C.M.S.) 1834. (He was 39.)

'At this time I paid my last visit. He was seated near his desk in the study, dressed in his usual neat attire. His eyes were closed, and his hands clasped together. On his desk was the proof-sheet of the last chapter of the Bengali New Testament, which he had revised a few days before. His appearance, as he sat there, with his few white locks and his placid colourless face, filled me with a kind of awe; for he seemed as one listening to his Master's summons, and as ready to go. I sat there for about half an hour, without a word, for I feared to break that silence, and to call back to earth the spirit that seemed almost in heaven. At last, however, I spoke, and well do I remember the very words that passed between us. I said, "Dear friend, you seem to be standing on the very border of the Eternal; do not think it wrong, then, that I ask your thoughts and feelings." The question roused him, and, opening his eyes, he earnestly answered, "I know in Whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. But when I think that I am about to appear in God's holy Presence, and I remember all my sins, I tremble." He could say no more. The tears trickled down his cheeks, and he relapsed into the silence from which I had aroused him.' GEO. GOGERLY, *The Pioneers*.

'A stick, once fire from end to end;
Now ashes, save the tip that holds a spark!
Yet, blow the spark, it runs back, spreads itself
A little where the fire was.'

R. B., *A Death in the Desert*.

'On one of the last occasions on which Duff saw him—if not the very last—he spent some time talking, chiefly about Carey's missionary-life, till at length the dying man whispered *Pray*. Duff knelt and prayed and said good-bye. As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and, turning, he found himself recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey,—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot.' CULROSS, *Carey*, p. 210.

'"Speak, speak of Christ, and not of me," he thus
Drove adulation from his dying ear,
Then passed; yet to us ever-luminous
His star-like memory dear.'

GEO. J. COSTER.

'How fervently and fearlessly Duff did preach the Saviour, the late Rai Bahadur D. L. Chandra of Entally made me see. When I asked him what constrained him to Christ, he startled me with his answer, "The bigotry of Dr. Duff." Then he explained how in his student days, when he was strongly drawn to unite himself with schools of Neo-Hinduism, it was Duff's insistent challenge of those these worshipped as pure creatures of the imagination, and his thrusting them back on the actuality of the divine-human Christ, that set his feet upon Truth's rock. He has often told me that Duff could teach nothing, not even mathematics and logic, without making these an avenue to Christ.' S. P. C.

'I was a private pupil of John Mack's at Serampore for about three years, and attended the College classes. John Mack lived at the south end of the College house, Dr. Carey at the north end. I remember old Dr. C. very well. He was very fond of me. I dined with him once a week, and had a standing invitation to tea at any time. The portrait of him with his pundit is just like them both, as I have often seen them sitting at work. The College windows overlooked Dr. C.'s study, and that is just how they used to sit. I saw the meeting between C. and Duff. The latter came up the steps and they embraced each other. I heard C.'s lectures on botany. He would go first into the garden and pluck some leaves and flowers, and bring them to the class-room. He spoke quietly, but without hesitation, and very interestingly. His notes were on a slip of paper about three inches wide. Some fifteen of us would listen and take notes. Outsiders, also, were often present. He would tell us many anecdotes of his Mudnabati years. He struck us as being of a very retiring disposition—devoted to study, whilst Dr. Marshman was more a man of the world. Dr. M. was a marvel. He could tell you the contemporaries of every king of any country you might name, and all about them. At prayers, Dr. Carey would read a chapter, emphasizing important parts with a sharp drop of the forefinger of the right hand—its whole length—on to the book or the table.

'His wife was devoted to him and looked after his every want. Every morning he took his walk in the garden (near the big tank), his hands clasped behind him, and engaged in audible prayer. This was a habit, only interrupted at times, as he bent to examine a flower: then he resumed his onward tread. He was very short. He wore white in the summer and black in the winter. In fact, this change of attire was to us the sign that the season had changed. He always wore gaiters and stockings. Latterly, he had to be wheeled about the garden. A story was current amongst us students—which I, however, am inclined to discredit—that a young scamp, named Paton, thought to please him by dropping on his knees and feigning prayer, when he saw him approaching on the garden-walk. Carey, twigging his hypocrisy, pressed the lobes of his ear between two pebbles, and said, "There now, I hope you'll remember this." Many of us went into the room where he lay dead, to have a last look. I remember distinctly noticing that a line of red ants had climbed up the wall, entered the bed, and begun to attack the body.'

J. H. Reilly, retired Chief of the Detective Department,
in talk with my brother, May 17, 1892, at 75.

(Touching the above Paton story, a John Sircar of Barisal, one of Carey's students, assured my brother that it was most believable of the Doctor, as he knew him, and as he vividly remembered him.)

CHAPTER XXX

THE SATISFIED YEARS

1830-1834

June 9, 1834

Had Dr. Marshman, on return in 1829 from his three and a half years' strenuous furlough, been struck by how Carey had weakened and aged in his absence, it would not have been strange—considering the years' griefs and pressures. Yet this was his contrary impression :

> ' Though soon to enter on his seventieth year, he is as cheerful and happy as the day is long. He rides out four or five miles every morning, reaching home by sunrise ; goes on with his work of translation day by day ; gives two Divinity lectures and a Natural History one every week in the College, and takes his turn at preaching both in Bengali and English. I met with few friends in England near their seventieth year so lively, so free from the infirmities of age, so interesting in the pulpit, *so completely conversable as he.*'

Moreover, although in his last three years much shaken by fevers, and twice by what looked like paralytic strokes, he would surprisingly rally. Says J. C. Marshman in February 1832 :

> ' Were Dr. C. not beyond 70, I should say he was quite well. His improved health has brought back his fine flow of spirits, making him again, what Lady Hastings emphatically called him, " the cheerful old man." '

In that September he said of himself to Jabez :

> ' I am exceedingly emaciated. This does not appear particularly in my face, but is so great in all other parts that my clothes hang about me like bags.'

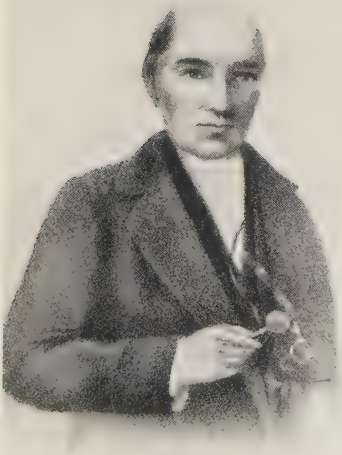
But he found it easy to be cheerful ; for, as he himself said, he had ' scarcely a wish ungratified.'

Touching the translations, for instance. He had written

to Anderson in 1831, 'It appears to me that I have still two or three years' work to do, particularly in putting my last corrections to my Bengali and Sanskrit versions of the Bible.' He had told his sisters that 'there was scarcely anything for which he so desired to live a little longer as for the completion of his Bengali revision.' By March 1832 he could say, 'Proof-sheets of 2 Cor. xii. and Eph. iii. lie before me. I thank God and take courage.' 'Our beloved Dr. C.,' writes a colleague, 'is wonderfully vigorous, and rallies amazingly after an attack. With great joy he sees the rapidly approaching completion of the Bengali revision.' And in June 1832 Carey writes: 'God has graciously preserved me to bring the last edition of the Bengali Scriptures through the press. The last sheet was ordered to be printed last week. I have done all in my power to make it correct.' Dr. Howells says that 'in the judgment of many this final version of Carey's has not been surpassed in simplicity of style and correctness of idiom.' At Mack's ordination to the Serampore co-pastorate with Marshman and himself, Carey took its first copy into the pulpit, and, having used it, made the swan-song of Simeon his own. Like the Venerable Bede, he felt that his life-work was finished.

Not quite, however. For an urgent task claimed him—the drawing up with the Marshmans, father and son, of the 'unalterable Statutes of the College,' as required by its Charter, and on the character of which its whole future would depend. The document is confessedly one of 'Serampore's' noblest, the elders' fitting legacy. Its chief ordainments speak for themselves. 'Since learning and piety are the monopoly of no single denomination, one member of the Council of five may be other than a Baptist,—a provision which has made possible all the recent symphonious inter-church co-operation. All degrees, considering India's poverty, shall be free of charge to their winners. No oaths shall be administered to any—Carey having all his Christian life coincided in this with the Friends, to his occasional but never regretted disadvantage. Marriage (early in India) shall bar no position in the College, from that of "The Master" to that of the humblest servant. Members of the Council may be chosen from any in India, Europe or America, of the due learning, piety or talent.

ALEXANDER DUFF



EUSTACE CAREY

DR. YATES

No caste, colour, country nor creed shall disqualify any from the classes. The College councillors and professors must be true believers in Christ's divinity and atonement, and must vacate their office, if they so change their views as to be constrained to oppose these. Only this change must be proven from their writings or teachings, and its evidence be published to the Christian world: no slander to be sanctioned.'

But catholic Statutes would need right-minded administrators. How completely the Seniors could rest in those who were succeeding them,—especially in the three Johns—Mack, Marshman, and Leechman! John Mack made an ideal comrade—fresh from Edinburgh University and 'Bristol,' with his classic and scientific acquirements, his sound sense, his influence over the young, his power of utterance, and his love of the Indian Christians. 'I never envy the favourite minister of the best and largest congregation in Britain, when I am preaching in Jannagar.' John C. Marshman was confessed as outstandingly gifted and devoted. John Leechman of Glasgow University was of masculine intellect and apostolic soul. Into hands so capable the elders could entrust the future without a care. The more, as they now were joined by Robinson, who, back from faithful work in Java, was the pastor of 'Lall Bazar.' In the Schism and the Disruption he had taken his own independent line, and at length published in Britain a defence of the Seniors. Now he identified himself with 'Serampore,' and became one of Carey's most prized coadjutors.

Then, beyond their own Baptist borders, Duff proved what new leadership had arrived for India out of God's bounteous Will—his vision and mission differing from Carey's—Duff, the enthusiastic anglicist, Carey, the vernacularist—but 'we love him,' wrote Marshman, 'as though he were one of ourselves.'

In a first home-letter Leechman writes, 'I arrived at *this lively place* on November 24, 1832, and bless God daily for bringing me hither.' And 'a lively place' it was with the Preparatory High School and the College students now added to the Marshmans' boarders. When Carey led the weekly Service meant specially for these, 'he would set the

time, spite of his seventy years, and stamp energetically with his foot at the start of the singings.' One evening the High School asked leave to sing a hymn of their own composing, to the Seniors' delight.

The theological men of the College were the elders' pride and joy;—Mackintosh, son of their loved colleague in Allahabad, 'a budding tutor, with his fine capacity for clear thinking and research'; Carey Barclay, son of the Irvine manse, showing exceptional promise; Panchu Gopal, a grandson of Krishna Pal, brilliant in Sanskrit: and all the men fervidly missionary, flocking on Sundays to Jannagar, or elsewhere, to preach the Good Tidings. John Marshman tells how, in his last days, Carey more than once pealed forth again his Nottingham challenge: 'Stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; lengthen thy cords; strengthen thy stakes,' calling for volunteers for the outfields. And students of fine spirit responded, largely ready to maintain themselves,—as Carey wished—whilst they served the gospel of Christ; Smylie, in Dinajpur, winning the grateful confidence of the people for miles round as much by his mechanical genius as by his message; Smith and Jones, conducting the first modern schools in Barisal and in Rungpur, of which two Christian judge-friends of Carey's had borne the cost; Greenway, esteemed as highly in Cawnpore as a man of business as an ambassador of Christ; Rae, exchanging the Assam Superintendency of Public Works for a missionary's calling, and soon, as Mack said, 'stretching his limbs there, with nine Garos and three Khasi princes under Christian instruction'; Rowe and Lish, to Carey's especial joy, settling in Chirrapoonji in the midst of the Khasis. At the ordinations of most of these he, their white-haired elder, gave the charge, bidding them 'be sober, be vigilant,' 'turn men from darkness to light,' 'occupy till Christ came,' and 'make full proof of their ministry,' or, as he rendered it, 'put their ministry to the test in every way and by every means, seeing and showing what it could do.' By the year of his death they had further-flung strategic mission-centres than ever, stretching from Delhi to Akyab, manned by fifty workers, of whom half were pure Indian.

One afternoon, over the teacups, in the Society's fortieth

year, Carey talked to Marshman of 'his earliest thoughts about missions, and of how God had sustained these within him, even when Fuller had been unable to embrace them, and Senior Ryland had denounced them as unscriptural. They communed of how different India would have been, had these thoughts and yearnings been stifled.' They contrasted the Indian Administration they had both first known —suspicious of missions, refusing them countenance, and forbidding them outright—with the India of that day—the Governor-General and his lady their personal warm friends; Governors like Sir Stamford Raffles of Sumatra, 'Residents' like Byam Martin of Indore, Supreme Councillors like Bayley and Sir Charles Metcalfe, Commissioners like David Scott of Assam, Judges like Garrett of Barisal, and Captains like Gowan of Delhi, not only friendly towards their purpose but seeking their aid. The stone which the builders rejected had become again the head of the corner.

It gladdened them, too, to have lived to see the colour-bar removed from India's civil and military service; and, on the other hand, Europeans, equally with Indians, granted permanent leases at easy rentals in the Sundarbans. They immediately secured many hundreds of acres there, and, by the energy of young Rabeholm, their Barripore colleague, got them cleared and the tanks dug, with the Rs. 10,000 of the Grants' and Bryant's legacies. Then they sublet the plots to ryots on reasonable terms, especially to the Christians of a dozen villages there, to free them from oppressive zemindars, and to provide an endowment fund for the College—this latter an unspeakable satisfaction to Carey.

But the Mission's future depended, as they had learned at such cost, not alone on the Indian resources and conditions, but on the spirit of the home base, and, above all, on the quality of its leadership. Touching this, they had happiest assurings. Anderson and Hope, 'Serampore's' home secretary and treasurer, had proved themselves captains of the first rank, successors indeed of Pearce, Fawcett and Fuller. Fuller himself had, years before his death, marked out this Christopher Anderson as the fittest next leader. If his nomination had not been overborne at Fuller's passing, the Mission would have been saved immeasurable hurt. The Schism would have been improbable, the

Disruption impossible. He had all Fuller's strength of brain, heart and will, was another of God's giants, 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' His policy was not to keep down the field-expenses at the risk of starving the work and depressing the workers, but to keep up the churches' enthusiasm, and to trust them for the heroic. His letters to the Indian Staff were never formal, never those of a Secretary of State, but the grappling of men's hearts to his own by a most individual sympathy. Take the following, for instance:

'My beloved Mackintosh,

'How often I have gazed, on my large map of India, at Allahabad, and thought of you, I cannot tell. But in view of the close and endearing bond by which you and I are now united, I know that I have frequently purposed in my heart to sit down and write to you; indeed, to you all. For the truth is that, familiar as I now am with most of the Eastern countries, so far as the best maps and books can make me, I find it easy to rove in imagination from Delhi to Arakan, going to every station in succession, and not only associating with them each your well-known names, but entering in some small measure into your various trials or disappointments, sorrows and joys The loss of your dear daughter was felt by me with all the tenderness of a brother's sympathy. This you will fully believe, when I tell you that such things have befallen me, and to no common extent. A beloved wife and *five* beloved children I have laid in the grave, and amongst these a son, who, though young, yearned to become a missionary; and since then, I have been left alone. But it is well, I can *now* say, and all as it ought to be. They are safe every one, with your own child. My relief is in *work*, in plunging into efforts on behalf of that Cause which can never die; and such, I trust, my dear friend, will continue to be your relief. Mercies you have still. You have a son (Samuel, "the budding tutor" at "Serampore") whose voice and example will be of use and value, I trust, long after we have joined the Song of Moses and the Lamb.

The accompanying appeal is another effort to rouse our churches. You have as much need to pray for us as we for you. At a leisure moment if you were to send me a few lines, it might serve the common Cause. Do try and I will write to you. Remember me very affectionately to Sertul Das. Tell him there is none like the Master, no service like His.

'Christopher Anderson.'

Men felt their work-power trebled under a chief like this. The churches' bounteous response to this Greatheart's

appeal kept reaching 'Serampore' in Carey's last months and weeks. 'His colleagues valued the liberal gifts on no account more than for their effect upon him.' Mack would read to him, as he was able to bear them, the affectionate letters: he would rally from even his extreme prostrations, and would bestir himself to exult that the stations were once more debt-free. He would beg to be taken to his desk, long after this was possible, that he might write to the home-folk. Thankfulness to God and to the loyal home-friends were his last emotions and delights,—as Leechman put it, 'the last chord that vibrated in his heart was gratitude to God and to His people.'

Another mercy, through his last months, uplifted his soul. Dr. Wallich, of whom the next chapter will tell much, read him a letter which he had received from London in September 1833, reporting that 'the Cabinet meant to free trade with India, and *to emancipate the West Indian slaves*.' 'This latter news,' says J. C. Marshman, 'has rejoiced us all, but especially Carey. For many years, in his every prayer, he has been pleading for the destruction of slavery. In no public question has he taken a deeper interest. When the particulars of the measure were named to him, with tears in his eyes he thanked God, though in some points it falls short of his benevolent wishes. He proposed that for one month we should give special thanksgiving to God in all our meetings—a proposition with which we cheerfully complied.' And whilst the subject was hot in the public mind, they issued to all their stations this questionary:

> 'We are anxious to call public attention to the subject of *Slavery in India*, and shall greatly value any information you can send us from your part of the country. By whom are the slaves chiefly held, by Hindus or Mohammedans? By what means are they obtained, and for what purposes—domestic, agricultural, or for prostitution? Trustworthy answers to such questions will be a work of mercy.'

Another event excited them in 1833—*steamboats* bringing news from London to Calcutta, via Egypt, in sixty-four days!! 'We here,' they wrote, 'know all that has been going on at home up to the beginning of February: yet it is only April 24.'

Carey was blest in his last months and weeks with the

presence of his three surviving sons,—William and Jabez, from Katwa and Rajputana, still faithful missionaries, and Jonathan, a Supreme Court attorney, but also Indian financier of the ' Serampore ' Mission—widowed, alas ! after brief wedded happiness with the daughter of Samuel Pearce. Jabez had a good story for his father. On his way down from Ajmere, his boat had been capsized by the ' bore ' up the Hooghly, almost within sight of Serampore. No lives had been lost ; but, when they had reached the eastern bank, and the boat had been righted, he had feared to trust himself again to his boatmen from the north, inexperienced in the Hooghly, so sought local rowers, who should take him across to Serampore. The exorbitant fare they demanded he refused, and moved away. Presently, on learning that the sahib was a son of Carey, they asked to be allowed to row him free of charge.

Well might Carey say that he had ' scarcely a wish ungratified.' His Bengali Bible once more re-edited and revised—for the third time the Old Testament, and for the eighth the New ; the College Statutes fixed, accordant with his convictions and desire ; Juniors of the finest mind and spirit at hand to fill the elders' places ; their schools and College answering their best expectations ; their stations never before so numerous nor far-stretched ; a young missionary statesman emerging beyond their own ranks ; the Indian Administration sympathetic and co-operative ; an endowment for the College inaugurated ; the Serampore home captains brave, and their supporters in the churches bounteous ; Britain's trade with India to be freed, and her West Indian slaves to be emancipated ; West and East being brought into more rapid interrelation ; his own sons with him, two with honourable missionary records, and the third the Mission's treasurer ! Surely, his years were satisfied with good.

He was too physically exhausted for spiritual ecstasy in the last Valley. In June 1832, at the burial of Mrs. Ward, he had spoken ' with much feeling and elevation of the holy happiness of the redeemed,' as one who almost anticipated their blessedness. But in his own last weeks there were ' neither raptures nor fears,' but, what more accorded with his life's steadfast evenness, a tranquil trust in his crucified

Charlotte Carey's Tomb. He himself is buried within

The Inscription on the Tablet.

and glorified Saviour. He rested his sin-stained soul (as at the several earlier times, when he thought he had come to his crossing) on his atoning Redeemer, and testified with thankfulness that there he, as ever, found his peace.

> 'A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
> On Thy kind arms I fall.'

Not wretched, however, in the safe warmth of those Arms!

He instructed that this couplet of his beloved Watts, 'and nothing more,' should be added, when his name and dates were inscribed on his wife Charlotte's monument in the 'Serampore' God's rood. 'The eternal gates,' says Culross, 'were opened for him at sunrise on June 9, 1834 (within two months of his being seventy-three). About eighteen hours before, Marshman, his companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, knelt and prayed with a full heart beside him, blessing God for the goodness of Carey's more than forty Indian years. When he concluded, Mrs. Carey (who for twelve years had been everything that was wifely and gentle) asked, "Do you know, dear, who is praying with you?" "Yes, I do," Carey whispered, and pressed his beloved friend's hand. Thus they parted at eventide, to be divided only for a little season (three and a half years). Before Marshman's return, he had passed within the veil.'

> 'And now,' wrote Leechman to 'Serampore's' friends in England, 'what shall we do? God has taken up our Elijah to heaven,—He has taken our master from our head to-day. But we must not be discouraged. The God of missions lives for ever. His Cause must go on. The gates of death, the removal of the most eminent, will not impede its progress, nor prevent its success. Come: we have something else to do than mourn and be dispirited. With our departed leader all is well. He has finished his course gloriously. But the work now descends on us. Oh, for a double portion of the divine Spirit!'

'The man who did so much for India, in agriculture, horticulture and education: who, as professor, helped to train some of our noblest administrators, and, as translator of Scripture, removed more difficulties out of the way of his successors than any other man of modern times; who led the Protestant nations into the heathen world, and anticipated and successfully adopted all missionary methods,—this man, whose varied greatness as philanthropist, scholar, missionary and saint is likely to become conspicuous in proportion as his age recedes, died as humble as a little child, having all his life conceived and steadily pursued aims far greater than Alexander, and probably as varied and beneficent as the aims of any man of whom we read in modern times.' SAMUEL VINCENT.

'At the time of my parting, wish me good luck, my friends! The sky will be flushed with the dawn, and my path lie beautiful.

'Ask not what I have with me to take there. I start on my journey with empty hands and expectant heart.

'I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not the red-brown dress of the traveller, and, though there are dangers on the way, I have no fear.' TAGORE, *Gitanjali*, 95.

'To me the old graveyard of the Baptist Mission was a very moving place. Here are the monuments in the old Anglo-Indian style, of brick and plaster, set up for Carey, Marshman, and Ward—the great pioneers. No, not for Carey; for he would not have one. There is one for his wife, and on its side is a mere tablet recording that he lies beside it—and the two lines that he chose from an old hymn, little used now:

"A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

The phrasing is that of eighteenth-century hymnology; the thought is Pauline—as the man was. Decay soon touches everything the builder does in Bengal; everything looks old and shabby very soon in a land where there is no stone; and rain and sun and the seeds of plants rack plaster to pieces. But that graveyard surely ranks with Sarnath as one of the holiest places in Asia, east of Jordan; and one hopes that Nature will never be allowed a complete victory over it.' T. R. GLOVER.

'When Carey went out to India to seek its conversion to Christ, many a man of the world felt that he might just as well walk up to the Himalayas, and order them to be removed and cast into the sea. Carey did walk up to the mountain, lonely and weak, and, though it seemed far above all power to be shaken, he did say, "Be thou removed, removed," and the world looked on and laughed. But he went on saying it, and one joined him and another, and the voice grew stronger, and was repeated in many languages; and now it is a considerable company that is uttering the word "Be thou removed, and cast into the sea." "But you have not yet got it into the sea?" "No, but it has been removed. It has stirred. No one can say that it is where it was, when Carey first went up to it."'

WM. ARTHUR of '*The Tongue of Fire*,' 1855.

'The record of the work done by the Serampore missionaries reads like an Eastern romance. They created a prose vernacular literature for

Bengal; they established the modern method of popular education; they founded the present Protestant North Indian Church. They gave the first impulse to the native press. They set up the first steam-engine in India: with its help they introduced the modern manufacture of paper on a large scale. They translated and printed the Bible, or parts thereof into thirty-one (nay, more) languages, earning the main part of their funds with their own hands. They built a College, which still ranks amongst the most splendid educational edifices in India. As one contemplates its magnificent pillared façade, overlooking the broad Hooghly, or mounts its staircase, one is lost in admiration of the faith of the three men, who dared to build on such a scale. If the memory of a great work and of noble souls can hallow any spot, then this earth contains no truer Campo Santo than the Serampore graveyard.'

Sir W. W. Hunter, before the Society of Arts, 1888.

XXXI. THE GARDEN GROWER

"'I want to make another garden."

"How large will you make it, sir?"

"The garden will be about ten bigahs—half kitchen-garden and half orchard and flowers."

"That will be very large, and will never be managed without ten or twelve gardeners."

"Well, I will give people. What else do you want?"

"Spades, hatchets, billhooks, spuds, weeding-knives, sickles, lines and baskets. I want all these."

"Look here. Make beds here from one end to the other, and sow sorrel, cresses, carrots, cabbages, turnips, fennel, beets, radishes and what else you can get."

"Very well. Plenty of these seeds can be obtained. But will you not sow gourds, cucumbers, kidney beans or any such thing?"

"Yes, but their runners spread so far: where can we get room?"

"There is plenty of room. I will make a stage here for them."

"Why is the garden so foul? Why don't you weed more?"

"Sir, there is so much work. We are so constantly employed planting fruit-trees, that I have no leisure."

"But I cannot bear to see so many weeds."'

CAREY'S *Bengali Colloquies.*

'He loved the flowers that of far England told—
He, student of all trees and flowers; now he
Is pure to us as lily, tongued with gold,
Fragrant as cedar-tree.' G. J. COSTER.

'Many plants to be found in Bengal to-day came of seeds first bird-borne or wind-sown from Carey's garden.' Prof. BRUHL, Calcutta University.

'A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine. T. E. BROWN.

'No person can be more passionately fond of natural history than Dr. Carey. His aviary contains many birds never described nor named, till he possessed them. He has a pretty good collection of minerals and shells. His botanic garden is large, with four tanks of water, some of them, perhaps, 150 ft. sq. The principal one is opposite the garden gate, and we descend into it by a wide flight of steps. It is overshadowed by some noble trees, which in bloom make a delightful appearance. Here we now baptize.' LAWSON to JNO. DYER, Dec. 5, 1814.

'Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only.' MILTON, *Of Education.*

CHAPTER XXXI

THE GARDEN GROWER

To know and grow plants was with Carey a vocation and a passion. He was not a man of one Book but of two. Two Bibles he studied and wrought with—the Word of God and the Works of God. The Scriptures were divine seed he loved to be the first to bring to India's many peoples, to sow in their hearts as a richer embodying of Grace and Truth than their Shastras, Grantha or Koran. Scarcely less keenly he sought and brought to them the seeds of finer flowers and cereals, roots and fruits than they were acquainted with, and taught them to grow and develop these for their service and delight. His mission-work and his horticulture were twin expressions of one aim—to enrich men with God's loveliest and best.

Of course, it meant the most persevering attention. 'A man must be in the habit,' he says, 'of constantly examining fields, woods, and receptacles of water. He must observe and care for all plants, not simply those in flower. Plants he cannot remove at once he must set a sign by and fetch later, letting no opportunity escape.' But he had trained himself to this from boyhood. 'I have always,' he told Fuller, 'had a strong turn for natural history, and especially for botany, and know nothing fitter to relax the mind after close application.'

In his first Mudnabati letter, as we remember, he sent home 'for instruments of husbandry, and a yearly assortment of all garden and flowering seeds, and also of fruit, field and forest trees, for the lasting advantage of what I now call my own country.' Also, now that he could afford them, for Curtis's monthly *Botanical Magazine*, scarcely exceeded to-day in the truthful glory of its colour-prints.

Very early in these Mudnabati years he corresponds with Roxburgh, and they reciprocate gifts. He sends him, after

his second excursion to Bhutan, twenty-four plant-kinds, including a new species of sal-tree, which Roxburgh called 'Careya.' He reports the hyacinths, narcissi, irises, amaryllids and tulips he has growing from his first English consignments. He begs seeds of nutmeg, coffee and cloves. 'My land is poor, but I am preparing special soil for them.' (The rotted stalks from the indigo-vats made the best of manurings.) He asks the exact botanic names of 117 plants, and gives their Bengali ones. 'I am ashamed of so large a request, but botanists are communicative.' He offers him samples of all, save one. He will try to get him the species of madder he solicits. Later, he sends him forty other plant-kinds and fruits, among which are a cheeralo, from the only such tree near Mudnabati; a very bitter febrifuge; a sort of Venus's looking-glass; yams from Bhutan; a fruit that intoxicates fish, and a very lovely convolvulus. He begs twenty special plant-kinds, and again asks the botanical names of many pressed specimens he forwards. Alas! a third of Roxburgh's recent gifts had perished on the long river-voyage, and birds had since destroyed the black pepper. He tells of success with Patna wheat, less dark than the local, and has interested several Europeans in the culture of Roxburgh's nutmegs, all open sowing of which has failed: he has now some thriving in boxes of earth and sharp sand under a jack-tree. When constrained to consent to remove to Serampore, he writes of the pleasure he will find in being near to him and the 'Botanic': 'I have a thousand questions to ask.' Amongst the many treasures he takes him are 'a natural bark that looks burnt,' and a rare fruit from a fearsome jungle.

The most valuable of his letters to Roxburgh contains a list of the 427 species of plants he has growing in his new Serampore garden in June 1800, within six months of his getting there, although those months must have been thronged with a thousand and one other urgencies. Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, the Superintendent of Calcutta's 'Botanic,' assures me that this plant-wealth would have been impossible in a period so brief, unless many had been brought from another rich garden. Carey had brought them, of course, from Mudnabati, from his garden which had astonished Ward, and which he had described as 'the best

private one in Bengal.' Carey sends the list to Roxburgh in no boasting, but that he may select thence any he desires. He at the same time solicits 66 other species. 'My desires are unbounded. I cannot expect half, but shall be grateful for any, especially the lilaceous tribes, next to fruit-trees and plants of utility.' He thanks him for the Cape seeds, and for mesembryanthemums and geraniums, which adorn his verandah. 'I suffer none to water them but myself.' He will try to get him 'mimosa bracheata,' though he has seen none near Serampore. 'The Grewa fruit is so eagerly plucked and eaten by the cowherds near Mudnabati that it will be difficult to procure it thence.' 'How are your tea-plants, Cape apples, and cherries? I have a fine nectarine, from which I mean to inoculate, as soon as my stocks allow, and I will send you some.' He tells of success with the Cape seeds, and of new plant-gifts from Bhutan, and from the Sundarbans, which Roxburgh shall share. 'I have inoculated the finest peach, I think, in India, and the best Malda mango. You shall have some.' 'Milch cows yielding one seer of milk a day cost Rs. 4; two seers, Rs. 8; three seers, Rs. 12.' He answers his queries about 'catechu' and the prospects of jute-growing in the Dinajpur and South Purneah Districts. A little jute is already grown there for tobacco, not for hemp. 'It would thrive in the rich valleys of the Rajmahals. I have some twelve feet high in Serampore.' 'It has been more difficult than I expected to get the cows. I wish to see for myself their yield of milk!'

A little later in an illustrated paper before the Asiatic Society on the agriculture of Dinajpur, he describes the district's soils and modes of tillage, and the remediable poorness of its cereals and of its roots and fruits and stock. He makes the earliest known plea in India for forestation, and Smith says 'his own park at Serampore was a practical model of what could be done in this line.'

He often distressed his colleagues by working in his garden with only a straw hat to protect his head from the heat, and Marshman got Roxburgh to remonstrate with him for this folly, but he only answered with a teasing evasion, 'What does Marshman know about a garden? He only appreciates it, as an ox does grass?'

Whilst Roxburgh was in England in shattered health, Carey edited and published his friend's *Hortus Bengalensis*, and after his death, his *Flora Indica* in three volumes, saving for Roxburgh's name and for the scientific world the wealthy harvest of his lifelong labour. Roxburgh had added to the 'Botanic' 2200 species, besides more than 800 species of trees. For 80 of these he acknowledges his debt to Carey, and for a further 30 to Felix. In his introduction to this *Hortus Bengalensis* Carey shows how vain even to cultured Indians seemed all this botanic ardour, numbering, as they did, only 500 plants in their fullest 'Materia Medica,' nor ever conceiving the possible experimental improvings of cereals, herbs, vegetables, fruits, spices, dyes, drugs and timbers—to say nothing of the science's pure intellectual and aesthetic satisfactions. Carey's interleaved copy of the *Hortus Bengalensis*, kept up to date almost to his life's end, is in the B.M.S. Library. How the publication of the *Flora Indica* stimulated the experts, the following from the superintendent of the Liverpool 'Botanic' illustrates: 'Although we consider ourselves rich in scitaminaceous plants, so that we believe our collection surpasses all others in Europe, yet from the *Flora Indica*, which our kind friend Dr. Carey has sent us, we see we are considerably short. We, therefore, beg your further favours.' 'We have packed all the accompanying seeds,' he adds, 'in peat earth, as Dr. Carey advises.'

To every possible helper Carey would send his entreatings. To his home-folk, of course, first. Nor did they fail to make response. His nephew Jesse writes, 'I am sending the seeds from Cottesbrook. They appear to me a poor collection—not much more than what we call weeds. But you ask for them.' 'Hannah (14) and Carey (8) have gone to Pury Feast,' writes their Aunt Mary, 'to get you some bluebells, as there are none of that kind here.' (The Pury lanes still grow them.) 'David (17) and Carey have sent you another parcel of seeds. Let us know if they are what you want.' As soon as this David emigrated to South Africa, his uncle rejoiced in a new rich source of supply. William Byfield, a Pury gardener, Carey's 'cuson,' would send 'blubils, kings fingers, jonkils, tilips, snapdragons'—and mahogany saplings. 'Please send word if you want any urbs of any

surt. I try to colect for you all seeds that I think will be yousful.' Mr. Cornfield, too, an old florist-friend of Northampton, would delight him with many a treasure. Through the Hopes of Hope Street, Liverpool, he got into communication with the Hon. W. Herbert of Wetherby, Yorkshire, and many garden-gifts went to and fro. Miss Hope herself sent him 'a liberal enrichment of his cabinet of minerals,' to which he replied with seeds and Amboyna shells. 'I am passionately fond of nature,' he wrote to this 'much-esteemed friend,' and 'relax my mind from pursuits of a more laborious kind by attending thereto. My museum and garden are therefore not only sources of pleasure but of health to me, especially as I have gradually contracted habits, which would make any other kind of exercise disagreeable.' He sued the help of every likely correspondent. To Fuller he would write for 'seeds and stones of English fruits, packed in dry sand, to arrive between September and December.' To Sutcliff: 'Do send me a few tulips, daffodils, snowdrops, lilies, etc. Only they must not be put into the hold. Send roots in a net or basket, to be hung up anywhere out of the reach of the salt water. Your cowslips and field daisies will be great acquisitions here.' And again: 'Were you to give a boy a penny a day to gather seeds of cowslips, violets, daisies, crowfoots, etc., and to dig up the roots of bluebells, after they have flowered, you might fill me a box each quarter. My American friends are twenty times more communicative in this respect than my English. Do try to mend a little.' To a friend of one of these he writes, 'Tell Captain Hague not to forget, on his return, his promise to furnish my garden with American flora.' Of William at Sadamahal he begs 'certain red-flowering plants that grow as high as one's knees,' and 'the grasshopper with the saddle on his back, and the bird, whose large crest opens as it settles, and the noisy kite-like khokora, which, I think, is an eagle.' And to Jabez, on the eve of his embarking for Amboyna, he gives these solicitous instructions:

> 'Be sure to send me every possible vegetable production. Plant tubers and bulbs in a box so thickly as to touch one another, or hang them dry in a well-covered basket in an airy part of the ship. Send, if you can, two or three hundred of each sort. I

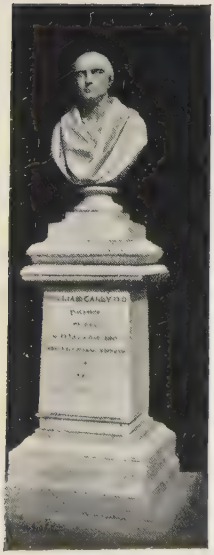
shall be glad of the smallest as well as the largest common plants. Think none insignificant. Plant the small in boxes, and always keep some well-rooted and ready; if too recently planted, they die on the way. Just before despatching them, sow very thickly amongst them seeds of trees, fruits and shrubs, covered with a finger's thickness of fresh soil. They should be watered a little on the voyage. You must often send the same thing, as it will be ten to one that they arrive alive Do send abundant seeds of every sort, perfectly ripe and dry, in named paper packets, in a box or basket, secured from the rats; and, if possible, cite the due soil. Parasitical plants, such as you have seen me tie on trees, need only be stripped where they grow, and hung in baskets in any airy part of the ship, or even at the maintop. All boxes of plants must have strips of wood over them, to keep out the rats. Nothing must be put in the hold.

'Send me as many live birds as possible; also small quadrupeds, monkeys, etc. Beetles, lizards, frogs, serpents may be put in a small keg of rum. I have much confidence in you to add greatly to my stock of natural productions. But you must persevere in both collecting and sending.'

And Jabez did, despatching by almost every opportunity seeds, bulbs, nuts, shells, saplings, curios, etc. We read of his sending cages of brilliant parakeets—'four blackheaded, like the one mother has,' 'two red and black striped,' 'one very uncommon with a blue breast,' and 'one that can almost speak': wild green pigeons, white cockatoos and a black one: birds of paradise, living, and their skins: 'Loo,' a cassowary, 'an old friend,' and cassowary eggs, with flowers cut thereon; a species of kangaroo; boxes of lovely shells,—'two very thin, scarce and elegant': cases and sacks of plants,—'plants from walls and trees,' 'wild plants I have never seen in Bengal,' wild onions and ginger, etc.: sheets of fibre from the inner rind of a tree, used as clothing by the Alfoors and as shrouds for their dead: leaves that would erase writing and smooth wood: Alfoor spears and shields, etc. Once a whole consignment came to grief, all the birds dying on the voyage. 'Never mind,' wrote his father. 'Don't be discouraged. You know you have greatly contributed to my treasures.'

Carey was specially pleased when his Fort William students, or, perhaps, Marshman's Serampore boarders, entered into his hobby and sent him gifts from afar—as Edward Gardiner kept doing from Nepal, and W. B. Martin

'Carey Avenue,' Botanic Garden, Calcutta.



Carey's Bust, Horticultural Gardens, Calcutta.

The Great Tamarind, Serampore College.

from Amboyna, and David Scott from Assam, and several others. 'I have lately received,' he tells Jabez, 'a parcel of seeds from Moore, who, you may remember, was a big boy in Dr. Marshman's school, when the printing office was burnt. They all bid fair to grow. He is in the Malay Islands.' One of his most constant donors was Matthew Smith, the septuagenarian superintendent of the 'Botanic' in Sylhet. We read of gifts of creepers and cowslips (!), plums and plumbago, parasites and polypodia, sages and sassafras, crab-apple stocks for apples and pears, etc. Indeed, from every boatload he despatched to Calcutta's Garden he requested that 'his most worthy friend' at Serampore should have a goodly share. With a wistful eagerness Carey dealt with all arrivals. To Mr. Cooper of Wentworth, Lord Milton's gardener, he writes :

> 'That I might be sure to lose nothing of your valuable present, I shook the bag over a patch of earth in a shady place. On visiting this a few days after, I found springing up to my inexpressible delight a *Bellis Perennis* of our English pastures. I know not that I ever enjoyed, since leaving Europe, a simple pleasure so exquisite as the sight of *this English daisy* afforded me—not having seen one for upwards of thirty years, and never expecting to see one again.'

A similar pleasure he tasted when, from seeds Johns brought him from Olney, a little *wild geranium* flowered.

Once an army of locusts filled his garden. Frail as he was, just convalescing from his worst fever, he fought for his flowers and plants, 'as active in their defence,' said a colleague, 'as a commander in the days of battle.'

Roxburgh's eventual successor in Calcutta's 'Botanic' was young Nathaniel Wallich, Serampore's Danish surgeon, and intensely beloved in the Mission circle. Carey's *more than two hundred letters to him* are unfortunately lost, but are indexed with their dates in Wallich's ledger of his voluminous correspondence. That he held them in particular regard is suggested by their entry always, with scarcely any others, on the left pages of the Index, whilst those of his other world-wide botanic correspondents are listed on the right. Now and then he indicates their purport, especially when personal—'the loss of our little girl,' 'a portrait of Ward,' 'petite Hannah,' 'Bp. Heber,' 'the

death of our child,' 'Lady Amherst's visit to Serampore,' 'C.'s 66th birthday'; and occasionally, when the theme was botanic,—'vegetable fibre for paper,' 'strychnos,' 'capsicums,' 'Indian botanical names,' 'Flora Indica,' 'coffee cultivation,' 'the Plantation Committee.' One is described as 'a most excellent letter.' Doubtless, most were botanic. Wallich gave twenty-two of them, he says, to Dawson Turner of Great Yarmouth, the specialist in British fuci, friend of the Darwins, Wedgwoods, and Hookers, and whose daughter was the mother of the sovereign Hooker. If they have been preserved in this illustrious family-circle, they may even yet see the light.

'For many years,' as Carey told Lady Hastings in 1820, 'the formation of an Agri-horticultural Society for India had occupied a chief place in his mind, but he had always considered himself too unimportant to propose it with effect.' But, under her encouragement, he that year ventured to submit the proposal to a number of city and provincial friends. In this prospectus he laments that 'in one of the finest countries in the world the state of agriculture and horticulture is so abject and degraded, and the people's food so poor, and their comforts so meagre. India seems to have almost everything to learn about the clearing of jungles, the tillage of wastes, the draining of marshes, the banking of river-courses, the irrigation of large areas, the mixing of composts and of manures, the rotation of crops, the betterment of tools and of transport, the breeding of stocks, the culture of new vegetables and herbs, the planting of orchards, the budding, grafting and pruning of fruit-trees, the forestation of timbers. Their only orchards are clumps of mangoes crowded together without judgment. The recent introduction of the potato and the strawberry suggests what might be done. Many British farms have quadrupled their produce since the pooling of information and experience through Agricultural Societies.' Thirty-two wrote approving, and promising to join; so he called a meeting in the Calcutta Town Hall that September—a hapless hot month, and the city almost forsaken of its sahibs. Only seven persons attended—Raya Vidyanath Raya and Ram Komal Sen (a Fort William colleague of Carey's), Charles Trower (one of his former students), H. Howell,

H. Wood, Dr. Marshman, and himself. The thing was almost ironic! Yet on the strength of the approving letters they went forward, with Carey as secretary. He trusted 'it would so develop peaceful pursuits as to hasten the beating of men's swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks.' Their trouble was the lack of land for due experiments, but at their second anniversary, the Governor-General, their willing patron, announced that a considerable portion of land just transferred to the 'Botanic' was to be theirs. Of the Plantation Committee then formed Carey had to be first secretary, and to devote to it much labour. A hundred pounds' worth of grafted fruit-trees were secured from England. Experiments were initiated in the culture of coffee and cotton, tobacco and sugar cane and cereals, etc., and prizes were offered for the private growing of these and of other products. Carey's own young gardener, Halidhar, won once the medal and Rs. 40 for his cabbages. Later, in 1827, land in Alipore was leased, and then given, to the Society for horticultural developments, and again the chief direction fell to Carey. The following is part of his letter to the members of his Committee, to incite their further suggestions:

'In all cultivation the command of water is of the first importance, and the common mode of watering being not only very expensive but highly objectionable, on account of the violence with which the water is poured, as also from its neglect in the hottest season of the year and its excess at other times, I recommend a reservoir near the tank, into which water may be pumped up. The bottom of the reservoir should be so raised above the level of the garden that by pukka drains communicating with every part of the ground, water may be conveyed in any required quantity to any part, according to need.

'Manures and composts of various kinds are of the utmost necessity. A plan should, therefore, be made for securing large quantities of cow or other dung, sweepings of Calcutta streets, rotten leaves, scourings of ditches, drains, etc. Nor should burnt clay, lately much recommended, be neglected. All these should be kept ready, variously mixed.

'In this country seedlings need protection in the rainy season, yet should have all the free air possible consistent therewith. Cabbages, cauliflowers, celery, and many other productions must be sown in the rains to secure a crop. The methods hitherto followed are in general unsightly and irregular. I recommend that effectual shelter, so arranged as to be orna-

mental, be provided. Perhaps the frames, which I have been desired to undertake, may answer the purpose.

'The practice of driving nails into walls for the training of fruit-trees is highly objectionable, as it breaks the walls (which should always be plastered) and thereby makes them of disagreeable appearance, and furnishes lodging-places for insects. I, therefore, urge that hooks, or the newly-invented nails of this form ♀, be *built into* the walls in rows eight or nine inches above each other, and a foot asunder in the rows.'

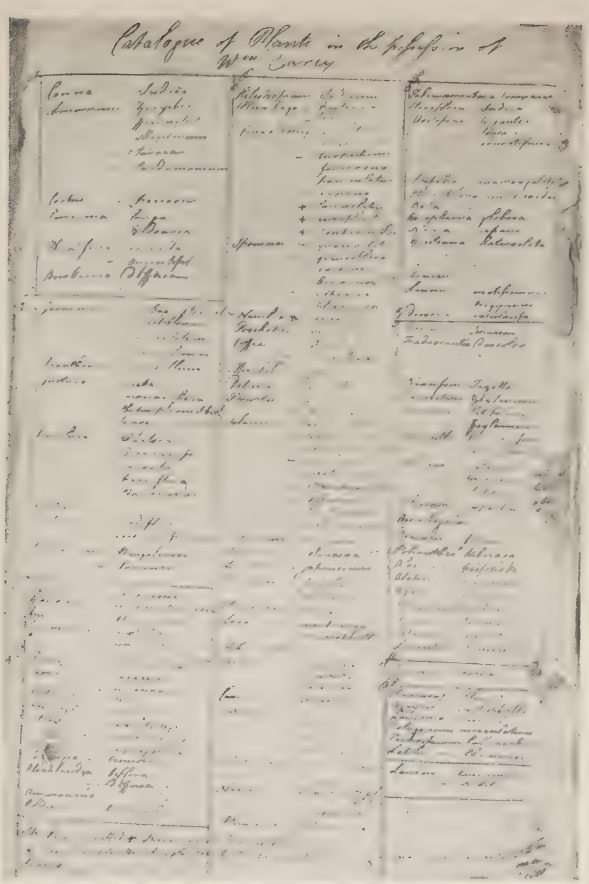
At their third show he could say that they were experimenting with grafts from English apple-trees, from Seville and Mozambique oranges, from the best mulberries and peaches, from Cape figs, Canton litchis, Manilla guavas, and with the choicest pineapples and vines ; also with the growth of arrowroot and celery, tobacco and cotton, etc., and with the pruning of mangoes. Their vegetable-display, he said, would not discredit any climate nor horticulture in the world, though most of the vegetables were a few years back unknown to most Indian gardeners. The Society still renders service through its Belvedere Garden and its annual show.

Of his own Serampore garden his son Jonathan writes :

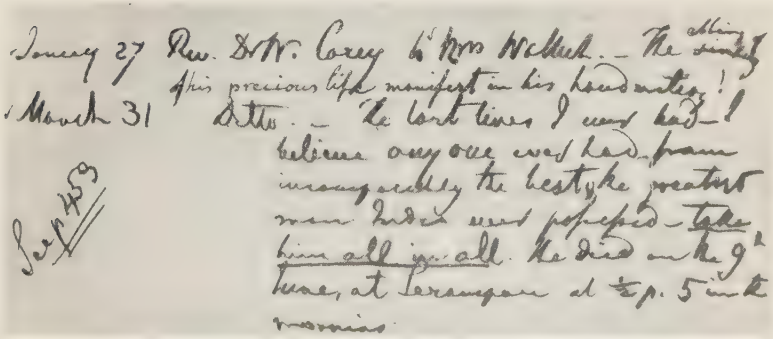
'No one was allowed to interfere in the arrangements of this his favourite retreat ; and it was here he enjoyed his most pleasant moments of secret meditation and devotion. His arrangements were on the Linnaean system, and to disturb a bed or border was to touch the apple of his eye. It formed the best and rarest botanical collection of plants in the East, to whose extension, by his correspondence with eminent persons in Europe and other parts of the world, his attention was constantly directed ; and in return, he supplied his correspondents with rare collections from the East. It was painful to observe with what distress my father quitted this scene of his enjoyments, when extreme weakness, during his last illness, prevented his walking there. Often he was drawn thither in a chair placed on a board with four wheels.

'In order to prevent irregularity in his gardeners' attendance, he was latterly particular in paying their wages with his own hands. When at last confined to the house, he would send for them into the room where he lay, and converse with them about the plants ; and near his couch, against the wall, he placed *the picture of a beautiful shrub*, upon which he gazed with delight.'

The story is doubtless authentic that, not many days before he died, when asked the reason of some apparent distress, he answered, 'Oh, when I 'm gone, Brother Marsh-



A page of Carey's Plant-List of his Serampore garden. June 1800.



Wallich's Letter-Index Entry. His estimate of Carey.

man will let the cows into my garden ! ' But it must have been good-humoured teasing or a passing forgetfulness, for Surgeon Voight, Marshman's son-in-law, had already undertaken its care, and counted the preservation of its order, beauty and wealth a very sacred stewardship, as his *Hortus Suburbanus Calcuttensis* demonstrates. I have talked with an Indian, more than ninety, who used to help Voight in the garden every day.

I close this chapter with the last ' Carey ' entries in Wallich's index to his correspondence, to which I have already made reference—though Carey would protest their fond extravagance :

> ' 1833, *Oct.* 20.—Mrs. Grace Carey, with lock of his hair.
>
> ' 1834, *Jan.* 27.—Carey to Mrs. Wallich—the ebbing of his precious life manifested in his handwriting.
>
> ' 1834, *Mch.* 31.—The last lines I ever had—I believe, any one ever had—from incomparably the best, the greatest man India ever possessed—*take him all in all.*
>
> ' He died on the 9th of June at Serampore, at 5.30 in the morning.'

'His favourite walk in his later years was the avenue from his home past the red-seeded *adenanthera pavonina* (still standing) along behind the college apse and past Marshman's house to the Press.

'A foreman of the Jute Co., a Mr. Ogilvie, has told me that he helped to pull down Ward's paper-mill, and remembers the two large tanks in Carey's garden, surrounded by fine mangoes, and trees believed curative for affections of the heart, and many others, with their metal labels and their Latin names.

'I was angered, on my first visit in 1906, to see the last of Carey's mahoganies prone, to make more room for the jute-mills. Missionary Jarry, however, noting the same felled trunk, had it removed to Berhampore, and turned by his boys there into paper-knives, paper-weights and rulers, which he sold on his next furlough as Carey relics in the interests of his school, and they went like hot cakes.' S. P. C.

Of one of the Amaryllidaceae, which he named 'Careyanum,' the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert wrote in 1843:

'This beautiful Indian plant was brought to light by Dr. Carey, late of Serampore, and I had the pleasure of naming it after one of the best and most indefatigable and amiable of men. I never saw him, but fifteen years' correspondence had accustomed me to look upon him as a dearly-valued friend. His life was devoted to the diffusion of the gospel; horticulture, natural history and botany afforded the brief recreation he allowed himself from his daily toil. His favourite plants were the Amaryllidaceous family, and to him we are indebted for our knowledge of many of them.'

'Dear Dr. Carey,

'Will you accept the following fancy-piece from the hand of a stranger, who could not help writing it after the perusal of a letter from yourself to Mr. Cooper of Wentworth, which casually fell into my hands, and in which you mention with a simplicity that delighted and affected me exceedingly, the beautiful circumstance of a daisy being unexpectedly born in India of English earth transported thither. I have probably wronged your feelings in attempting to imagine what they were at this apparition. I am sure I have not done justice to my own in the imperfect expression of them, whilst assuming your character with so little ability to maintain it. But he who can cherish from year to year a succession of seedling daisies in India amidst all the labours of a missionary, speaking with tongues unacquired by inspiration, but surely assisted by God's Spirit, must have a kind heart, and will accept this poor offering from the West, from one whose parents were missionaries, and who would fain now and then give a cup of cold water to such disciples.

'I am, with sincere respect,
Your Friend,
James Montgomery.'

Sheffield, *March* 30, 1822.

CAREY'S DAISY IN INDIA

'Thrice welcome, little English flower!
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

'Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabashed but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themeslves to rest.

'Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

'Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age and manhood's prime.
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
I find in this far clime.

'Thrice welcome, little English flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk! that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand
A hundred from one root.

'Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.' JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The following, hitherto unpublished, letter of David Livingstone's ('Livingston' he here signs himself) links the generations, recalls another illustrious humanitarian missionary-scientist, and reveals Wallich's world-ranging wide-awakeness:

'MABOTSA, 18*th Aug.* 1844.

'To Dr. N. WALLICH, Supt. H.C. Bot. Garden, Calcutta.

'My Dear Sir,

'Having found your most welcome communication of 22nd March during a recent visit to Lattakoo, I immediately, on returning to my own station, commenced operations in order to a full and hearty compliance with your request. I have employed natives of different tribes situated near the desert and hope by their assistance soon to obtain most of the esculents, which at this season are fit for transmission. And as I know the Rev. R. Moffat (*sic*) will aid me as much as he can in conveying them to the Colony, it is probable not very many months will elapse before I shall be

able to announce my first assortment as thus far on its way to its final destination. Several, however, of the roots and fruits, which by way of sample I should have preferred sending first, must necessarily be reserved for a future opportunity. One in particular I regret I cannot send, because I think it would act as a stimulus to induce you patiently to try the effect of cultivation on the whole. It is a tree, and, though growing frequently in the most dry and sterile situations, is found of different sizes from a low bush to a tree 20 ft. high and one and a half in diameter. It yields a small fruit which the natives describe as very agreeable. But the root is the most interesting portion, for when pounded in a mortar in order to separate the woody fibre from a farina which it contains, an apparently very nutritious article of diet is obtained. This farina is sweet but has a slight degree of bitterness; the latter, however, is not discernible when (as the Bechuanas use it) it is mixed with fresh milk. Probably by cultivation in India, the bitterness would entirely vanish. But should both be increased in intensity, to individuals requiring a nutritious tonic, it might prove a valuable substitute for tapioca.

'Another root, but much less in size than the above, and by no means so agreeable, is regarded very highly by the Bakwain, whose country is situated on the tropic. The greediness with which they dug and devoured it at a time when we had an abundant supply of animal food, which to Bechuanas is superior to everything, induced me to inquire the reason for their preference, and I found that several years ago when their tribe was attacked and driven into the desert by another, this root was their chief means of subsistence for many months, and "since that time," said they, "we have always relished the 'Khopo.'" The "Makuele," too, a tuber from which the natives take a name for our potato, should, I hope, be improved by cultivation. And if we can only get three or four capable of being as much improved by cultivation as the potato, our labours will not be in vain.

'It may be proper to mention that, having observed many of the esculents used by the Bushmen Bakalihari of the desert, in parts which have never been reached by Europeans, who adopt the usual modes of locomotion the country affords, I have found it necessary to send natives to these localities. But, though the distances are considerable, I hope by drawing as much as possible on the friendship of different chiefs whom I know, the expenses will not be very great. Perhaps the largest item in connection with collecting will be that for the fruit and seeds of a tree which grows in Lat. 21° S., Long. 28° E. The fruit is as large as an ostrich egg and said to be very good (I cannot speak positively for it, as I only saw the shells of it lying about). The fruit of another tree of truly enormous growth is also said to be very good. For these I have offered presents of the value of £3. But I shall be most careful not to abuse the confidence the Society honours me with.

'In conclusion, allow me to assure you that if I can in any other way be of service to you, I shall expect you to tell me without either introduction, preface or apology. For I am always delighted with being employed in that which tends to benefit mankind, and will readily do anything not inconsistent with the object, for which I came to this country.

'Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours sincerely,
DAVID LIVINGSTON.

'P.S.—I beg leave in regard to the Indian plants and seeds to return my warmest thanks for your kind proposition. And, as you will be better able to judge what ought to be tried, I shall take an early opportunity to give you some idea of the physical characteristics of the country round my new station, Mabotsa. It is situated about thirty miles N.W. of what are called the Kurrachane Hills.'

XXXII. THE TRANSLATION ACHIEVEMENT

'In this busy and careless world where we scrap everything we can, and as soon as we can, some books refuse to be scrapped; they go living on. When a book can maintain itself for a century, there is something in it; when for many centuries, there is a great deal in it; and when it laughs at oceans and barriers of race and speech as well as at time, we may be sure it is relevant to us; when we feel as Montaigne did of Plutarch, that "we cannot do without him," what quality does that imply? And when myriads of men and women of different races and cultures, in widely remote lands and ages, say of the Bible in all sorts of translations that "they cannot do without it," what does that mean? Does it not suggest that here they find what they know to be real in the deepest sense?'

T. R. Glover, *The Study of the Bible.*

'Often in the course of my Biblical translations, after hours of detention over one or two verses, have I been filled with admiration at the beauty and wisdom of God's Words; and I have often rejoiced at meeting a difficult passage, in order to have the pleasure of seeing some new truth emerge.' Hy. Martyn.

At an early period each new pundit's first attempts were brought to the test, when, after he had advanced some way, his MS. was put to the press, and the first sheet was examined by an initiated native assistant sitting by the side of this original native translator. The first and second proofs were thus corrected, which brought the sheet as near as these could to the original Sanskrit. The third proof was then carried to Dr. Carey by the translator himself, and they went over this together, and over as many more proofs of the same sheet as the Doctor thought necessary, sometimes more and sometimes fewer, and after this the sheet was ordered to the press.' Ward, to an Edinburgh friend, May 10, 1820.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE TRANSLATION ACHIEVEMENT

When Carey reached Bengal, the only printed Christian Scriptures in India's vernaculars were the two Testaments in Tamil—the work of Ziegenbalg, Schultze, and Fabricius—the New Testament and Psalter in Hindustani by Schultze, and the New Testament and Pentateuch in Sinhalese by Philipsz. The Hindustani translations of Schultze scarcely counted, so little had they been approved or fulfilled their purpose. Practically, only the Tamil and the Sinhalese had God's Word in their own tongues. Only two lamps were burning; and these in India's southernmost corner and its transjacent isle. The vast rest was in the dark. But ere Carey's course was finished, he had lit God's lamps through India's length and breadth.

We found him writing to Fuller at the end of 1803 :

> ' If we are given *another fifteen years*, we hope to translate and print the Scriptures into all the chief languages of Hindustan. We have fixed our eyes on this goal. The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.'

He was thinking, he elsewhere tells us, of

> ' Bengali, Hindi and Panjabi in the North, of
> Oriya, Marathi and Gujarati in the Midlands, and of
> Telugu and Kanarese in the South.'

The Scriptures were, he hoped, to be translated and printed, or at least the New Testament, in these eight tongues within this term. Allowing him an extra year for the throwback of the fire, it is good to learn how much, by the end of 1819, he had accomplished. He had rendered

> ' The whole Bible (in more than one edition) both into Bengali and into Hindi—the latter, with the aid of his two colleagues—plus the whole New Testament and half the Old into Panjabi;

'The whole Bible into Oriya and Marathi, and almost all the New Testament into Gujarati ;

'The whole New Testament into Telugu and Kanarese (though the latter had perished in the fire) plus the Pentateuch into Telugu.'

He had surely gone far towards realizing his programme. In truth, he had much more than outdistanced his anticipated progress, having put through many, and great, things beyond his original design. He had translated the *whole Bible into Sanskrit* and seen it through the press—an undreamed-of achievement. He had wrought the whole New Testament in Pashto (Afghan) and in Assamese, and the 'Gospels' in Kashmiri ; the whole New Testament again in Konkani for the Brahminized multitudes south of Bombay, and in Lahnda (Multani) for cities as old as Alexander the Great. Moreover, to Baluchistan he had given three 'Gospels,' and 'Matthew' to a folk south of Rajputan. His inclusion of Afghans and Baluchis on the West and of Assamese on the east within the scope of his translations had immensely stretched his range, and his Bible in Sanskrit had provided God's Word for Hindu scholars of every Indian people, and had eased its translation into every cognate Sanskrit tongue.

In the following linguistic order he completed his first fivefold translation of the whole Bible :

'(1) Bengali, (2) Oriya, (3) Hindi, and (4) Marathi and Sanskrit.'

And in this sequence there was fitness. Bengali was the speech not just of his own province but of India's densest area of population. Oriya was the vernacular of his greatest pundit, and of Jagannath's chief temple and realm. Hindi swept the widest north circuit, and was the Hindus' talk in cities of world-fame. Marathi was the speech of India's fighting centre, and Sanskrit, whilst no vernacular, was the language of literature and learning.

The Oriya version was in the first instance done by Mrityunjay from Carey's second Bengali edition, and was then corrected by Carey, verse by verse, with continuous reconsultings of the Greek and the Hebrew. The other four—the Bengali, Hindi, Marathi and Sanskrit—are

always described as peculiarly his own. So welcomed in the Upper Provinces was his Hindi version, that a large edition was demanded within a few months of the first, and was again quickly exhausted. That it was well 'understanded' of its readers is shown by J. T. Thompson, a rather later translator. He tells of visiting in 1816 an old cultured man of Patna, whom he found familiar with Christian teaching, though he had met no Christian before. Not till his third interview, however, did he disclose the source of this illumination, and behold! it was Carey's Hindi New Testament, which, coming into his possession after thirty years of deepening dissatisfaction with the Hindi religion, had seemed to him a gift from very Heaven. From that time he had broken with all idolatry, and through four years had taught the treasured Book to from ten to seventy disciples. Fair proof that it was good Hindi!

Of course, there were many inelegancies of expression and harshnesses of construction in Carey's versions, but Professor H. H. Wilson of Oxford attributes them chiefly to his strict adherence to the exact text of the original, which with him was a point of honour, though it was bound to cripple style. But fidelity always is the scholar's aim. 'I call God to record,' says Tyndale, 'against the day when we shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give reckoning of our doings, that I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience.'

At the end of 1803 Carey had hoped for fifteen years in which to render God's Word in all the chief tongues of Hindustan. God gave him twice fifteen. He spent this so unlooked for second term translating the whole Old Testament into Assamese, plus ten-elevenths of it into Panjabi and four-ninths of it into Pashto and Kashmiri; but chiefly *translating the New Testament into a multitude of minor Indian tongues*. The names of these were scarcely known to the linguists of Europe. Several were the vernaculars of only a few hundreds of thousands: yet distinct from times immemorial, and not seldom heirs to great historic or literary traditions. The *Awadhi*, for example, was the standard epic tongue in all the Hindi districts—the 'Ramayana' of Tulsi Das having been composed therein during the days of our own Shakespeare, and the 'Mahabharata'

having been recast in this mould. How right that the Christian Epic of Redemption should be enshrined therein also! The *Braj Bhasha* was the purest of the Hindi dialects, with the highest percentage of Sanskrit. The *Kanouji* had been spoken from the days of our own William the Conqueror, and for generations was the vernacular of the most powerful Indo-Aryans before the rise of the Moguls—as the *Malvi* had been the tongue of many an Indian king.

But even when they had no such regal or literary glory, Carey was keen to make them a new vesture for God's Word. He has been reproached for wasting valuable strength on these subordinate dialects. But he who would cheerfully have laid down his life for Tahiti was not likely to grudge toil, if he could give to even a few hundreds of thousands God's Word in their own speech. And herein he was responding, too, to the challenge of the Bible Society, which, at the instigation of Mr. Hey, a citizen of Leeds (stirred by Serampore's *Sixth Translation Memoir*), had offered £500 for the first thousand copies of the New Testament in every fresh Indian vernacular. Besides, he often remembered and made mention of the experience of Great Britain, which had required the Scriptures not just in the tongue of the predominant partner, but also in Welsh and Gaelic, in Irish, Cornish and Manx. Indeed, till the Book was thus wrought into these fireside dialects, it remained aloof and barren and unloved. These were the considerations which persuaded Carey to this output of his strength. Perhaps, too, it was something of the scholar's and lexicographer's feeling, such as animated Johnson, when he said, 'I am very unwilling that a single language should be extinguished.'

Unexpected circumstances often thrust him on this toil. The brilliant Orientalist Leyden had first seen and seized the rare good fortune of a Balochi scholar's presence in Calcutta, to employ him on a Gospel of 'Mark,' and then of an Afghan scholar on a Pashto 'Matthew' and 'Mark.' After Leyden's death, Carey just thankfully availed himself of their services for the continuing of the translations. Similarly, he carried to New Testament completeness Taylor's Gujarati 'Matthew,' when the latter passed into official life; and again after Chamberlain's early death, his Braj Bhasha New Testament.

Most of his versions have been again and again revised, and, as he wished, superseded. But in seven he had no successors—in the Awadhi, Bhatneri, Bikaneri, Harauti, Jaipuri, Lahnda, and Mewari. The development of travel and the circulation of newspapers and of books have so submerged these minor vernaculars as to render unnecessary the continuance of these versions. First re-issuings of two of his versions have been quite recent. Basle missionaries of Mangalore came in 1884 on a mutilated copy of his Konkani New Testament, and so approved it that, with just a few changes, they republished the 'Mark' and the 'John' in a different script for the Kanarese. And G. A. Grierson, later the supereminent chief of India's Linguistic Survey, revised and reprinted his Magahi New Testament in 1890, when magistrate of Gaya.

The summary of his Biblical translations stands thus :

Bengali, Oriya, Hindi, Marathi, Sanskrit and Assamese—whole Bibles.
Panjabi New Testament and Old Testament up to Ezek. xxvi.
Pashto and Kashmiri New Testaments, and Old Testaments up to 2 Kings.
Telugu and Konkani New Testaments, and Pentateuchs
Eighteen other New Testaments, and
Five one-or-more Gospels.

'If God should spare my life,' said Tyndale memorably to an arrogant ecclesiastic, 'I will cause that a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of Scripture than thou.' God spared Carey's life to give His Word, or, at the least, most precious portions thereof, in *thirty-four languages* to a very empire of mixed peoples, till multitudes of ploughboys learned more of God than the Moulvies and Brahmins. He knew that the Bible in men's homespun speech was the best missionary, because permanent, and able to grow its own disciples, and to equip them for their witnessing work. In a single year his Braj Bhasha New Testament led eighteen into the trust and service of Christ.

Says P. W. Wilson in his remarkable *The Vision we Forget* :

'John saw a mighty Angel dominating sea and land, not because he commanded navies and armies, but because he held in his hand *one little Book*—a Book that should transform history—a

Book not sealed nor chained, but opened to all men's eyes, and freely translated.'

It was given to Carey, beyond all others, to communicate this history-making Book to India's peoples, and to open its glory to their eyes. And thus the hope that glowed in his heart, as he entered the Hooghly, was superabundantly fulfilled.

'Carey has scarcely left a translation to be attempted on this side of India.' Dr. Marshman, after Carey's death.

'The principal work to be done in future as to India is that of printing from time to time *improved editions* of the Scriptures, the labours of the late Dr. Carey and his colleagues having left comparatively little to be further attempted in the way of new translations. . . . The only translations of the Old Testament which he left unfinished were the Pashto and the Kashmiri. . . . His delight in the work of translation and his ardent desire to give the Scriptures to the Indian peoples were infused into the minds of his fellow-missionaries, and, before he was called to leave the scene of his labours, he saw a succession of helpers in the work, who would carry it forward.' *Eleventh Memoir of Translations*, 1838.

'Richard Lane of Pytchley, descended from an old Northamptonshire family of strictest Anglican allegiance, was disinherited for joining the Wesleyan Methodists, amongst whom he had been converted. But by integrity and industry he prospered, and was an active lay preacher. Riding to Northampton market one day on his black cob, he overtook an Indian on foot, whom he courteously questioned. "I have just come from *my father's birthplace*," the Indian, in broken English, replied. "What do you mean?" said Richard Lane. Then the stranger produced one of Carey's Indian New Testaments, with Carey's name written therein, and explained that he was his father, his spiritual father. Then he told of his walk from his Indian home to Bombay, of his voyage to Liverpool, his walk to Northampton and his joyous visit to the place of Carey's birth, and of his proposed return to his Indian home in precisely the same manner. Mr. Lane, surprised and delighted, pressed money upon him; but he would not receive it, that he might maintain to the end the simplicity of his pilgrimage.' (This story was told me by Mr. Saunders, a chief architect of Kettering, who in his youthhood learned it from the very lips of Richard Lane.) S. P. C.

'Sydney Smith once wrote of routing out "a nest of consecrated cobblers." But Carey had heard the Holy Spirit in a way of his own, by studying geography and such anthropology as was available in his day; and the Baptist Missionary Society was founded on the strength of this call to a cobbler. Oddly enough, that Society still exists, after a century's ridicule of missions.

'The East India Company, however, took the call seriously. It was alive to the peril that lay in Holy Ghosts and consecrated cobblers, and warned them off British territory; so they went to Danish. It was quite evident to sensible people that the gospel was unsuited for India! Yet after a century and a quarter India can show a million and a quarter of Christians—and a good deal else.

'It means that God—or the Holy Spirit—brought Carey into touch with reality; that the ludicrous figure was not the cobbler but the canon; that the preaching of Christ once more is changing the outlooks of an empire; that the gospel of Jesus is relegating Krishna and Kali, Siva and the rest of them to the same limbo of nonentity to which it swept Jupiter and Venus and Isis long ago. It means that there are (to put it modestly) correspondences in the universe; and that the need of one quarter of it calls to the fulness of another, and the call is heard and answered and sustained.'

T. R. Glover, 'The Holy Ghost in Christian Experience,'
Daily News, May 19, 1923.

GLOSSARY

Almirah, . . a cupboard.
Anna, . . . the sixteenth of a rupee = about a penny.
Beels, . . . low-lying land, always under water during the rainy season.
Betel, . . . the nut which, with the pán leaf, shell-lime and spices, is almost universally chewed by the Indian people.
Brahm, . . the abstract idea of God.
Chamar, . . a worker in skins.
Chela, . . . a disciple.
Debtah, . . any worshipped being.
Dhobi, . . . a washerman.
Dighi, . . . a large tank.
Dinghy, . . a small boat, often hollowed out of a tree trunk.
Durga, . . . the more gracious consort of Siva.
Feringhi, . . a foreigner. The word is Portuguese.
Ghí, ... melted butter.
Guru, . . . a teacher.
Hât, . . . a market.
Kali, . . . the more fearsome consort of Siva.
Ke Aro, . . Who more?
Krishna, . . an incarnation of Vishnu.
Kulin, . . . a high-caste Brahmin.
Kyast, . . . one of the 'writer' caste.
Lingam, . . the worshipped symbols of the organs of generation.
Maund, . . about 80 lb. weight.
Mela, . . . a religious fair.
Mohurram, . the anniversary of the death on the battlefield of Hussan and Hussein, the two sons of Ali, the adopted son of Mohammed.
Paita, . . . the sacred thread worn by the three higher castes,—the priests, the warriors and the merchants.
Pân, . . . cf. *Betel*.
Peepul, . . . one of the sacred trees of India, with a long pointed leaf.
Pice, . . . a quarter of an anna = about a farthing.
Radha, . . . a consort of Krishna.
Ryot, . . . a peasant.
Shastras, . . sacred writings.
Siva, . . . one of the Hindu Trinity.
Sudra, . . . all classes not included in the three thread-wearing castes.
Hindu Trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

CAREY'S BIBLICAL TRANSLATIONS

Year of actual publication.	NEW TESTAMENT.	OLD TESTAMENT.			
		Pentateuch.	Histories.	Prophets.	Hagiographa.
1801	Bengali.				
1802		Bengali.			
1803					Bengali.
1807				Bengali.	
1808	Sanskrit.				
1809	Oriya.		Bengali.		
1811	Hindi. Marathi.	Sanskrit.		Oriya.	Oriya.
1812	The Year of the Fire.				
1813		Hindi. Marathi.			
1814			Oriya.		
1815	Panjabi. Balochi (M. Mk. L.).	Oriya.	Sanskrit.		
1816	R. Mewari (Matt.).		Marathi.		Hindi.
1817		Panjabi.			
1818	Telugu. M. Konkani. Pashto.		Hindi.	Hindi.	Marathi. Sanskrit.
1819	Assamese. Lahnda.		Panjabi.	Marathi. Sanskrit.	
1820	Gujarati. R. Bikaneri. H. Awadhi (Matt.).				
1821	Kashmiri. P. Nepali. H. Bagheli. R. Marwari.	Telugu. M. Konkani.			Panjabi.
1822	R. Harauti. H. Kanouji.	Assamese.			
1823	Kanarese. R. Jaipuri (Matt.).				
1824		Pashto.			
1825	P. Kumaoni (to Eph.). Sindhi (Matt.).				
1826	Pj. Dogri. Bhatneri. B. Magahi. R. Malvi.			Panjabi (to Ezek.).	
1827	H. Braj Bhasha. P. Garwhali. Manipuri. P. Palpa.				
1831	Khasi.				
1832			Assamese. Pashto & Kashmiri (to 2 Kgs.).		
1833				Assamese.	Assamese.

B. = Bihari; H., Hindi; M., Marathi; P., Pahari; Pj., Panjabi; R., Rajasthani.

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